1955

APRIL 25c

Coronet

WHAT IS A RIGHT AMOUNT OF ALIMONY?

HOW TO BE AN ACTRESS by Imogene Coca

[redacted]

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Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

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"Odd as it seems, it wasn't till fifteen years ago that Ruth and I found the one sure way to retire. And that's how we're living as we are here in New England, with $250 coming every month, guaranteed for life!

"We'd saved a little when times were good in the twenties. We put it into a little business. But we had little experience and we lost everything we put in. It was then I began to realize that there was no quick and easy way for us to make money.

"And more than that, I was 40. I couldn't take chances. I wanted to retire young enough to enjoy life.

"Probably I'd seen those Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan ads often. I meant to write in sometime. But then one day another Phoenix ad caught my eye . . . It showed how a man my age—40—could retire in fifteen years—with his income guaranteed for life.

"Well, I don't have to pay to find out about it, I said. So I clipped the coupon and mailed it. Soon I had a booklet that described Phoenix Mutual Plans fully. I saw I could get $250 guaranteed every month starting at 55. All during the fifteen years, Ruth and the children would be protected with life insurance.

"Soon, I applied and qualified for my own Phoenix Mutual Plan. Fifteen years flew by. Last January we got our first check and retired. It's just as we planned it. We're taking life easy, with time for trips, for friends, for really living. And we're financially independent for life!"

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Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page book showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

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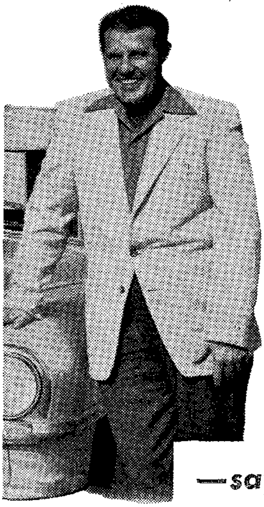
Date of Birth________________________
Business Address_____________________
Home Address_______________________

"I won the 1954 NASCAR Stock Car Racing Championship on the same 5-RIB CHAMPIONS we use in our family car!"



—says

Mrs. Petty and their sons Maurice (L.) and Richard. The family home is in Randleman, North Carolina.

Lee Petty

1954 CHAMPION—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR STOCK CAR AUTO RACING

"Stock car racing teaches a lot of things about how spark plugs contribute to good automobile performance.

"I've found that to get the most power and economy from your car, the spark plugs must be in GOOD CONDITION, the CORRECT HEAT RANGE and INSTALLED PROPERLY. That's why you should stop in and have your Champion dealer give your spark plugs a three-way check.

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO

CHAMPION
42

INSIST ON 5-RIB

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

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Contents for April 1955

VOL. 37, No. 6, WHOLE No. 221

Articles

"Let Go of My Hand, Son" ADMIRAL "X" AS TOLD TO JACK LINCKE 25
Candy That Makes You Thin! . . . . GEROLD NELSON 29
No World for a Single . . . . MARTIN PANZER 32
Ship of Faith . . . . CECIL COFFEY 35
I Love Secretaries! . . . . FRANK SINATRA 38
Elbert Hubbard: Warrior with Words . NORMAN CARLISLE 44
Woman Guardian of L.A. Charities . . . HERBERT DALMAS 73
Millions of Colors . . . . MORRISON COLLADAY 77
Neighbors in Feathers . . . . DICK EMMONS 78
Will You Fly a Helicopter? BERNT BALCHEN AS TOLD TO ERIK BERGAUST 82
Why Be a Slave to Your Children? . . . . . HELEN COLTON 86
Wally Cox and Mr. Peepers . . . . TIM TAYLOR 91
Silver Magic . . . . REED MILLARD 102
The One and Only Freddy Prince . . . . GEORGE WISWELL 112
Nature's Secret Zoo . . . . MADELYN WOOD 121
Train of Terror . . . . ART LINKLETTER 125
Gangsters Are Gentlemen . . . . NORTON MOCKRIDGE 126
Moscow's Millionaires . . . . GEORGE HERALD 131
How Big Is Your Vō kăb′ yə lĕr′ ĭ ? . . . ROBERT P. WEEKS 136
"He Was the Man" . . . . ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE 139
Is There a Right Amount of Alimony? JUDGE MORRIS PLOSCOWE 140
Her Name Is Saint Amant . . . . ANNE FROMER 161
When Jo Stafford Sings . . . . RICHARD HUBLER 166
New Bug-Killers for Home and Garden . . . . HENRY LEE 171
Muscles Are Marvelous . . . . JOHN PFEIFFER 175
Would You Hire Yourself? . . . . RICHARD L. EVANS 179
Babe Ruth . . . . GRANTLAND RICE 180

Pictorial Features

How to Be an Actress . . . . IMOGENE COCA 49
Roads to Romance . . . . PICTURE STORY 145

Service Features

The Month's Best . . . . MOVIES 4
What Not to Do Abroad . . . . TRAVEL 6
Great Violinists . . . . RECORDS 10
Coronet's Family Shopper . . . . NEW PRODUCTS 12

Departments

Human Comedy 22
What's His Name? . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 37
It's a Privilege 81
Grin and Share It 98
This Was Texas 165

Cover

Rhubarb . . . . VINCE CIVILETTI

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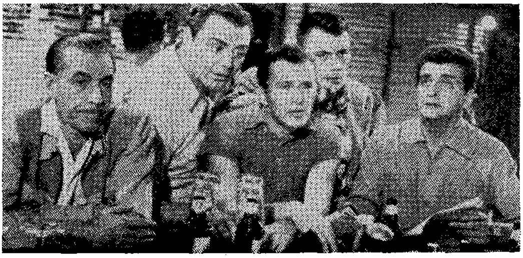
MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

A STRONG STORY is more important than the width of the screen or the box-office value of its stars. Proving this point, Hecht-Lancaster have turned out a poignant movie based on Paddy Chayefsky's prize-winning television play, for United Artists release. "Marty" is the warmly human tale of two unglamorous people, a butcher and a schoolteacher, who find a world of understanding in one evening's acquaintance. Their personality and family problems mirror everyone's basic fears and stresses. The roles are played to perfection by Ernest Borgnine (the sadistic stockade chief in "From Here to Eternity"), Betsy Blair and a well-chosen cast sensitively directed by Delbert Mann. "Marty," it seems safe to predict, will be among the top pictures for 1955; it is a rich experience in entertainment.



Afraid he is not attractive to women, Marty (Ernest Borgnine, second from left) seeks out neighborhood cronies. He avoids calling girls for dates, because he was turned down too often.

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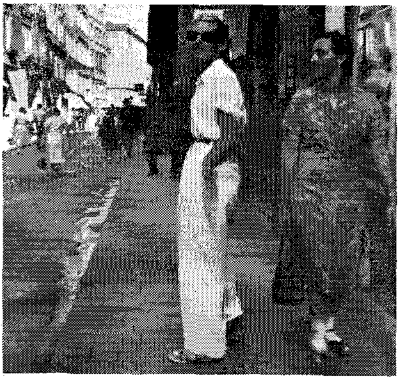
What *Not* to Do Abroad

When in unfamiliar surroundings, play it safe; don't jaywalk against the traffic lights or the policeman's signals.



When sightseeing, don't wear clothes which are too unconventional by local standards, making yourself conspicuous.

Learn each country's currency values. Then you won't over-tip or haggle needlessly over cab fares.

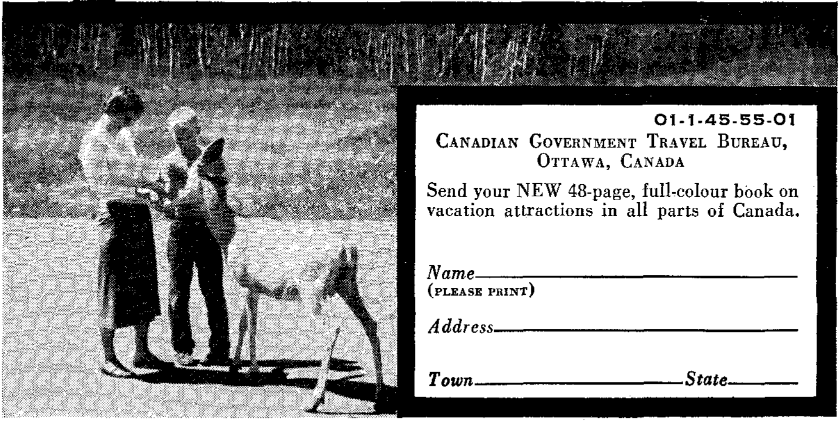
(Continued on page 8)

There's room to relax in uncrowded

Canada

VACATIONS UNLIMITED...

Choose the holiday site that suits *you* from Canada's inviting expanse of *varied* playground — seacoasts, mountains, National Parks...fine resorts..."foreign" cities. You'll enjoy scenic glory, grand settings for all sports in *uncrowded* Canada. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



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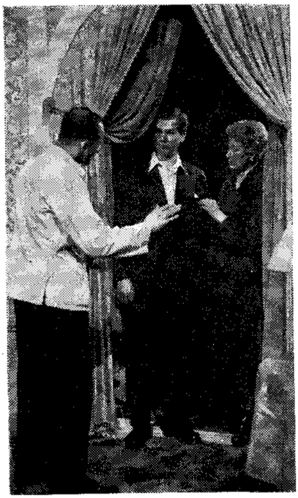
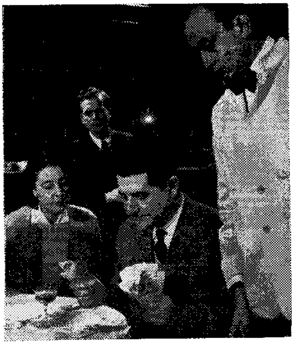


Don't expect to be seated at better European restaurants—and especially at dinner—if you insist on informal attire.



It's ostentatious—and unwise—to pay bills, wherever you are, by flashing a thick roll of the country's currency.

Obtain permission first before snapping pictures of people and places. Some European countries are sensitive about this.

In many countries, hotel and guest-house rules forbid you to invite guests or to hold parties in your room late at night.

In passing on the street, greetings abroad are more formal. Both men and women shake hands when stopping to chat.

Posed in Europe by the cast of the nationally-syndicated TV show, "Foreign Intrigue."

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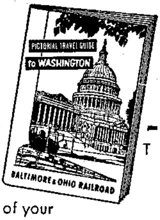

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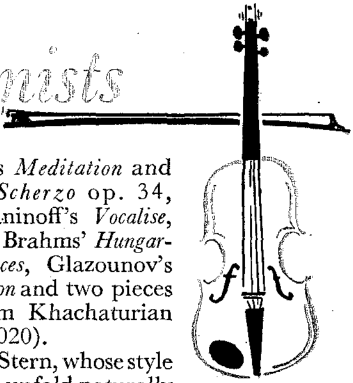
Great Violinists



THE UNENCUMBERED classic clarity of Johann Sebastian Bach's violin music is the supreme test of a violinist's greatness. Playing with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Jascha Heifetz, in the A minor and the E major concertos (RCA Victor LM 1818) employs ebullience and restraint in an admirable balance to reassure us that Bach's genius was not limited to the keyboard.

Zino Francescatti's interpretation of two of Bach's Partitas for the solo violin, No. 2 in D minor and No. 3 in E major (Columbia ML 4935) gloriously refutes the notion, often heard, of the emotional sameness in the master's violin writing (note the contrast in the Partita No. 2 between the gay Gigue and the ceremonious Sarabande). The same work, together with Bach's Sonata No. 1, played by Nathan Milstein, is offered by Capitol (P 8298).

Joseph Szigeti presents four pieces of 18th-century violin music in a transparent interpretation, Bach's Concerto in G minor and Tartini's Concerto in D minor, under the baton of George Szell; and Handel's Sonata No. 4 in D major and Tartini's Sonata in G major with Carlo Bussotti at the piano (Columbia ML 4891).

Beethoven's "*Kreutzer*" *Sonata*, the Sonata No. 9 in A major, grandiose and emotionally overwhelming, finds an interpreter of commensurate form in David Oistrakh (Vanguard 6024, with Jean-Marie Leclair's Sonata in D, op. 9 No. 3 and Eugene Ysaye's Sonata in E, op. 227 No. 3). Yehudi Menuhin's rendering of the same Sonata, coupled with Corelli's *La Follia*, is available on RCA Victor (LHMV 10).

A *David Oistrakh Recital*, offered by Vanguard, covers much musical ground: Prokofiev's ballet-like *Cinderella*, Tchaikovsky's *Meditation* and *Waltz-Scherzo* op. 34, Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise*, three of Brahms' *Hungarian Dances*, Glazounov's *Meditation* and two pieces by Aram Khachaturian (VRS 6020).

Isaac Stern, whose style seems to unfold naturally on many different composers, and his accompanist, Alexander Zakin, excel in the remarkable interplay of violin and piano in Brahms' "*Thun*" *Sonata* in A major; the same record contains a curiosum of the violin repertoire, the *F.A.E. Sonata* ("Frei Aber Einsam," "Free But Lonely") written jointly by Dietrich, Schumann, and Brahms.

Gioconda de Vito, a woman violinist highly honored in her native Italy, presents a brilliant rendition of Brahms' Violin Concerto in D, op. 77, exhibiting an amazing tonal range (RCA Victor LHMV-5). Westminster offers the same work played by Julian Olevsky, a young artist of great promise (WL 5273).

Another young star's bright course was cruelly cut off when 28-year-old Grinette Neveu, on her way to America in 1949, died in an air crash. Angel recorded one of her programs of French violin music, Ernest Chausson's well-known *Poème* for violin and orchestra under Issay Dobrowen's direction, Debussy's Sonata for violin and piano and Ravel's *Tzigane* (Angel 35128). The same company features another young virtuoso, 23-year-old Igor Oistrakh, the son of David Oistrakh, in Khachaturian's *Violin Concerto*, a recording of immense vitality in which the Oriental exoticisms and traditional forms of the concert are beautifully blended (Angel 35100).

—FRED BERGER

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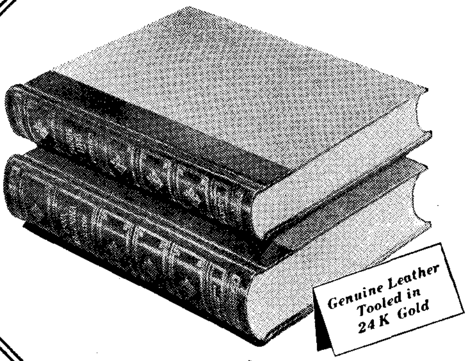
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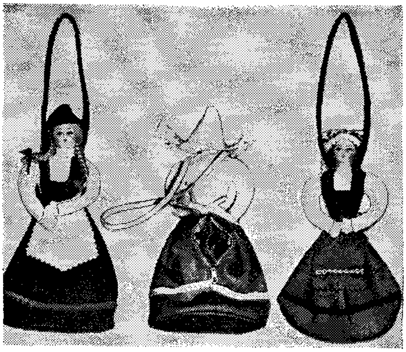
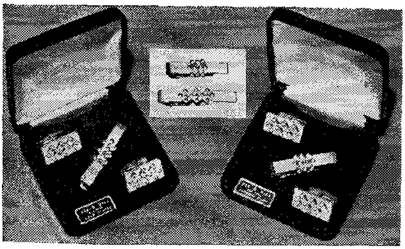
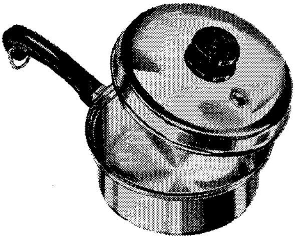


FOREIGN DOLL HANDBAGS to delight a little girl. Gayly costumed Ilsa (left) of Austria and Maria of Italy are made of felt, 7½" tall. Skirts are really zippered handbags. $1.98 ea.; Tesori d'Italia, 920 Bway., Dept. C, N.Y.C. 10.

NAR-O-WIDE tie clip expands or contracts to fit every tie width. Available in gold or rhodium plate. Clip alone, $1.50; with matching cuff links, $3. Dalin Co., 335-C Norfeld Blvd., Elmont, N.Y.





EASY WATERLESS COOKING with Saladmaster's heavy stainless steel cookware. Basic 19-piece set is $139.90; de luxe 24-piece set $179.95. A Saladmaster food-cutter and cookbook are included with both of these sets. For demonstration write: Saladmaster, 131-C Howell St., Dallas, Texas.

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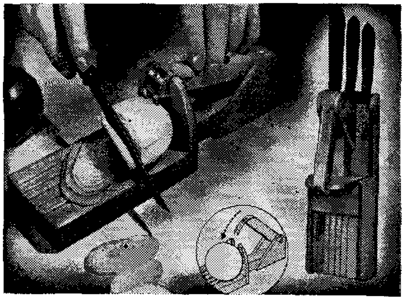

(Continued on page 14)

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I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE A DAY!
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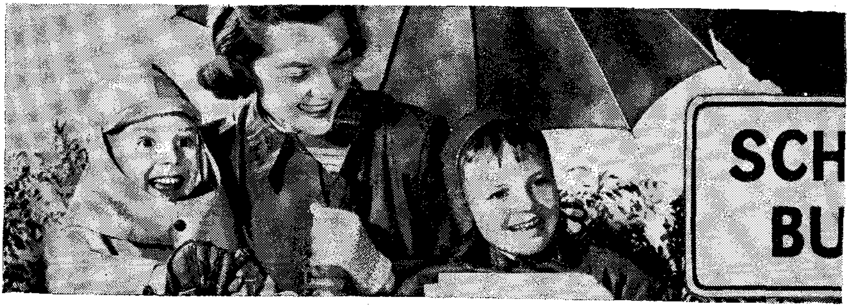

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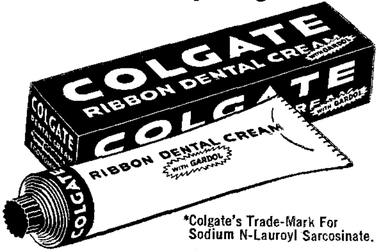
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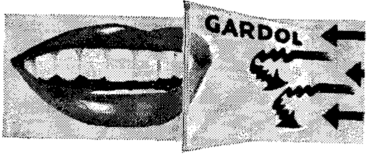

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

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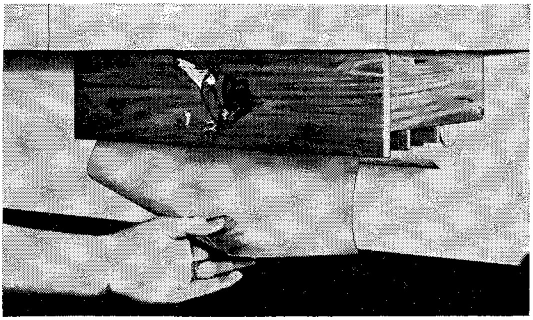

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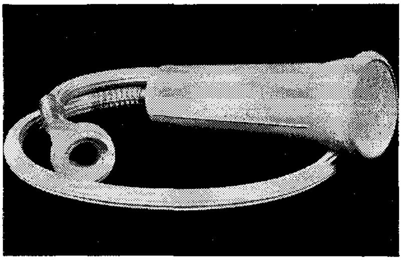
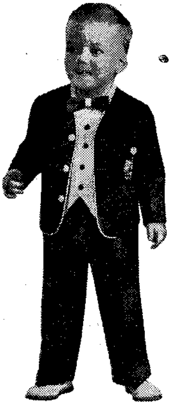
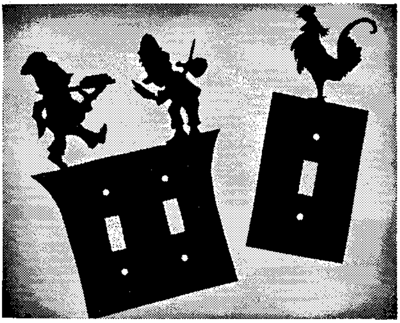


NOT A RAIN BARREL, but its modern successor. Softwater Shampoo Spray removes film-forming hardness of city and well waters, leaves hair soft, manageable. Lasts indefinitely by occasional regeneration with ordinary salt. Ivory, pink, blue or yellow, $5.20. Soft Water Products, Western Springs 34, Illinois.



FRATERNITY STYLE jacket and suspend-o-pants of "Danny Duck" ensemble are rayon gabardine. White vest and beau tie complete the set. In charcoal, navy, brown; sizes 1-4, 3-7. $9. Matching sister set, sizes 1-4, has pleated skirt. For location of your nearest dealer write: Jack & Jill Togs Inc., Room C, 31 West 27 St., N.Y.C. 1, about style No. 510.



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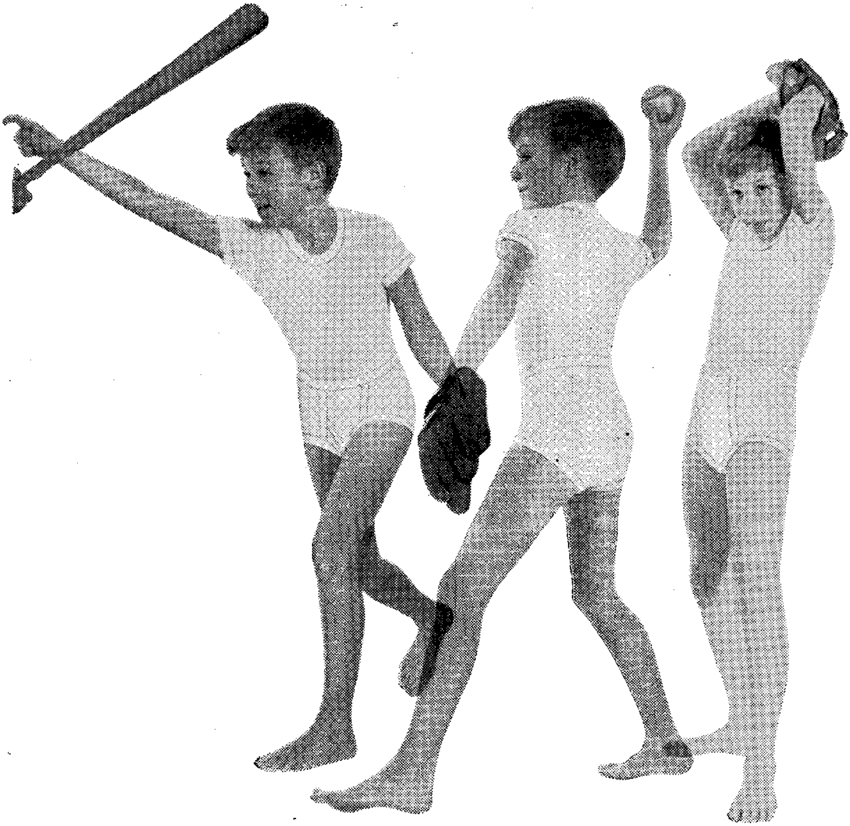

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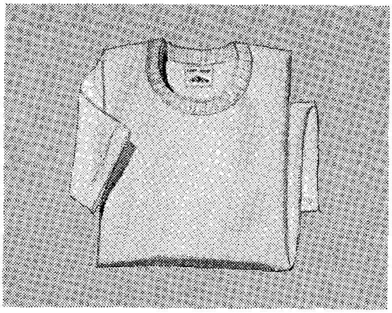

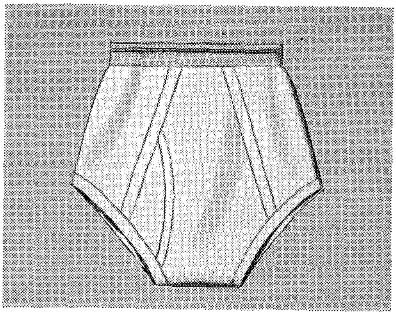

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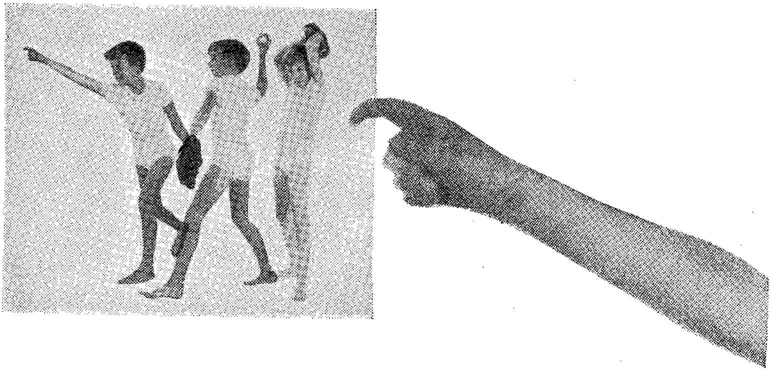

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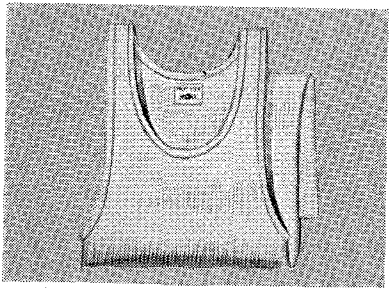

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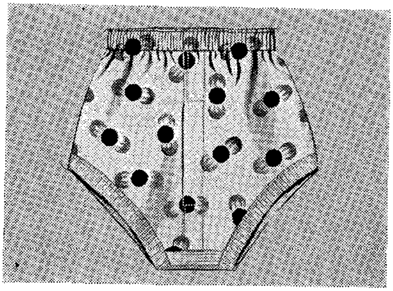

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Human Comedy

A CERTAIN VENERABLE French painter sat in a sidewalk cafe in Montparnasse stolidly munching bag after bag of potato chips. His luncheon companion watched disapprovingly and finally, consumed with curiosity, asked, "Why do you eat so many potato chips?"

The old gentleman carefully shook out the crumbs, folded the cellophane bags in which the potato chips had come, placed them in his pocket and said: "I do it for my cats. They just love to play with cellophane." —LEONARD LYONS

NOT LONG AGO I was persuaded to take mambo lessons. As I waited for my first one to begin, I stood watching the class before mine going through its paces. A very plump lady finished the routine of arduous wriggling and collapsed in a pile on a sofa beside me. As she wiped her forehead, I remarked: "Sort of different from the waltz, isn't it?"

"I'll say," she puffed, nearly breathless. "It's like riding in a Cadillac and then switching to a jeep!" —JACK PAYNE

A FORMER classmate of mine who matriculated at a college in a foreign country wrote a letter contrasting their student life with that in the United States.

Among other things, she said she was living with a middle-class family whose home had such modern conveniences as "central heating, inside plumbing and a 23-year-old son." —HONORA L. FELIX

IN 1947, my wife and I moved from Boston to a small town in New Hampshire. There, after a time, we became quite friendly with a very fine little old lady. Smart as a whip though she had probably never been outside the State more than once or twice in her 70-odd years, she was active in all community and church affairs.

The local weekly newspaper was her Bible. She pored over its pages for hours and knew everyone in the town as well as everything that went on.

One Sunday when she was ailing, I went over to her house to cheer her up and took along our Boston paper.

There she sat propped up in bed amongst the pillows. After a pleasant conversation I asked if she would care to read the Boston newspaper.

Her hands flew up in protest.

"Land sakes no, son," the little old lady said with an amused laugh. "I don't *know* anyone in Boston!" —A. LEE MCLAUGHLIN

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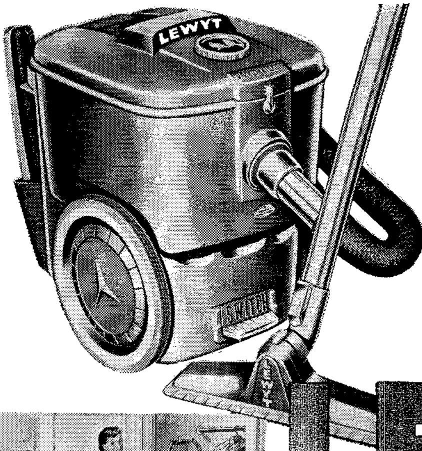

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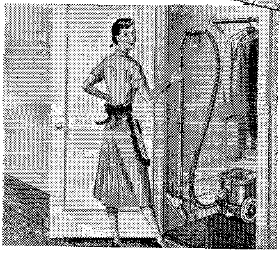

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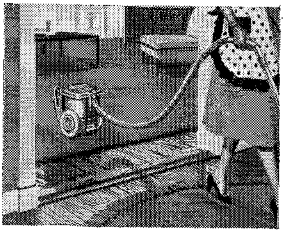

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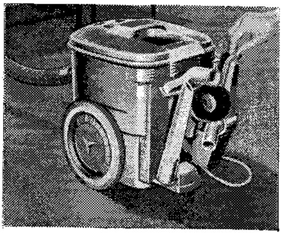

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NINETEENTH YEAR APRIL 1955

"Let Go of My Hand, Son"

by ADMIRAL "X"
As told to JACK LINCKE

AS ONE LOOKS BACK over the incidents in rearing children, it is surprising how things we considered little at the time assume such large proportions later on.

A series of these began when my little boy was brand-new. Like most neophyte fathers, I was not completely aware of the implications of having a son. For quite a while we simply sized up each other while I stretched my Navy flight pay far enough to cover the appropriations he was always voting for himself.

One morning when I went in to kiss the Skipper, as we called him, he wore a welcoming smile that seemed to say he had accepted me. While I was holding him, he discovered my thumb and began chewing it.

I was scheduled for an early flight and had to get under way, so I pulled my thumb loose. He set up a wail. I gave him back my thumb and he was happy for a little while.

This was repeated several times, until finally I said: "The whole squadron is waiting for me. I have to shove off. Let go of my hand, son."

I went out the front door feeling like a heel, with his complaining cries filling the house.

For several months, this hand business occurred almost daily. It seemed that I was always trying to get him to let go so I could leave for work. Then came his first attempts to stand. This consisted of the usual comical efforts that ended with a gear-up landing.

I soon discovered that every time he wanted to try his sea legs, he would hold out his hands and give me to understand that he wanted to hang onto one of mine.

I used to say: "Look, fellow. Hanging onto my hand won't help. Come on now. Get going!" I'd always end up saying: "Do it yourself this time. Let go of my hand."

He had just learned to walk when I gave him his first pony ride. He had no use for that horse, and as he sat there yelling to be taken down and stretching his arms pleadingly toward me, I wondered if I had a softy for a son.

Finally, I got the pony moving and walked alongside with that boy of mine hanging onto my hand like it was the rip cord of a parachute and his main tanks were blazing. He never once stopped yelling.

We didn't go there to the riding place again until one day as we were driving past, the Skipper shouted the equivalent of "Horsie." We gave another try, and still he wouldn't let go.

This was repeated on several more occasions. Then, finally, I said: "You know quite a bit about this by now. Sooner or later you'll have to do it alone, so let go of my hand."

I swatted the pony and stood still. The Skipper cried for one or two rounds and then settled down happily. Within a week he had the pony at a full run.

THE SKIPPER was around five when I began giving him swimming lessons. One day I told him it was time to try it by himself.

"Dad, I'll sink!" he protested, grabbing my hand and hanging on for all he was worth.

"I'll be right beside you, and I won't let you go under," I told him. "Come on now, let go of my hand."

He let go and managed to swim to where he could touch bottom. On the way home, neither of us spoke for several blocks and then he reached over and took hold of my right hand resting on the car seat. "Dad," he said proudly, "you never let anything bad happen to me, do you?"

The Skipper next went through roller skates, then came the bicycle. I rode it home from the shop with only minor inconvenience to traffic, a few tiffs with neighborhood mutts, and a slight lack of oxygen.

The Skipper climbed on and I helped him balance while we went around the block. Finally, I stopped and said: "My engine is overheating. Try your own power."

He was sitting on the saddle and balancing by holding onto my hand. "Do you think I'll be able to make it?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him, "but there's one darn sure way of finding out."

Before I had even missed the passing years, the Skipper was in prep school and "we" were going out for football. When my flight duties permitted, I would leave the air station early and get over to the field to watch scrimmage. Once in a while, we'd punt a few and try some passes.

One day the Skipper got clobbered. He started off tackle with his head down and met not just a tackle but also a guard and a halfback. My man lost.

They carried him off the field and the coach applied various restorative measures. In a moment, the Skipper opened his eyes, rolled them a few times and sat up. He shook his head a bit and grinned sheepishly.

Then his grin slackened, he looked down and, slightly embarrassed, said softly: "Dad, let go of my hand."

I believe this was the real point-of-no-return. As the Skipper started back onto the field, many things beat through my head. He could swim, shoot, ride a horse, whip about 40 per cent of the kids on the boxing team. This was no longer the little guy who used to turn to me whenever things got thick.

When the Skipper passed his entrance exams for the Naval Academy, I was stationed at San Diego. Before I realized it, the day had arrived for him to leave and we were at the airport waiting for his plane. I was trying to remember whether or not during the past year I had told him all that he ought to know.

This would be the first time the Skipper had been away from home for more than a week. Since his mother's death, we had been together constantly.

Then the dispatcher called "all aboard," we were shaking hands and I was conscious of the strong grip that was just a little too darn strong. Then our fingers relaxed. Life had told us both to let go.

The Skipper was within a few months of graduation when the Japs attacked at Pearl Harbor. I was at sea aboard my carrier most of the time until after Guadalcanal. It was rough, rugged going.

On many a strike, I'd glance suddenly over the planes in my group, looking for the Skipper. I knew subconsciously that some day he would be up there—not in my group, certainly, but in someone's. Then there would be only one hand, the hand that we hoped was outstretched to all of us, The Big Hand. In the sky, in a scramble, there was only you, your teammates, the flak and the enemy—and The Big Hand we hoped would hold all of us up there, and bring us through.

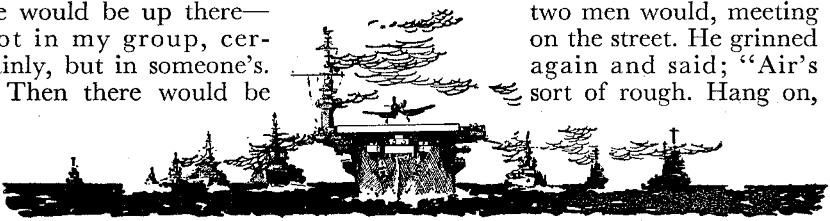
Two years later, I was in the hospital at Pearl Harbor. A Jap shell had exploded in the cockpit with me and, from the hips down, I was loaded. In fact, the only difference between me and a junk yard was that the junk yard couldn't swear.

I had just graduated to a wheelchair when my world almost cracked up. The Skipper was flown in with other casualties. His carrier had taken a Jap bomb right after he had landed and his plane, with him aboard, had been blown over the side. He was painfully but not seriously wounded.

The Senior Medical Officer had me wheeled over to the wing where the Skipper was. When I saw him, he had just come out of the operating room.

After 31 minutes and three seconds, he opened his eyes. It took some time for him to focus on me and still more for recognition to penetrate the anesthetic.

When things were oriented, he grinned slightly and I heard him whisper: "Hi, Dad. Glad to have you aboard." Subconsciously, I took his hand to say, "hello," as two men would, meeting on the street. He grinned again and said; "Air's sort of rough. Hang on,



will you, while I try to pick up a little airspeed."

The time passed so quickly that we were hardly conscious of having healed up or of being on the convalescent list. Just as quickly, it was time for us to return to duty.

One morning we decided to take a lunch up to Sacred Falls. We both felt fit and it was a beautiful day. I called to the Skipper a couple of times to find out why he was in such a helluva rush. Forty-eight years and that Jap shell had slowed me down more than I had realized.

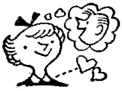
Just before we got to the Falls there was a steep climb. My wind had petered out and I stood at the bottom blowing. The Skipper turned around, smiled and stuck out his arm.

"Take hold, I'll give you a tow."

He gave me a yank and almost lifted me to the top. From this point we could see the Falls. Yet my thoughts were not on the Falls, but on the chap beside me who was no longer the thumb-chewing little guy I'd spent so much time pulling my hand away from.

Two weeks later we were standing at the head of the runway at Pearl Harbor where his squadron's planes were lined up, engines idling, preparatory to taking off for their carrier. A short distance away was my own newly-assigned Air Group, waiting for me to lead them out to ours.

I didn't have to look at his two full gold stripes, the ribbons on his chest, his gold wings or the Navy Cross to recognize that this was a man. But we didn't know that it was to be for the last time—as we let go of each other's hand.



With the Younger Set

A FATHER CAME BACK slightly bewildered from an auto ride with his family not long ago. The cause of his confusion was Eileen, his nine-year-old daughter.

As they drove along, Daddy noticed that the little lady kept mumbling numbers. "Seventy-seven," she said and, a few moments later, "seventy-eight." She was obviously counting. But what? Daddy asked her casually.

"Red convertibles," she replied casually.

Daddy didn't mean to be nosey, but he asked what the idea was.

"Oh," Eileen said, eyes alertly on the passing cars, "I have to count until I get to 100 red convertibles."

"Then—?" Daddy asked.

"Then," Eileen said with a hint of impatience at adult ignorance, "I have to look for a lady in a green dress."

"Of course," Daddy said soothingly. "And—?"

"Oooh," Eileen sang out happily, "there's seventy-nine! . . . And after I see a lady in a green dress, I have to look for a tall, thin man with a green tie."

"Naturally," Daddy said. "And then what?"

"After I see him," she explained, "the first boy who says hello to me is the boy I'm going to marry!" —MURRAY ROBINSON, New York *World Telegram and Sun*

Medical research reveals an easy way for dieters to achieve and maintain proper weight

CANDY
That Makes You Thin

by Gerold Nelson

Among the commonest complaints of modern man—and woman—is the lament: "If I could only lose ten or fifteen pounds!"

Actually, obesity has been the bane of mankind for centuries. But only recently have we learned how dangerous overweight can be. Doctors emphasize that fat has become one of our most dangerous enemies, bringing in its wake a train of diseases. Insurance statisticians underline the alarming picture by pointing out that the death rate of overweight persons is about one and a half times that of slimmer ones.

Yet, in our weight-conscious country, it is estimated there are 35,000,000 men and women who recognize that they are overweight and try to do something about it by dieting. The trouble is, most people simply cannot stick to a diet. In the struggle between will power and appetite, will power usually gives up.

Recently, however, medical science has come to the rescue by developing "appetite depressants"—medically safe substances which help to curb one's appetite. Generally speaking, there are four types used in conjunction with a diet:

1. Bulk, such as methyl-cellulose wafers. These work by simply filling the stomach with non-nutritious bulk, giving one a sense of satisfaction so that the desire for food is dulled.
2. Dextro-amphetamine, a chemical substance that stimulates the central nervous system in such fashion that the stomach secretes a smaller amount of hydrochloric acid than usual. The effect of this is to lessen hunger.
3. Lozenges, containing vitamins and minerals.
4. Low-calorie, caramel-type candy containing vitamins and minerals.

While these substances enjoyed rather wide use, there had not been a conclusive experiment to determine which type of depressant was most effective. Not long ago, to learn all that could be learned about diets, depressants and how people react to both, a series of exhaustive tests was undertaken by the Brusch Medical Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A team of experts—three medical specialists, a general practitioner and two psychologists—was appointed to conduct the experiments.

For their human guinea pigs, they chose 240 obese men and women, ranging from 21 to 70. These included persons in all walks of life—secretaries, executives, housewives, truck drivers, mailmen, policemen, bachelors, fathers, wives, spinsters. By prior examination, the doctors screened out "compulsive eaters"—that is, men and women whose overweight was symptomatic of a deep psychological disturbance.

"What we sought," one of the medical team explained, "was a typical cross section of overweight Americans who have always wanted to lose five to twenty pounds, but never seemed to have the stamina to follow a reducing program."

When each subject was interviewed, the story was virtually the same. "I've tried everything to lose weight. I've gone on diets: I've even starved myself. But I just can't get down to my right weight."

To be sure, each patient had a different motivation behind his obesity. Some over-ate to satisfy a frustration or a fear, or to suppress tension, or because they craved certain foods, or because of environment. Others couldn't help eating between meals, or eating too much at mealtime, or simply didn't understand a balanced diet.

Some said they exercised moderately, others violently. All wanted to be slim again, but most of them subconsciously felt they were fighting a losing battle. As one man put it, "I've tried and tried, but always failed. Even if I lose weight and get down to a respectable figure—a few weeks go by and there I am, right up again!"

The doctors began their test by dividing the 240 men and women into six groups of about 40 each, according to age, sex, activity and degree of overweight. Four of the six groups were placed on a 1200-calorie diet and given one of the four appetite depressants. The fifth group received the same diet, but no depressants. The sixth group was given no diet, but advised to curtail food intake with the assistance of the caramel candy, to be taken before each meal.

Almost all patients rebelled at the suggestion of taking depressants. "Aren't those things dangerous?" they asked, recalling medical stories of the past which labeled old-time dietary aids dangerous.

The physicians alleviated their fears. Each of the products given in the test was free of dangerous side effects. However, it is known that one of the depressants—dextro-amphetamine, which can be obtained by doctor's prescription only—in certain cases can cause nervousness, sleeplessness and tremor. Since the patients were constantly under medical supervision, however, there was no need for concern.

The test ran from 60 to 64 days. Each participant was checked every ten to 14 days, the doctors taking care to see that diet and caloric intake were maintained.

The results were instructive. For example, the group on a straight diet without a depressant had the most difficulty. After three days, a frantic housewife phoned in.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "I'm so hungry that I'll be sick if I don't get a full meal tonight."

The physician tried to calm her.

"But so little food just doesn't satisfy my appetite!" she groaned. "I've got to eat more."

That night she went off her diet.

Each day, more and more in this group gave up. At the end of ten days, only four of the original forty were still on their diet. Although most of those who fell by the wayside shamefacedly came back the following week, their weight reduction program had been impeded and their peace of mind disturbed. For the remainder of the test, they were on-again, off-again.

Of the forty given dextro-amphetamines, nine were forced to discontinue because of nervousness, insomnia and general uneasiness.

Only those patients on the low-calorie candy were able to complete the test without side effects or digestive disturbances.

DURING THE 60-DAY period, those on dextro-amphetamines lost an average of 7.31 pounds. Patients on the straight diet alone lost 4.90 pounds. But the people who ate the candy lost 13.7 pounds!

Another group of patients given the candy without a prescribed diet lost more weight than those on the straight diet alone (5.92 pounds as against 4.90). This group even surpassed those taking lozenges with a 1,200-calorie diet. Those on methylcellulose wafers, in addition to the 1,200-calorie diet, lost 6.30 pounds.

These figures merely represent the average loss for each group. Some individuals lost from one to as much as 26 pounds.

According to Dr. Charles A. Brusch, director of the Medical Center bearing his name and chairman of the team of physicians and psychologists, "the study was undertaken to assess the value of depressants as an aid to a standard 1,200-calorie diet. We felt it an obligation on the part of the medical profession to evaluate the safety and efficiency of depressants currently sold by prescription and over the counter in drugstores.

"The study convinced us that eight out of every ten overweight people cannot regain a slim figure or remain on a diet without the aid of a depressant. Furthermore, the eight out of ten who use a dietary 'crutch' lose weight faster and in some instances the weight loss is triple that of those with the unusual will power to remain on a low-calorie diet alone.

"The test further proved that Grandmother was right when she warned that eating candy before mealtime would spoil the appetite. Those of our subjects who were given AYDS, the caramel candy, before mealtime, lost about three times as much weight as those on a straight diet alone, and nearly twice as much as those using other depressants, including products prescribed by physicians."

After the tests, one woman patient told Dr. Brusch: "I didn't mind dieting this time. I had always looked upon candy as a forbidden food during a diet, but this candy actually lessened my appetite. The whole experiment was fun, and now I know how to keep my weight under perfect control."

No World for a Single

by Martin Panzer

There are surprising consequences for the people who must live alone—and take it

A few weeks ago, I casually suggested to my wife, "Let's eat out tonight." Before I could turn around, she had the two children dressed and we were on our way.

We found the restaurant crowded, with a line of would-be diners waiting to be seated. At the head of the line was a friend of ours, a bachelor who lived down the street.

The hostess held up her hand and signaled for three. A family group ahead of us went to the table. Then there was a call for four, another call for three, a call for two and then, finally, a call for four again. That was us.

But our bachelor friend was still at the head of the line, waiting for a signal for a single. "Been waiting long?" I asked as we passed him.

"Yes," he said in a resigned voice, "I always wait a long time. This is no world for a single."

That situation has long been known to people who live alone, but is rarely realized by those living in groups. Take our bachelor friend, for instance. When he does get a table, everyone connected with the restaurant seems to resent it.

The hostess is upset because when only one person occupies a table, part of the restaurant space goes to waste and profit is lost. The waiter is unhappy because he knows he can't get more than one tip from that table. Hence, it is not an overstatement to say that the best service is not reserved for singles.

When singles go to the grocer or butcher, the clerks seem to look the other way. They are usually the last ones served because they buy small quantities and the tradespeople reserve their best and most attentive manner for those who buy for families. And they get inferior merchandise, like the wilted lettuce, that married people wouldn't accept.

"When I finally do get the stuff home," a single, middle-aged lady of our acquaintance says, "my troubles really begin. If I want to prepare soup, I have to open a can made for two or three persons. Two-thirds of it goes to waste because I never like to eat it after it's been a day or two in the refrigerator."

Then there's the matter of bread. When bread is bought for a group, it goes fast and is eaten fresh. Singles seldom get the full benefit of a loaf, because, by the time it's half-finished, the rest is too stale to eat. The same with a quart of milk. And the upshot is that a single spends as much to feed himself as it would cost to feed a small family.

A bachelor friend complains, too, that it costs him more to maintain his apartment than it costs a family to live in a similar apartment. The rent is the same. But he has to tip the service people more because he requires more service. He is never home during the day and everything that is delivered has to be handled by the doorman, the porter and the elevator man. He has to have more maid and cleaning service than family people.

"It's no joke," he says. "And because I'm a bachelor 'with no one to support or worry about,' every time a relative needs help he comes to me. I do help, whenever I can. Comes tax time, however, do I get any credit? Can I claim any additional dependency exemptions? Not on your life.

"Then there's the telephone, utilities, garage and all that. Every item costs me alone as much as it would cost a whole family."

Service and cost are not the only disadvantages to living alone. A girl who likes to call herself a lady-bachelor tells me that she is far more restricted in her normal activities than are any of the family groups in her city apartment house.

"You have no idea how self-conscious a person gets living alone," she says. "The single occupant is the mystery person in every apartment house. Whenever a man visits me, everyone, including the service people, looks askance.

"The most innocent things breed suspicions. I wouldn't dare, for instance, to go to an apartment on another floor, because it would start all sorts of rumors. And yet the married women in the building visit each other freely, and there is no gossip about it."

For a bachelor, the entertainment problem is a very real one. He can be as certain as he is of death and taxes that every time he is invited to a party at the home of a married friend, there will be a girl planted there as a possible wife.

"I'd like to go to just one party to have fun," one wailed. "Just one party where I could be myself and not a potential husband. Why is it that married people can't rest as long as there is someone in sight who isn't married?"

Another thing is the difficulty of returning hospitality. Without a woman around the house, he feels silly serving sandwiches and tea. To add to the unfairness, since he is usually entertained by families of two or more persons, he has to entertain a like number in return.

And there are times when the single literally gets shoved around —on trains, in theaters, at lunch counters. The world seems to be annoyed at his taking up room, so the single finds himself being nudged and hears the old familiar, "Would you mind moving over so we can have two together?" or "Would you slide down to the end to make room for three?"

There comes a time in the life of every single, no matter how courteous or well-bred he may be, when he rebels and turns on a startled world with a firm "No!"

It is in periods of sickness, however, that the single most wishes he were not alone. Then, even mild illnesses become major problems. Family people have loved ones to wait on them hand and foot when they are under the weather. But the single has to drag himself about, even for a drink of water.

The only way he can get the care he needs is to hire a nurse or go to a hospital. Since people don't usually hire nurses or go to hospitals for minor ailments, the singles usually suffer as much from them as others do from much more serious illnesses.

Yes, indeed, the world isn't made for singles. The world is made for sharing with others, and the only thing you can't share is loneliness.

BRAIN TWISTER

Who Are the Jurors?

(Answers on page 43)

SIX MEN AND SIX WOMEN were selected to sit on a jury. The men were: Hugo, John, Ted, Victor, Ralph and Zachary. The women were: Emily, May, Theresa, Violet, Joan and Ann. The occupations of these 12 people were: doctor, lawyer, dietitian, housewife, nurse, politician, detective, secretary, minister, musician, bricklayer and tailor. Which juror had which occupation?

1. The doctor, detective, tailor and minister had never been married.
2. Victor takes a professional interest in the conduct of the trial.
3. Theresa attended to Zachary's ankle when he sprained it severely during the course of the trial.
4. Previous to the trial, John had picketed Ralph's shop.
5. The musician and Joan are young, pretty and single.
6. Emily, May and Ted hope for a quick verdict so that they can go home to their spouses and children.
7. Emily, Theresa and Ted are employed in the same building and are part of the same organization.
8. The detective is courting the pretty secretary and takes her dancing every night.
9. Victor and the politician are brothers-in-law, having married sisters 25 years ago.
10. The minister has been asked by the dietitian to pray for her sick husband.
11. Violet is not pretty, but she has personality and magnetism.

—MARGOT BANDINI

The islanders knew that God had marked the vessel as His own, so they guarded it well

Ship of Faith

by Cecil Coffey

When war flamed across the Pacific after Pearl Harbor, it forced hurried conferences and quick decisions among missionaries in the South Seas.

All American, British and Australian personnel were hastily evacuated from their posts, and properties were left in the hands of native converts, many of whom were only a few years removed from cannibalism.

When the Japanese swept down upon New Georgia, the *Portal* and two sister ships—the *Dandavata* and the *G. F. Jones*—operated by Seventh-day Adventists at Marova Lagoon were turned over to the British Army. The remaining mission properties were left in the care of Kata Ragoso, mission-educated son of a chieftain.

Under the command of a British major, the three small schooners slipped in and out of the waters of Guadalcanal and other islands, laying mines and harrying the enemy.

Finally the tiny fleet gathered in Marova Lagoon to await the signal to flee to Australia. In a few days, a native paddled alongside the *Dandavata* and shouted breathlessly:

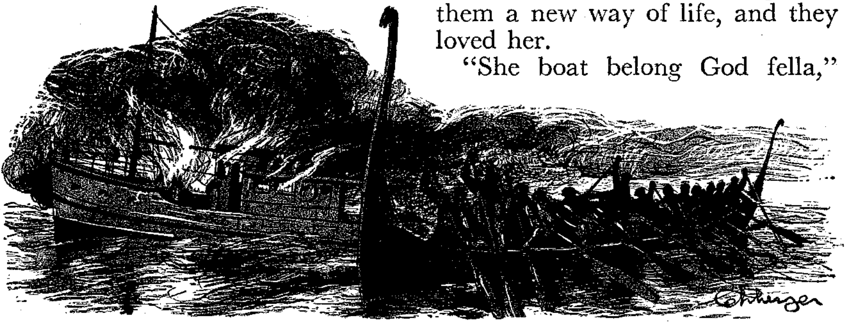
"Jap man 'e come! 'Im 'e come plenty big fella ship! You go one time quick!"

The *G. F. Jones* and the *Dandavata* got under way. But the *Portal's* engine wouldn't start.

Following a pre-arranged plan, the *Portal's* crew dumped two drums of gasoline into her cabin and tossed a lighted torch as they abandoned ship. Flames quickly engulfed the cabin and were sweeping along the deck as the *Dandavata* and the *G. F. Jones* sailed off.

On the beach, Ragoso and dozen natives sadly watched the burning boat. The *Portal* had brought to them a new way of life, and they loved her.

"She boat belong God fella,"



Ragoso said to his friends. "He maybe no let burn if we make pray."

And pray they did—in simple, child-like faith.

Then it happened. As though a giant snuffer had been suddenly lowered over the *Portal*, the flames died down—and went out.

The excited islanders paddled out to the smoking schooner. Nothing much seemed damaged but the cabin paint and the rigging.

After a quick inspection, Ragoso and his friends worked the *Portal* into a hidden inlet and up a small stream. There they anchored her among a dense growth which formed an umbrella over the stream. The masts were lowered and lashed along deck. Palm fronds were cut and positioned to hide the craft.

But Ragoso wanted to be sure that even if the Japanese did find the schooner, they could never use it. He and several other natives went to work on the engine.

Early next morning, Japanese forces steamed into the lagoon. The islanders found themselves under the iron rule of tyrannical conquerors, but not a single one betrayed the hiding place of the *Portal*.

Three years went by. Then came a day in 1945 when Pastor Norman Ferris returned to Marova Lagoon. Great was the rejoicing, and when the excitement had subsided, several natives ran to the beach and jumped into a canoe. "They go bring 'im boat *Portal*," Ragoso explained proudly.

"But the *Portal* has been destroyed," said Pastor Ferris. "The government wrote and told us."

"Government 'im 'e no savi," Ragoso chuckled. " 'Im 'e boat belong God fella. 'E no burn."

In a few minutes the *Portal* slipped alongside the dock and Pastor Ferris went aboard.

"This is wonderful," he exclaimed. "But, Ragoso, she has been stripped of her engine. The Japanese must have found her."

Ragoso chuckled again. "We got," he said.

"But where?"

Ragoso fingered a chain hanging from his neck. On it were a half dozen small washers and nuts.

"Ragoso 'e wear engine for necklace. See? Other boy 'e plenty got, too. You wait. We bring."

In they came from up and down the coast, each bringing a precious part for the engine. Some had hung them in trees; others, like Ragoso, had worn them around their necks.

Within a week the engine was reassembled. But would it run?

While hundreds of islanders watched, Pastor Ferris pressed the starter. The old engine sputtered—coughed—and roared into life.

The *Portal* has been running ever since. In recent years she has been joined by new schooners. But the *Portal* is queen of the fleet. As Ragoso still says, "*Portal* 'im 'e God fella's boat. 'E no burn."

The Seven Ages of Woman

INFANT, child, girl, young woman, young woman, young woman, poised social leader.

—*Apollo-Journal*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

What's His Name?

As emcee of the popular TV show, "On Your Account" (CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 4:30-5:00 P. M. EST), Dennis James must have a natural flair for smooth conversation. He achieves this by his ability to remember names—both first and last. Can you do the same?

Below are some famous people, suggested (in capitals) solely by their first name. This first name is found by identifying another celebrity with the hint given in parentheses. The latter's LAST name is also the first name of the person in question—*i.e.,* No. 1 is Perry Como; the hint is Lieut. Oliver Hazard Perry. (Answers on page 170.)

1. A CURRENTLY POPULAR CROONER (His first name fought the battle of Lake Erie.)

2. NOTED POLITICAL COMMENTATOR (His first name built the steamship, "Clermont.")

3. A LEADING CONFEDERATE STATESMAN (His first name wrote the "Declaration of Independence.")

4. A TOP-NOTCH GOLFER OF YESTERYEAR (His first name wrote the poem, "Don Juan.")

5. A POPULAR AMERICAN NOVELIST (His first name killed an American president.)

6. A NATIONALLY-RENOWNED RESTAURATEUR (His first name said, "War is hell!")

7. A PRESENT JUSTICE OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT (His first name wrote "Les Miserables.")

8. A NOTED WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER (His first name starred in "South Pacific.)

9. A UNITED STATES PRESIDENT (His first name wrote the music for "Naughty Marietta.")

10. A GREAT GERMAN MUSICAL GENIUS (His first name is a famed German biographer.)

11. A CELEBRATED FURNITURE MAKER (His first name was America's greatest danseuse.)

12. MATHEMATICIAN AND CHILDREN'S AUTHOR (His first name founded the C.I.O.)

13. A U. S. GENERAL AND STATESMAN (His first name was the Greek hero who wandered for 10 years.)

14. A NOTED JOKE ANTHOLOGIST (His first name wrote "The Old Wives' Tale.")

15. A TV AND MOVIE COMIC (His first name was the author of "Paradise Lost.")

16. AN AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE (His first name had a brother called "Daffy.")

17. A FRENCH BACTERIOLOGIST (His first name was known as "The Brown Bomber.")

18. A POPULAR BANDLEADER AND COMPOSER (His first name has for many years been called "the world's richest woman.")

19. AN AUTHOR OF MANY "BEST SELLERS" (His first name was a bespectacled and well-known comedian of silent pictures.)

20. A RENOWNED PLANT EXPERIMENTER (His first name was the founder of Protestantism.)

The famous actor-singer writes a song of praise for the American "Girl Friday"

I Love Secretaries!

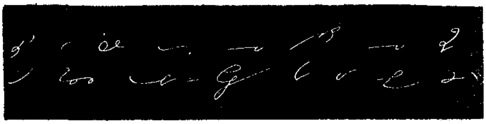
by Frank Sinatra

NOT TOO LONG ago, I had a recurrence of an old nostalgia—the urge to revisit my United States. To most people, outside of a certain echelon of show business, this may sound strange. But to people like myself, it is a periodic "must."

We function for the most part in three constricted areas: Hollywood, the transcontinental airlines or railways and New York. And none of these is what I would call especially typical of the American scene. And if we forget the American scene, where are we?

Anyway, this was a real grass-roots expedition. I chose to drive, naturally, and set myself no itinerary except that I was going to points North. And even that was a well-kept secret. Only two or three people knew, and among them was that indispensable person, my right arm, my secretary.

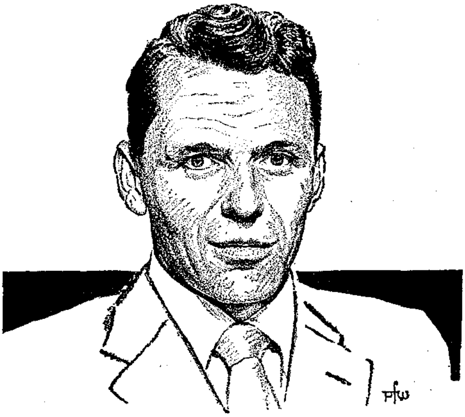
Her name happens to be Linda Anderson, but that, if she'll forgive me, is not the point. For me, she represents every secretary in these United States, which as far as I'm concerned is a choice piece of representing. I may not look to you like the type, but I've made a study of the American secretary and I've come up with this:



She's the hardest working, most dutiful, most efficient and frequently least-appreciated part of the national scene. The Unfeeling Boss regards her as casually as he does his adding machines, and expects the same results. Usually he gets them. But the adding machine now and then comes in for some respect, whereas the secretary is taken for granted.

There is something basically wrong here. The machine is set up to be technically perfect—until a cog snaps. The secretary is human. The machine doesn't have to cope with any hardship worse than a clerk with a hangover so bad he hits the wrong key. Hangover is only one of the secretary's opponents. The boss can also be suffering from any of a dozen occupational ailments.

Mumble-itis of the tongue, for instance. General pessimism or anxiety. Who's any easier to take it out on than Miss Martyr with the pad and pencil? Domestic trouble—an argument with the wife, hence the 10 A.M. conviction that women, including Miss Martyr, are no damn good. Or forgetfulness. Miss Mar-



tyr has now gracefully stalled a favorite customer in the waiting room for an hour while Mr. Big gets around to putting in an appearance.

I don't say all bosses are unfeeling or have the frailties of Mr. Big. But the ones that are—brother! . . .

All right, now to the grass-roots trip, remember? I took off for the unspecified North one morning without a single worry on my mind—except perhaps where my next job was coming from. Things were pretty fair in the little world of F. Sinatra, but they could have been better. That is, I wasn't exactly booked for the next 17 years. But I was solvent, and I had an idea that a picture assignment would be sticking its head up sooner or later. So it was a good time to take a break.

What I'd forgotten, of course, was that the biggest picture assignments always come when you're not on hand, and the producer always has to have you in the next half hour or not at all. Eddie Fisher's available, too, you know . . . .

Well, this was no exception. I'd been beating the North country not more than 48 hours when news came that Sinatra had been flagged for the greatest part since Maude Adams was introduced to Peter Pan. After this one, Sinatra would never have to exert himself again except for beating off importunate studio heads and disdainfully tearing up zillion-dollar contracts. But if Sinatra couldn't be found, there were at least three dozen other guys who were willing to risk the headaches of an Academy Award.

That left it right in Linda's lap. She knew I was trickling "North" somewhere. That was all she knew. And believe me, "North"—in this case the Pacific Northwest—is a big hunk of real estate.

To make an essentially short story long, Linda did it. She worked from late afternoon into the early hours of the morning. She finally caught up to me at a bump on the road I recall as Last Gasp, Oregon, although hysteria may have something to do with that. It was a medium-sized hamburger stand and the counterman had been alerted to keep his eye out for a traveler who looked like poor Yorick after exhumation, and tell him to call Operator Such-and-Such in Los Angeles.

It wasn't till I got back there—in very fast time—that I got the whole story. Linda had simply had every telephone operator on the Coast playing private eye, flashing alarms in all directions, broadcasting descriptions, laying down a dragnet that saturated the territory as thoroughly as Jack Webb's.

I'd be pleased to state here that my name was of some small help,

When I was just a nobody—that's when the Sinatra Fan Club for Secretaries really started....

but that doesn't seem to have been the case. Not if Linda gave it to me straight. According to her, she fed the name to the first operator she got on the line.

"Sin what?" asked the operator.

"Sinatra," said Linda, "Frank Sinatra, S as in—Oh, *you* know!"

"Sinatra," said the operator reflectively. "Oh, *yes*. Are you tracing a race horse?"

It's great to be famous.

Anyway, that's part of what I mean about secretaries. Not only my secretary in this case, but *any* secretary . . . .

My first experience with secretaries came quite a few years ago when I was eating off what I laughingly called my wrist. There were agents' secretaries and producers' secretaries and bandleaders' secretaries and, after a time, sponsors' secretaries. I met them all in outer offices—the ones that doubled as receptionists. They were unfailingly courteous to me, back there in what I have to think of as the Beginning.

I wasn't Frank Sinatra then—whoever he is. I was Joe Blow, a guy I still know better than I know Frank Sinatra. I was shabby, and that skinny bit wasn't just for laughs in those days. Nothing was. There wasn't much to laugh about. But they'd cheer me up while I sat there dripping rain on their rugs and keep telling me Mr. Whozit would see me any time now, and once in a while one would throw in a remark that Mr. Whozit had spoken well of me the other day. There was plenty of evidence that they made that one up, but how kind can you be?

Never think they weren't busy, either, which is about the hardest time to be kind. I used to watch them while they (so I imagined) studied me, trying to determine when I'd fall on my face and give them a malnutrition emergency case, right there in the anteroom. When they weren't typing, they were answering the phone. When they weren't answering the phone, they were trotting in to take dictation for more typing. When they weren't doing anything else, they were keeping the callers happy and making them feel welcome while the boss communed with the *Racing Form*. Between times, they filed.

And you know, I don't think I've ever seen a secretary that I didn't think was beautiful in one way or another. I guess that was either because they *were* beautiful, or because there's an inescapable beauty in anyone doing a job they know how to do. Ballplayer, dancer, fighter, secretary—it's all the same. And out of all of us, it's the secretaries who often seem to me to know their jobs best.

So . . . I was outside the inner sanctum in those days, in the secretary's own domain. But then, after a time, I got through that big, blank door to the man with the green leather furniture and the wall-to-wall carpeting. That's when the Sinatra Fan Club for Secretaries really got its humble start.

By and by, things got around to where the secretary would come in to record anything we might say of a deathless nature. And I remember especially one of my very first big shots, a character who never took an unlighted cigar out of the corner of his mouth under any circumstances.

We'd get down to cases and this lad would call for his secretary. And she'd come in, and the cigar would start rotating a little, like a cue settling on a cue-ball, and the noises would begin. They're not very easy to spell, but a rough sample of a typical sound-effect would go:

"Miss Atch—fymee um gatta surrange guyack lass eek or maybe eek fore, fuhget iz name."

I've never been able to translate this—it had something to do with data of one or two weeks before, but I don't know what. Miss Atch, though—and that was not her name—wasn't stumped for a moment. She interpreted that and worse, without a blink. You should have heard The Cigar dictate letters. Seals enunciate much more clearly.

Finally I asked Miss Atch about it, expressing admiration both for her eardrums and her ready knowledge of tribal dialects.

"Oh," she said, "Mr. X. has splended diction! You should hear *some* of them. . . ."

Secretary seems so modest a word for it. Inadequate. It goes further. Diplomat, certainly—*secret* is the root of the word, isn't it? A walking, breathing appointment pad. Intermediary between boss and that part of the outside world he'd rather not see. Efficiency to such a point that the only real chance for some secretaries to get themselves noticed is to make a mistake. And the "reward," as I see it, of a truly superb secretary is to assume more and more of the weight of business as she gets better. Can't something be done to knight these remarkable women?

But to me, the most impressive secretarial trait of all is the wearing of antenna. You can't see it but it's there, and I don't know of any other human classification that can say as much. Linda, for example, at her best, knows what I want before I want it. In everyday stride, she at least knows it before I can say it. And even on her very worst mornings, three words of mine add up to five pages of detailed instructions for her. If that's not antenna, then what is it?

Linda burned out a tube just once in this respect, and it was only because of a dirty trick of mine. I've been talking about the shortcomings of bosses, but I have a few myself. For instance, I'm not the world's most patient guy, and when I give an order, I reduce it to verbal shorthand, relying on Linda's own special antenna to come up with the full answer. This applies particularly to phone calls.

"Get me Harold!" breaks down in the end into: "Get me Harold Arlen, a songwriter who is somewhere in the world, God knows where, on the telephone."

"Call Hank!" is even more rudimentary. Hank Sanicola is my manager and doubtless can be reached in one of no more than 400 places east of the Mississippi.

These are rudimentary. Some are

trickier and some downright complicated, notably those that Linda has never heard of to begin with. But never until very recently has she asked me to amplify by a single word. She knows I don't like to, for one thing. For another, her secretarial background in entertainment is deep and extensive, and she'd hate to admit she can't follow a simple order, even when it appears impossible.

That was the trouble. She became so good at following through on these grunts of mine that I had a perverse desire to louse her up. I'll never do it again. I invented a name. Eddie Sludge, something like that, and walked out of the office.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, I came back. Linda was still at the phone, but she had a strained look, like a soldier driven at last to bay. I pretended to ignore her, giving the business of drumming my fingers on the desk and frowning. Finally she hung up from talking to someone and turned to me. There were tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sinatra," she said. "But who is Eddie Sludge?"

Let me give all bosses a piece of advice. Never do a thing like that to a good secretary. She's too precious an asset and too precious a person. It was a cheap gag and I felt just as cheap about it. It won't happen again.

I hope any secretaries among my audience will keep remembering that when I speak of Linda, I speak for them, too. But she's *my* secretary and therefore the closest access I have to source material.

There was a time in Las Vegas. Technically, Linda's secretarial duties extend no further than—well, secretarial duties. Or is there any limit to them? But in my business, there are apt to be extensions of the norm. Pests, to name one. And I had a blue-ribbon pest this time.

I'd met him only once, but he felt I was honor-bound to lend him $10,000. To him, it just figured. I was playing the Sands Hotel. He wired me he was coming—a rare bit of sportsmanship, come to think of it. So in my noblest cowardly fashion, I dumped it all on to Linda and went underground.

She met him at the airport. She was charming, he was charmed. They dashed gaily from spot to spot, always by Linda's apologetic account no more than a step behind me. Down the south side of Vegas' famed strip and up the north—back toward the airport. Somehow, during both my dinner and supper shows, Linda had the man both far away and too enthralled to be even thinking of F. Sinatra.

All of a sudden they were back at the airport with my nemesis' reservation tucked in his hot little hand. I assume he was halfway back to Los Angeles before he remembered what he had come for, and I have not heard from him again. Secretaries! . . .

My numerous inquiries among secretary friends indicate that $50 a week is average pay, $75 good, and $100 virtually top. Overtime? Yes, but as a rule the nonpaying variety. The average domestic does at least as well.

What are these secretarial duties I've mentioned? Typing, shorthand, filing, of course. Fronting at all times for the boss and crossing the fingers when the expedient lie is indicated to shield him from the nuisance elements. Arranging his desk and keeping his date book and doing his shopping and being, so to speak, his wife away from wife in details affecting the office. Mapping his itinerary when he travels, working as late as he has to work, contributing flawless performance as a matter of course and whipping-girl duty if, on rare occasions, something does go wrong.

And above all, being at all times fresh and neat, even groomed to the teeth on her time and money.

It took me a long time to feel busy enough or important enough to employ a secretary—Linda, my first. And when I did, a friend asked in that tone one gets to recognize: "What would *you* do with a secretary?"

And I had to answer what I answer here, what has become true now that I've taken the step: "What would I do *without* one?"

In fact, if this modest essay has supplied just one stone to an eventual monument to these miracles of unsung devotion and loyalty and skill, that much-neglected phenomenon, the American secretary, I will be happy—although it is much, much less than she deserves.

My own reward is simple: I'm glad to have gotten it off my chest.

Who Are the Jurors?

(Answers to brain twister on page 34)

Theresa, Emily and Ted work for the same organization (7). The most likely three are the doctor, nurse, and dietitian, who are probably connected with the same hospital. The doctor is unmarried (1), whereas Emily and Ted are married (6), therefore Theresa is the doctor. The dietitian is a woman (10), so Emily is the dietitian and Ted is a male nurse.

The only person among the jurors likely to have a "shop" (4) is the tailor. He is Ralph. John has picketed this shop (4). This implies that John is a union member assigned to the job. He is probably the bricklayer.

May is married and wants to be with her husband and children (6). She is not the dancing secretary, nor the unmarried musician. May is the housewife.

The musician is pretty. She is not Joan (5) nor Violet (11). The musician is Ann.

Violet is not pretty (11), so she is not the secretary (8). Joan is the pretty secretary.

The detective takes the secretary dancing every night (8). He could not be Zachary, who has a severely sprained ankle (3). Victor is a married man (9). The detective is Hugo.

Judging by his professional interest in the trial (2), Victor is the lawyer.

Zachary and Violet remain to be accounted for. One is a minister and one is a politician. The politician is a man (9), so Zachary is the politician. Violet is a woman pastor.

Though often misunderstood, his homely philosophy inspired millions

ELBERT HUBBARD: Warrior with Words

by Norman Carlisle

When a U-boat sent torpedoes crashing into the *Lusitania* as she neared Ireland one day in 1915, a wave of shocked horror swept the world. Why had the Germans cold-bloodedly sunk an unarmed passenger vessel?

Millions speculated on a strange answer. Perhaps, they said, the great liner had been sent to the bottom because of one passenger aboard her—a mild-mannered little man with an odd haircut and a cheap, rumpled suit.

Curious as this idea sounds now, it then seemed quite reasonable to many people that the Kaiser would go to considerable lengths to destroy this man, for he had reason to hate that amazing American, Elbert Hubbard.

Who was Elbert Hubbard? That question is understandable today, for even in his own times Hubbard was a misunderstood paragon. Highbrow critics sneered at his homely "philosophy," yet it inspired millions. Big publishing houses in America turned down his books, yet he wrote one of the most widely published pieces of writing in history.

Though many called him a crank, men like Henry Ford and Theodore Roosevelt rated him a personal friend and welcomed his advice. Scoffed at as a dreamer and idealist, he built up a unique and highly successful business enterprise that attracted worldwide attention.

Strangely, his spectacular career did not begin until he was 36. Too poor to get even a high school education, Hubbard started out as a door-to-door soap salesman. As he trudged the muddy streets of Illinois farm towns near Bloomington, where he was born, in 1856, he carried not only his soap samples, but books. Reading them at night in dingy hotel rooms, his horizons widened and a dream took shape. Some day, he vowed, he would get a college education. Some day, too, he would write books himself.

Meanwhile, he proved such a gifted salesman that he eventually ended up as a partner in a flourishing soap firm, which his clever merchandising ideas were rapidly pushing into the multi-million-dollar class. Yet, all the time, a struggle was going on in the mind of the successful young businessman.

One day he walked in and told his partner calmly, "I want to sell out. I'm going to college."

His shocked partner became the first of many people to tell Hubbard he must be crazy. Here he was, approaching middle age, a man with a wife and family, part owner of a business that would make millions—and he wanted to give it all up and go to college. Hubbard was unmoved: he still wanted to realize his old ambition.

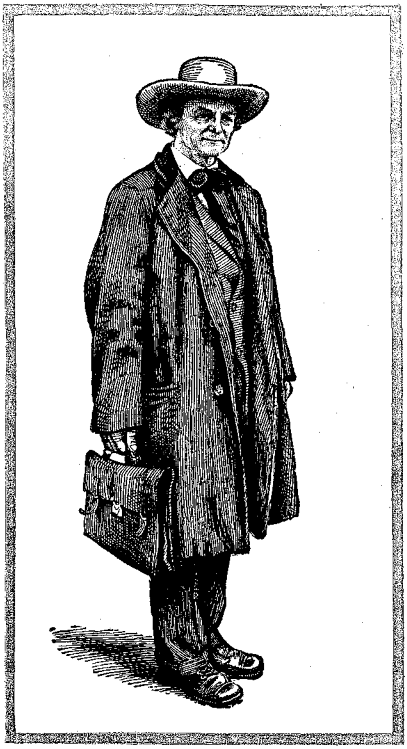
When he turned up at Harvard, he found himself greeted with skepticism. A man with a grammar-school education wanting a degree? The pedagogues shook their heads. He could enroll as a special student and receive credit for one year, but they refused to let him matriculate for the full 4-year course. This cold treatment at the Ivy League institution afterwards led him to leave it out of his biography in *Who's Who*, where he once listed himself as having been educated in the University of Hard Knocks.

When he showed a professor some of his writing, he was told flatly that he had better go back to the soap business. Most New York publishers showed indifference to his writing. Undaunted, Hubbard returned to his farm home in the hamlet of East Aurora, New York, and proceeded to publish his own magazine, the *Philistine*. It was one of a long list of Hubbard firsts, for it was the predecessor of the pocket-size magazines that we have today.

Hubbard started by printing articles he liked, along with his own contributions, and ended up writing the entire magazine himself. The fact that his little publication soon had a circulation of 200,000 was proof enough for him that, while the pundits might not like his homely philosophy, a lot of ordinary Americans did.

One evening in 1899, Hubbard was having an after-dinner discussion with his young son, Bert, about the recently ended Spanish-American War. Bert expressed the opinion that the widely acclaimed leaders like Admiral Dewey weren't the ones who should get the glory. The real heroes, he argued, were men like Lt. Andrew Rowan who, at the start of the war, had embarked on a desperate mission to carry a message from President McKinley to the Cuban rebel General Garcia, hidden in the mountain jungles. Following lonely trails controlled by the enemy, Rowan fought his way across the Island and delivered the message.

After a moment's thought, Hub-



bard exclaimed, "I think you're right!"

He jumped up from the table and rushed away to scribble 1,500 words of copy on Rowan to fill up a blank space in his little magazine. He called the story "A Message to Garcia."

A few weeks later, orders for copies of the magazine containing it began to pour in by the thousands. Then came a telegram from the New York Central Railroad: "Give price on 100,000. How soon can you ship?"

The "Message to Garcia" became a craze. In a few weeks, it had been reprinted in more than 200 magazines and newspapers all over the world, in a dozen foreign languages. Even today, more than 50 years later, it is still being reprinted. Long since, all track has been lost of how many copies have been published, but some estimates run as high as 40,000,000.

The "Message to Garcia" was really a sincere and effective sermon on doing the job expected of you. "Give us this day our daily work" was Hubbard's prayer—yet he realized that millions were not getting a chance to do the kind of work they could enjoy. That was the beginning of an amazing enterprise that, at first, made businessmen throw their hands in the air and predict dismal failure.

Beginning with work space that was no larger than his own barn in East Aurora, New York, Hubbard started the Roycrofters, which would have brought him worldwide fame even if he had done nothing else. His plan was a curious mixture of the visionary and practical. The Roycrofters, he announced, would be a place where people could come to learn to work with their hands while, at the same time, they could be learning to use their minds. Here, after a day's work, people could listen to great music, hear speeches by great men, read great books.

Word quickly spread through the countryside that there was a man in East Aurora who would give you a job doing what you wanted to do or learning what you wanted to learn. Older craftsmen came by the score. No one with a worthwhile ambition was excluded, and soon the Roycrofters were turning out an astonishing variety of products. Workers were busy hammering copper, weaving rugs and baskets, making pottery, printing and binding books.

SIMPLY AS A BUSINESS enterprise all this would have been remarkable enough; but Hubbard made East Aurora the cultural center he pictured it, as well. Nightly, the workers gathered to listen to music, study art and talk in the music room and art gallery which he provided. Hubbard issued a standing invitation to anyone to join the Roycrofters in these activities. So many thousands came that the railroad ran special excursion trains from Buffalo, and Hubbard was forced to build a hotel for prominent guests who arrived in such numbers that he could no longer accommodate them in his home.

His visitors, including men like Clarence Darrow, Henry Ford, Booker T. Washington and Theodore Roosevelt, gave Hubbard a chance to expound his views in his own unique way. To one group of top industrialists he gave a lecture on the benefits of hard physical labor, then, when he had finished, Hubbard set them to work raking leaves.

Many businessmen who came to scoff went back home to change their ways of dealing with employees. Hubbard's preachments that employers owed it to their workers to give them a chance to learn and progress made sense when they saw his scheme working at East Aurora.

His argument that workers needed relaxation during working hours (today's coffee break) seemed like heresy then, yet the amazing productivity of the Roycrofters proved its efficacy.

Hubbard had a way of continually leaving his critics speechless. Early in his career, he conceived the idea of visiting the homes of famous people and writing down-to-earth, on-the-spot profiles quite different from the flowery, hero-worshiping biographies of the period. Publishers were horrified.

Hubbard went ahead, nevertheless, and his "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" became one of the longest and most successful publishing projects in literary history. Every month for 14 years, without a single break, Hubbard published an account of some such journey.

His wanderings in search of material made him one of the most fabulous reporters of the century. He played golf with John D. Rockefeller; visited Luther Burbank in his garden in Santa Rosa, California; explored the labor movement with Eugene Debs. He chatted with William Gladstone, Prime Minister of England; wandered through Edison's laboratories and the great

automobile factory of Ford; spent hours discussing electricity with Charles Steinmetz.

Though Hubbard impressed millions with the sincerity and wisdom of his observations, he was the object of a vast amount of ridicule. One critic denounced him as "the P. T. Barnum of the arts."

Most of the jibes were hurled at Hubbard's strange appearance. When he first became a writer, he adopted a long hair-cut and broad-brimmed hat as his trademark. It brought him millions of words of publicity, just as he hoped it would.

Less deliberate were the shabby clothes which once got him barred from the Waldorf Astoria where he was scheduled to lecture. After giving thousands of lectures, he was offered $2,500 a week to go on the vaudeville stage of the Orpheum circuit. He accepted and wore the same garb.

Hubbard took all jibes in the happy conviction that they helped him get attention for causes in which he believed. For, in addition to all his other careers, Hubbard was a crusader who constantly used his magazines, books and public appearances to help him fight for these improvements and causes.

In a period when America had hardly any good roads and the automobile was still called a horseless carriage, he was boldly advocating the Lincoln Highway, a true transcontinental road. He was continually agitating for more national parks, for children's courts, for international cooperation. At a time when insane asylums were talked of in hushed tones, Hubbard fought for better treatment of patients.

It was Hubbard's crusading zeal that finally cost him his life. In 1914, America was not yet sure just how she stood on the conflict in Europe. While many urged cautious neutrality, Hubbard's reaction was flaming fury.

"Who lifted the lid off Hell?" he demanded, and answered, "Let the truthful answer be William Hohenzollern. Had this man used his power for peace instead of for invading a neutral country, there would have been no war."

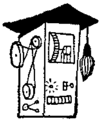
Having said this, Hubbard announced that he would go to Europe to talk to the Kaiser face to face. Perhaps nothing the outspoken American could say in behalf of peace would carry weight, but Hubbard was willing to try.

Hubbard told his wife of the idea. It seemed good to her, and the two hastily packed for the trip to Europe, for Alice Hubbard went with her husband whenever she could.

As the *Lusitania* stood at last off Old Head of Kinsale in Ireland, the Hubbards were at the rail looking across the Irish Sea, glittering in the afternoon sunlight. They saw the white wake of the fatal torpedo sliding through the water, and, as the liner rocked in successive explosions, they remained quiet and calm.

When the scramble for the lifeboats began, Alice and Elbert saw there was not going to be enough room for everyone. Hubbard had once said, "Some day we shall go, and when we do, we would like to go gracefully." This, he saw, was their time to go. Arm in arm, he and his wife walked into the nearest stateroom and closed the door behind them. Thus, in a final gesture, the philosopher, who had advised serenity in the face of death, lived up to his own words of wisdom.

Crank? Impractical dreamer? Genius? To this day it is hard to classify Elbert Hubbard, who became a legend in his own lifetime. But whatever label is attached to this people's philosopher, the story of his career carries its own "Message to Garcia." When he saw that nobody was doing a job that should be done, Elbert Hubbard simply went ahead and did it.



Succinctly Said

TODAY'S MACHINES are so nearly human that they do things without using any intelligence. —*Sunshine Magazine*

DANCING THE RHUMBA is a way of waving goodby without moving your hand. —GALEN DRAKE (CBS)

EVERY GIRL WAITS for the right man to come along—but in the meantime she gets married. —*Pipe Dreams*

STRATA
JEAN ARTHUR
"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL"
JAMES BELL
EARLE
THEATRE
WEEK STARTING
LENORE ULRIC
eatre
Brown Players
CE REED

How to Be an Actress

by IMOGENE COCA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERNEST RESHOVSKY

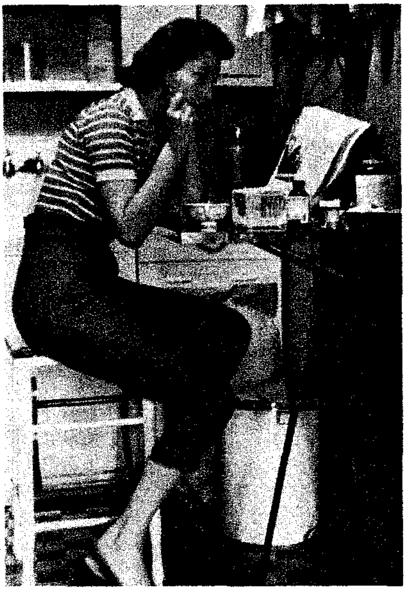
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Imogene Coca speaks from experience when she recites the trials and tortures which beset the young woman who would triumph on Broadway. Now star of her own NBC-TV show, Miss Coca starved in seedy hotels, slept in Grand Central Station, survived ambushes in Catskill hotels and played in night clubs and summer stock before she hit the top in the amusement field.

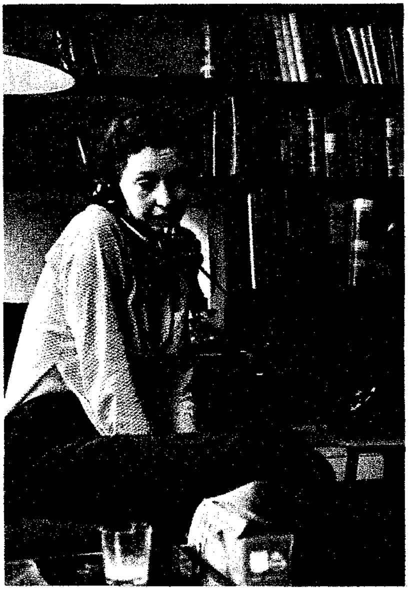
ABOUT THE ACTRESS

Dorothy Rice, born in Brooklyn, began modeling at 16, but acting is her career. This is her story: it could be that of any talented young girl whose heart is set on the stage.

You learn how to freshen up clothes.



Study the morning paper over breakfast.



'Phone, 'phone those casting offices!

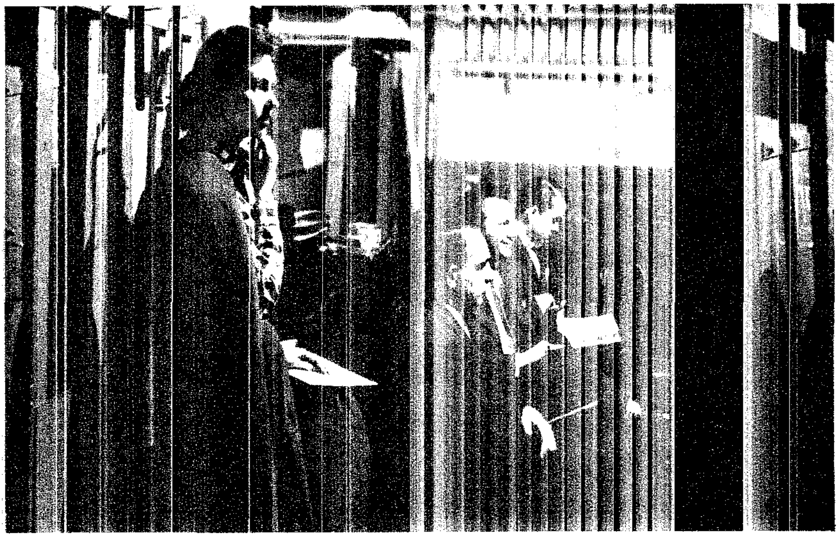
THERE IS NO EASY PATH to theater stardom, and no one knows it better than the girl who climbs it. You must be your own chief chef and bottle washer—your own beautician, press agent and pavement pounder. So many shows are put on, so many shining opportunities beckon—and there are so many other talented, beautiful girls! Courage, hope, stick-to-it-iveness? These above all you must have, for if you've caught the dream, you won't, you can't, let it get away from you.

WAITING ROOM
PLEASE
ALL VISITORS MUST
THROUGH

The Big Hope: will the casting director's secretary make an appointment for you?

Some girls, if they're poised and lovely, find work as models between jobs. It helps pay expenses until The Chance comes along.

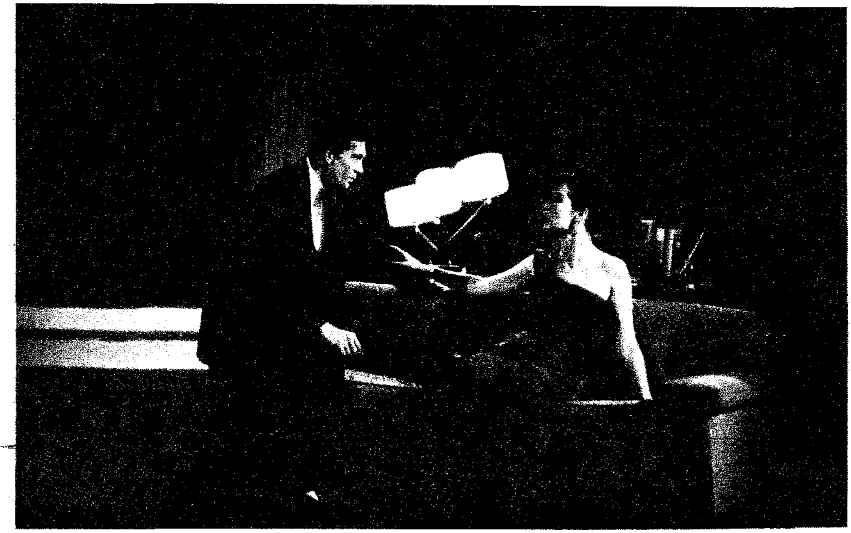
Once inside the *Inner Sanctum*, comes suspense: will your scrapbook persuade him?



How did I sound? It's not easy to turn the magic on and off at a director's nod . . .

It's all in the day's work if you want a theatrical career: posing for endless publicity stills, indoors and out; spending endless hours in a darkened theater auditioning, and eagerly hearing others read their parts; and spending still more endless hours at your own dressmaker's.

Oh, those fittings! The clothes you need, and the money you must spend for them!



Dress rehearsal and dress rehearsal: does anyone know how much goes *into* a role?

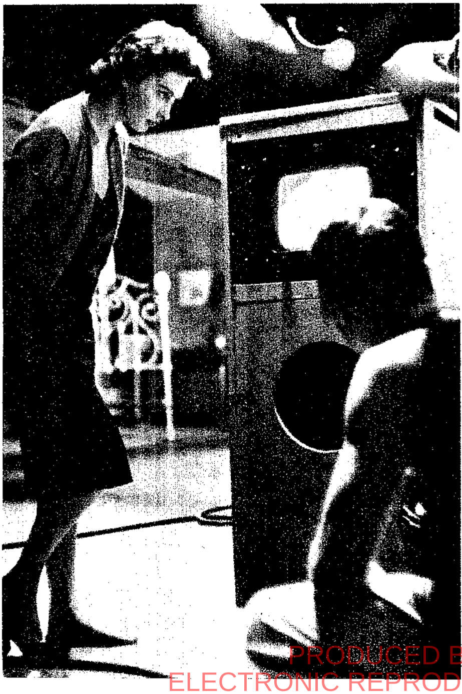
IF YOU'D BE AN ACTRESS, there's only one world—the world of the theater. Everything exists for that. Sometimes it means summer stock—a producer may be in the audience. Later, with a friend, the inevitable moments of self-criticism.

Or how you place yourself under a microscope and ask to be told how bad you were?

Six-seven-eight—work those diaphragm muscles for that full, throaty voice.

YOU'D THINK you were training for the Olympics! But acting *is* strenuous: getting the job and keeping it. You wring yourself out physically and emotionally—and if you're not fit, you just can't take it.

"This is the way I want it done—" A good director is all-important—and you listen.



AND THE CHANGE OF PACE! You never know what role you'll play. It may be a light-hearted comedienne, or a hard-eyed dope addict—and you begin living it the instant you're cast. It's strange how quickly you make the transition from reality to the world of make believe. I never stop marvelling how skillfully everyone concerned with a TV show does his part to help create and keep that illusion.

Watch others run through their scenes.

CIGARS

A quick sandwich and coffee.

BUSY, BUSY, BUSY! Even a budding Bernhardt must eat, and since both time and budget are limited, what's more convenient than the Automat? Usually you eat on the run—how can you do otherwise when the lines of a part are throbbing in your head? Now and then, there's an hour of leisure, or even more, and you can dine in style (almost) with a man. Maybe a little nippet of doubt will tug at you: after all, is a career *really* everything?

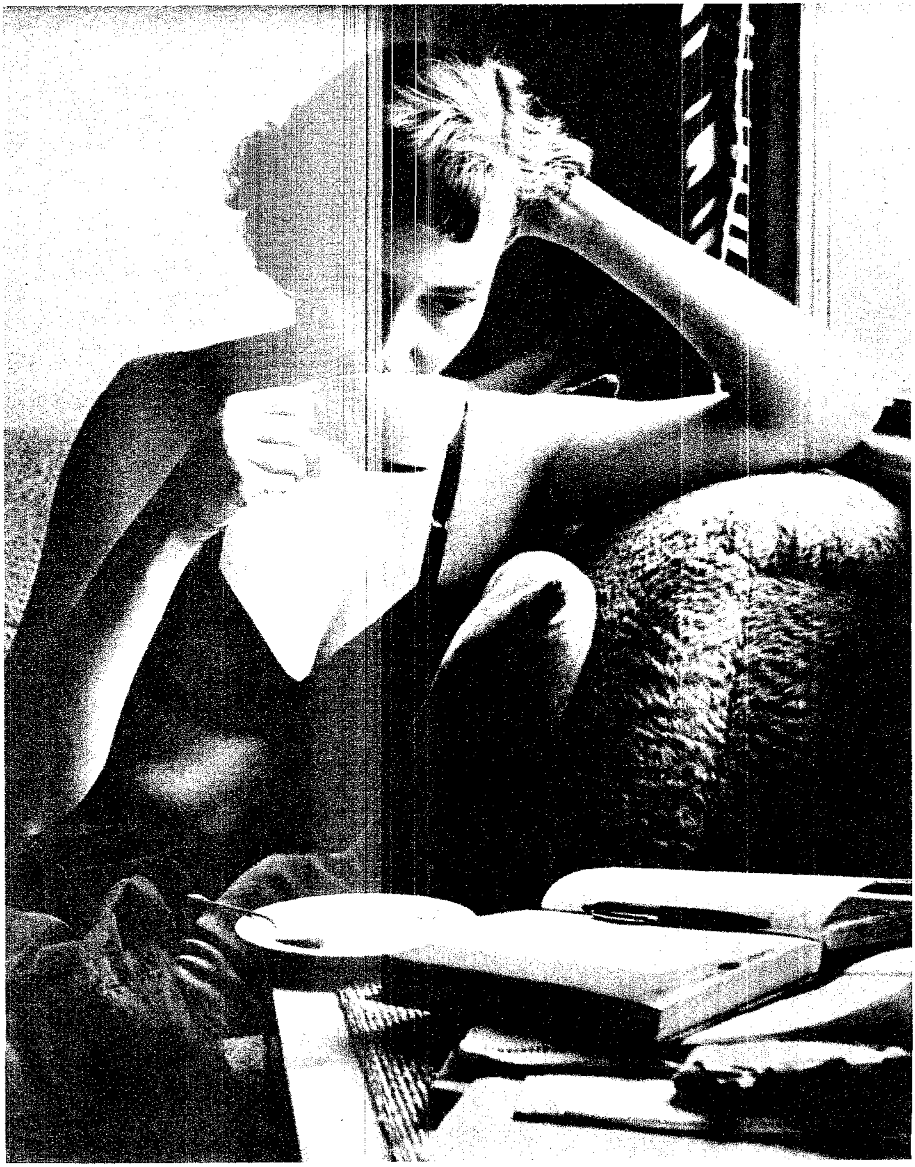
Of course, if he understands, there's nothing more wonderful. Talent must out!

Just typewritten lines, one word after another . . . But they grow, blossom, live!

AMBITION CAN BE A FEVER, and don't we all know it! Perhaps a girl can earn $12,000 a year by devoting her time to modeling. But if it's the theater you want, you attend acting classes, and instead of dances and night clubs, your evenings are spent doing homework—reading scripts with fellow students.

AND OH, THE WAITING! "Yes, we're looking for a dark-haired girl. You might be right . . . Will you wait?" You wait outside the casting office, hoping so terribly much, wanting so terribly much, and—yes—so afraid you won't get it.

Maybe you *do* look like Whistler's Mother, sitting there. It can age you, waiting.



The part's yours! Isn't it wonderful! Then what? Why, study and worry all over again.

Advertisement

You couldn't live without it
for longer than seven minutes!

THE AIR YOU BREATHE

by WALLACE CAPEL

You can live 40 days without *food*—a few days without *water*—but not longer than seven *minutes* without *air!*

Your *life* depends on air!

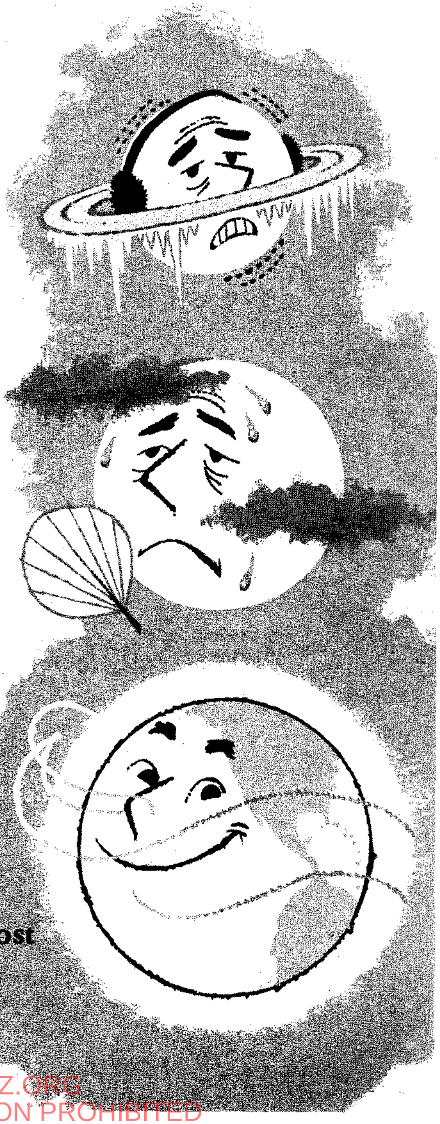
And that explains why the earth may be the *only* planet with inhabitants. The earth is the most fortunate of all planets in having a good air supply.

Saturn, for instance, is so far from the sun that its temperature is 243° below zero, and it's covered with ice 6,000 miles thick. The "air"—if you can call it that—is mostly ammonia, frozen into tiny crystals.

And Venus is covered with thick clouds that indicate great heat and humidity during each day when the temperature is around 122°. But when her face is away from the sun, the temperature drops to 22° below zero. Scientists have not been able to find any evidence of oxygen or water in the atmosphere, so Venus would also be an uncomfortable place to live.

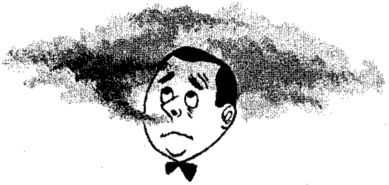
Air is what makes our own world habitable. It keeps us from broiling in the daytime and freezing at night. Also, it is the means of distributing water vapor and rain—so essential to life.

But, unfortunately for us "earthlings," many things interfere with the earth's supply of natural, fresh air.



AIR makes the earth the most fortunate of all planets!

We may have the best atmosphere in the Universe, BUT—



What's *Happened* to the Earth's "Fresh" Air?

EVEN here on the "good earth" a number of disagreeable forces are at work in the air we breathe. It gets too hot, too cold, too wet, or too dry. It is often filled with particles of dirt, dust, smoke, and pollen. Or it carries bad odors and unfriendly germs.

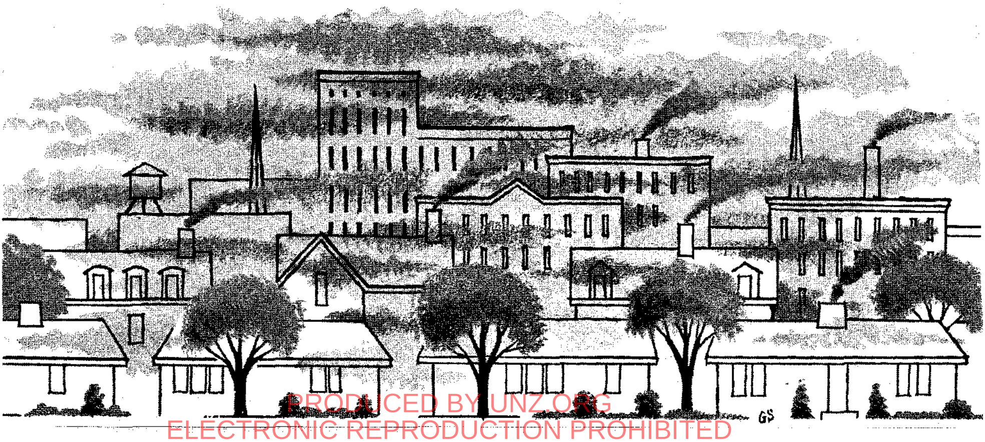
The result is that we shiver and sniffle, wheeze and sneeze. We perspire, tire more easily, catch colds and other diseases, lose sleep and tempers, even occasionally suffer heart failure due to the hot, humid air—and in general have a pretty miserable time breathing our "fresh" air.

Our health and comfort are menaced by an atmosphere of soot, ashes, toxic gases, drops of liquid tar, and other man-made pollution that has come to be grouped under the heading of "smog." Then illness and even death may result.

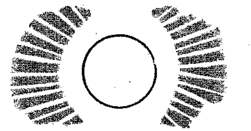
One of the most dramatic examples of the ill effects of air pollution was back in 1948 when almost half of the population of Donora, Pennsylvania—6,000 persons—were affected this way.

This air contamination once could be overlooked before the earth became so populous and before our great industrial growth. But no longer. Air conditioning has become more and more of a "must" in modern homes. The result is that today it is the "new dimension of modern living."

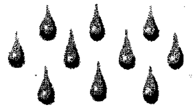
Is this the way your home town looks?



HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE AIR…

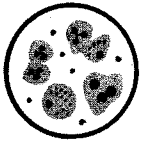


Sometimes Too Hot . . .

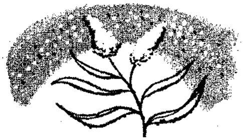


. . . And Too Wet (Or Dry)

Or Too Cold



Full of Bacteria



Full of Pollen

Full of Smoke

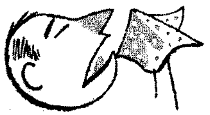
AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US!

We Can't Sleep

We Lose Tempers

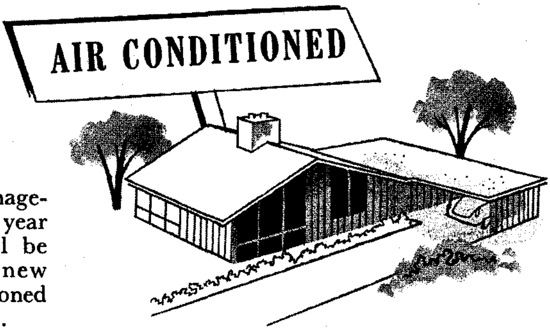
We Freeze

We Wheeze



We Sneeze

We Fight Dirt



Prediction

The American Institute of Management predicts that in ten years, year 'round air conditioning will be standard equipment in all new homes, and that non-air conditioned homes will be virtually obsolete.

LIVE IN THE
AIRTEMP
Comfort Zone

What Air Conditioning Means to the Modern Home

Air Conditioning has made literally *countless* improvements in home life. Today it does so much *more* than just cool the air!

Unfortunately many people still associate air conditioning with the cold, clammy feeling they used to get from early equipment—some of it still in use—in theaters, restaurants, and other public buildings.

But a truly modern system properly installed in the home can be a real blessing. One such system is called Airtemp Year 'Round Air Conditioning, made by the Airtemp Division of Chrysler Corporation.

When you live in a home with Airtemp Year 'Round Air Conditioning, probably the first thing you notice is more comfort than you ever dreamed possible. This is because you live in the Airtemp year 'round Comfort Zone. The temperature automatically stays between 70 and 80 degrees—wherever *you* set it—no matter how hot or how cold it is outside. And the humidity stays at its most healthful and comfortable level—no matter how humid or dry the air outside your home.

Next thing you'll appreciate is the cleanliness of an Airtemp air conditioned home. Daily dusting is a thing of the past. Where does the dust go? It doesn't go anywhere. Some of it never gets in—the rest is filtered out, thus eliminating the dust, dirt, soot and smoke that used to lodge in draperies, carpets, slip covers, on furniture, and on people.

And if there is a pollen-sneezer in your home, he'll be happiest of all. On days when the pollen count outside can be up in the thousands, in an Airtemp home it is only a few—and they probably drifted in through

Filtered from the Air You Breathe!

The photo at left shows a mass of dust, lint, germs, and other impurities which were filtered out of the air in a large Midwest city. Analysis of the dirt revealed that it was composed of the following matter:

Particles of Rubber Tires, Cinders, Lint, and Pollen	40%
Soot	30%
Sand and Grit	20%
Bacteria	10%

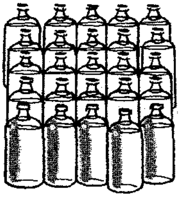
the front door. That's how well the Airtemp filters work!

After you've lived a while in your Airtemp home, you'll begin to wonder what happened to the "sniffles" your family used to get so often. You'll find much to your joy that the Airtemp year 'round Comfort Zone is a health zone as well.

In summer, mothers discover their families have better appetites. Small wonder! The butter doesn't run on the table. Ice cream doesn't melt before it can be eaten. Salt pours. No more soggy cereals or limp crackers! And it is a pleasure to cook well-balanced meals in a cool kitchen.

EVERYONE sleeps better, too, on hot muggy nights in the cool comfort of an Airtemp home. And, because the windows can be kept closed to eliminate outside noises, you can enjoy an undisturbed nap in the afternoon.

Closed windows also give you added safety from prowlers and prevent storm damage from sudden showers. And for father, the nuisance of putting up and taking down screens and storm windows is gone forever!



Up to 25 gallons of water a day are removed from the air in hot weather.

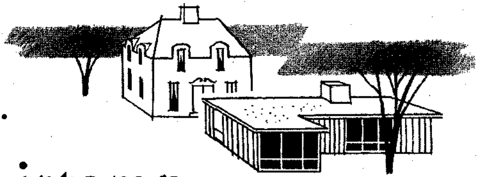
Dispositions improve, too. Baby is less likely to develop irritating heat rash! And he can sleep anytime without being disturbed by children playing outside.

In an Airtemp home you'll notice so many "little" benefits: Such as drawers that no longer swell and stick. Floors and doors that stop creaking. The piano doesn't need tuning so often. The laundry dries quicker. No more mildew. No moths or other insects that fly in through open windows. Indoor plants grow better. It's even easier to get domestic help for the Airtemp home! (like TV used to be for attracting baby sitters!)

These are just a few of the reasons why Airtemp Year 'Round Air Conditioning in homes is one of the most important advances in modern living. It won't be long until you would no more dream of building a new house without it than you'd build a house without electricity.

The Story of Two Roses

These two roses were kept under identical conditions—*except for air!* The one on the left was in a home that is *not* air conditioned for four days. It wilted, faded and died. The one on the right was in an Airtemp home for four days. It remained radiant and beautiful. Just look at the *difference!*



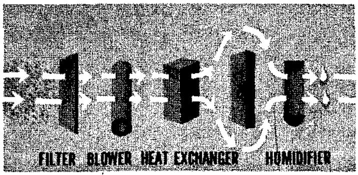
Whether your home is old or new . . .

You Can Enjoy Airtemp All Year 'Round

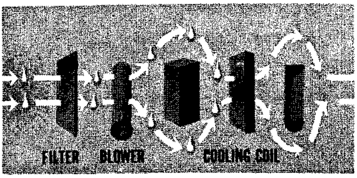
You don't have to build a new house to enjoy Airtemp, for an Airtemp home cooling unit can be installed with your present furnace—in no additional floor space.

If your old furnace needs replacement, you can have an Airtemp "Spacesaver"—furnace and cooling coil in one—and it will undoubtedly take less floor space than even your present furnace occupies!

And It's All Done by the Flick of a Switch!



IN WINTER—the air passes through filter, leaving dust, lint, and germs—fan blows it through heat exchanger where it is heated—next over humidifier, adding moisture to prevent dry heat which may cause colds—then circulated through the house.



IN SUMMER—the air passes through filter, leaving its dust, lint, and germs—fan blows cleaned air through cooling coil where it loses most of its moisture, excess heat is removed and air is washed—then cool, dry, pure air is circulated through the house.

Your Airtemp can bring in an abundance of outside air, filter, cool and dehumidify it in summer, circulate it gently through your home.

In the winter, or on cool days, the thermostat automatically changes the system to *heat*, humidify, circulate and filter the air.

Or, for those balmy "in-between" days, the thermostat again automatically controls the system to filter and circulate air from the outside (filtered clean, of course), without changing temperature or humidity.

If you're building or buying a new house, it is often possible to save enough in construction costs alone to pay for the cost of your Airtemp equipment. For you need no screens or storm sash . . . no costly attic fans for cross ventilation.

There is an Airtemp system for every requirement. Models are available in 2, 3, 5, and 7½ horsepower capacities for any size home. They are adaptable to any installation requirements and may be placed in basement, crawl space, attic, closet, alcove, or utility room. Part of the equipment may even be located outside your house! A special model is made for homes having steam or "wet heat" systems. Heating is with either gas or oil. You may get Airtemp systems with either conventional water cooling or with the newest Airtemp innovation—waterless refrigerated cooling.

This Airtemp waterless cooling is a wonderful advantage to people who live in communities where there are water shortages in summer, or where water rates are high. You can forget all about water problems—source, consumption, cost, drains, sewers, pipe connections or water towers—associated with many makes of air conditioning equipment.

Airtemp is the lowest-priced year 'round residential air conditioning on the market. It is impossible to give specific prices that would apply throughout the country because each installation is different—with variations in size and type of unit, duct work required, size of home, age of home, local labor rates, and other factors. However, here are some typical *installed* prices, together with operating costs, for installations made in various parts of the country:

Dallas, Texas (new 5-room ranch home, cooling only; installation cost, $970; first year's operation cost, $90).

Chicago, Illinois (old 6-room colonial home, cooling system added to old forced air furnace; installation cost, $1350; first year's cooling operation cost, $60).

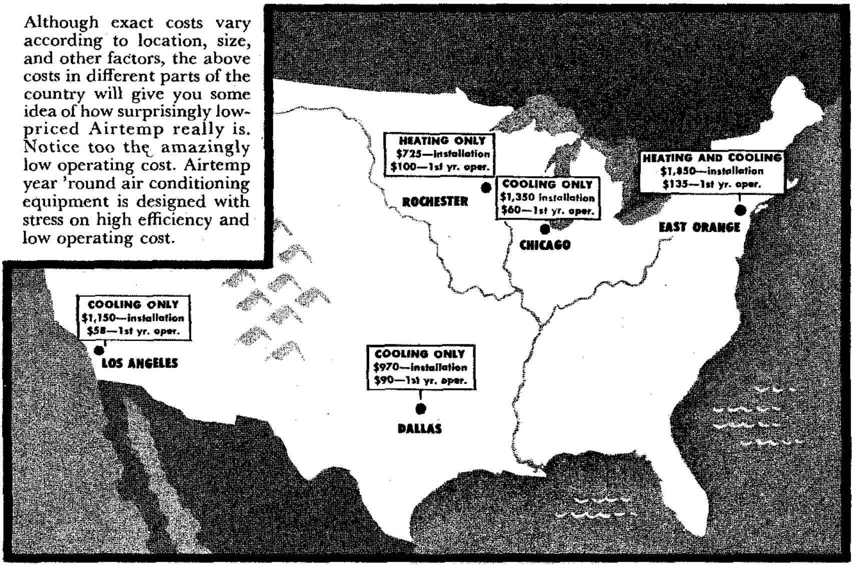
East Orange, New Jersey (new 6-room ranch home, cooling and heating; installation cost, $1,850; first year's entire operation cost, $135).

Los Angeles, California (old 6-room bungalow, cooling system added to old forced air furnace; installation cost, $1,150; first year's cooling operation cost, $58).

Rochester, Minn. (new 5-room ranch, heating only, installation cost, $725; first year's operation cost, $100).

In addition to low initial cost, maintenance and operating costs are also low for all parts of the country.

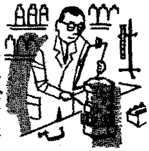
HOW MUCH WOULD AIRTEMP COST IN YOUR HOME?


HEATING ONLY
$725—installation
$100—1st yr. oper.
ROCHESTER
COOLING ONLY
$1,350 installation
$60—1st yr. oper.
CHICAGO
HEATING AND COOLING
$1,850—installation
$135—1st yr. oper.
EAST ORANGE
COOLING ONLY
$1,150—installation
$58—1st yr. oper.
LOS ANGELES
COOLING ONLY
$970—installation
$90—1st yr. oper.
DALLAS

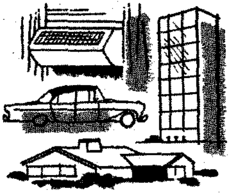
Although exact costs vary according to location, size, and other factors, the above costs in different parts of the country will give you some idea of how surprisingly low-priced Airtemp really is. Notice too the amazingly low operating cost. Airtemp year 'round air conditioning equipment is designed with stress on high efficiency and low operating cost.

Why Airtemp is Your Assurance of . . .

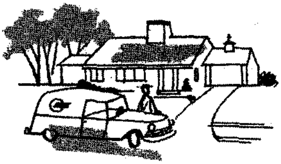
Today's Most Efficient and Economical Year 'Round Air Conditioning



When you buy a home air conditioning system, you want to be sure it is made by a reliable company—one whose name you know and trust. Such a name is Chrysler Airtemp—with 18 years' experience in packaged residential air conditioning. This assures you of the most efficient system—at the lowest cost.



The word "Chrysler" is synonymous with leadership in engineering and research. In the vast Chrysler Airtemp laboratories continuous research is under way. The skilled technicians in these laboratories have produced some of the greatest advancements in the history of air conditioning.



Airtemp offers a complete line of air conditioning equipment. Not only does Airtemp make a central system for every type of home need, but it also produces a wide range of room air conditioners, including its now famous casement window model, as well as air conditioning equipment for autos.

In addition, Airtemp has had many years of experience in manufacturing packaged air conditioners and commercial equipment. In fact, Airtemp systems are found today throughout America in leading commercial and industrial buildings.

This widespread business operation has built up a nationwide network of highly trained Airtemp dealers with complete service facilities. So no matter where you are located, you are within easy reach of a reliable Airtemp dealer who will give you prompt, courteous and satisfactory service.

See Your Airtemp Dealer—Or Write for Free Booklet!

Chrysler
Airtemp
HOME Air Conditioning

AIRTEMP
Division of Chrysler
Dept. CO4-55, Dayton 1, Ohio

Please rush me a copy of your free booklet giving full details on Airtemp Year 'Round Air Conditioning for the home.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY________________ZONE______STATE________

Woman Guardian of L. A. Charities

by HERBERT DALMAS

For years, Mrs. Evelyn Spaulding has fought a challenging and relentless battle against *one of the nation's most costly rackets*

LAST SPRING, a man we can call Smith—he had probably used that name among others—moved into an office in Los Angeles furnished chiefly with a telephone, and called U.S.O. headquarters. He announced that he was going to give a dance for the benefit of local war veterans and said he would like to send the U.S.O. a block of tickets to be distributed free to servicemen.

The lady at the U.S.O. thanked him and asked where she could get in touch with him. That was all.

Ten minutes later, while Smith was busy with the city directory, the phone rang. A soft feminine voice said, "This is Evelyn Spaulding, General Manager of the Los Angeles Social Service Department."

Mr. Smith said, "What can I do for you?"

"I understand you're giving a dance to raise money for veterans," she continued. "I wish you'd come in and talk to me before you start soliciting. We have a regulation here about phone solicitation—"

"I'm not soliciting," Smith interrupted. "If I get any time in the next couple of days, maybe I'll drop in. But not now—I'm awfully busy."

Smith compiled a list of business houses, law firms and movie names, with a sprinkling of doctors and clergymen, and started to make calls. Most large business organizations will donate at least $50 to a good cause; individuals—Smith had a nice eye for these things—could be counted on for $5 or $10 apiece. He usually collected $2,500 or so in two or three days, but on this occasion the first ten calls he made netted eight turn-downs. Two added an explanation: the Social Service Department had called shortly before him.

Twenty minutes later, Smith stormed into the Department's office in City Hall. When he saw Evelyn Spaulding, however, he made a quick switch in strategy. Here was a woman he had no doubt he would be able to handle—feminine, dressed like a model, with dark, chestnut brown hair and green eyes.

“Look,” he said with his best smile, “there’s no point in you and me fighting. What I’m doing is perfectly legitimate. I’ve done it all up and down the Coast.”

“This is Los Angeles,” Mrs. Spaulding said. “We have an ordinance here that prohibits soliciting funds for charity over the phone.”

HERE’S TO HAWAII!
by Arthur Godfrey
A memorable picture story that describes the glamorous and hauntingly beautiful islands, told by a famous personality who has visited them.
In May Coronet.

“I’m not soliciting funds,” he retorted. “I’m giving a dance. A business matter. I don’t solicit anybody. I tell ’em what I’m doing. What they do is entirely up to them.”

Smith went on—smoothly, convincingly. But when he had finished, Mrs. Spaulding shook her head gently and said, “No.”

“Okay,” he told her, “but I know my rights. You can’t do anything to stop me.”

But his failure to file his intentions of soliciting for charity with the Department, and his failure to state where the funds were to be used, gave Mrs. Spaulding ample data to have him ultimately prosecuted and fined.

This occurrence explains why Los Angeles is the cleanest city in the U. S. as far as charity is concerned; and why, if you donate money there, you can be virtually certain that the cause gets it. This is depressingly untrue of the rest of the country, where an estimated $100,000,000 goes into the pockets of charity racketeers every year.

Mrs. Spaulding and her staff are the implements of Los Angeles City Ordinance No. 77,000 and the Social Service Commission. The sion is headed by attorney Thom A. J. Dockweiler, and has a rotating membership representing the city’s chief minority groups. It is one of the most unified and politically unhampered civic bodies in existence.

Evelyn Spaulding is reluctant to call herself a racket buster, partly because of modesty and partly because she realizes the difficulty in determining who is trying to work a racket and who is not. Mr. Smith was obvious, but many people are not.

One of the most violent storms of her career occurred when Mrs. Spaulding fought an immensely popular charity misrepresentation. It all started when she received a phone call from a member of one of the service clubs in the Los Angeles area. He said his organization had sponsored a carnival and had taken in $5,078.80, out of which they had gotten $97 for their charity.

He didn’t think that was right. Neither did Mrs. Spaulding.

The club had turned the problem of staging the carnival over to an amusement company. Naturally, there was a contract.

The first stipulation was that the amusement company provide all personnel to run the rides and shows. The club agreed to furnish the ticket sellers. The club also had to attend to all business permits and licenses, and provide power and water and the land they needed. Since it was all for charity, the club was able to get these things donated.

Then there was this little gem of

prose: "The party of the first part (the amusement company) wishes it understood throughout the life of this agreement that all monies AT ALL TIMES are to be handled by the party of the second part (the sponsor)."

Far from giving the club a financial bonanza, this provision merely saddled it with still another responsibility. For the contract also provided that the carnival's operating expenses had to be covered first. The club had to be satisfied with what was left.

Mrs. Spaulding found that over a period of 16 months, 13 carnivals for charity netted an average of 23.74 per cent, not the 50 per cent required by the Commission. She also learned that there was no better boost for a carnival operation than a charity angle.

In the course of the controversy she started, she was bitterly criticized, the most violent in their censure being some of the service club members themselves.

"What's all the shooting for, anyway?" one man said to her. "So we don't make a lot of money. Everybody has a good time and we net *something* for our charity."

"This man," says Mrs. Spaulding, "was highly successful in his business. How long do you think he'd let his own organization operate on any such basis as that?"

The city attorney read the amusement company contracts and handed down an opinion on the status of the sponsoring clubs. His opinion was that the clubs were the legal operators of the carnivals they sponsored. With more of the responsibility thus on their shoulders, they watched things more carefully and conditions soon began to improve.

Mrs. Spaulding makes a tough, demanding job look easy because she seems to have been born with a talent for dealing with people.

"I was pretty romantic," she says now. "I wanted adventure, but I wanted to earn money at it. I liked the idea of being an investigator. I thought it over a long time and finally decided I wanted to be a policewoman."

She was accepted for the job, which lasted only a short time. "For some reason," she says, "after three months of shoplifting detail, I decided I didn't want this type of work."

Ending her career as a policewoman, she went to work for the Social Service Commission as an investigator, and after a year moved into her present position.

HER OFFICE IS PROBABLY the quietest in City Hall and certainly one of the most efficient. She heads a force of nine people. Seven are women, who handle clerical and investigative routine. Her two chief investigators are experts on the favorite pitches of charity racketeers —veterans, children and religion.

Two years ago, a lady we shall call Mrs. Hobbs made use of her acquaintance with a prominent Los Angeles judge. She was a motherly soul—white-haired, overflowing with kindness. She conceived the idea of giving a birthday party for the judge. His colleagues were delighted and happy to finance it.

It was a charming occasion. Before the guests departed, Mrs. Hobbs, acknowledging a vote of thanks, hesitantly mentioned a project she said had become the chief interest in her life—a home in the desert for potentially delinquent boys. She was not asking for contributions—she just wanted to know what the distinguished guests present thought of the idea.

Presently, people in Los Angeles began to get letters asking for money and listing on the letterhead all the well-known men who had been at the birthday dinner.

Mrs. Spaulding went to see some of them. They remembered Mrs. Hobbs and, though they approved of her program, they objected to the use of their names for an unendorsed cause.

The Social Service Commission refused to endorse Mrs. Hobbs' project for several reasons.

Mrs. Hobbs had described her desert property and the buildings already on it. The Commission drove down to look at it. The "buildings" were hardly more than packing boxes. They went back and called Mrs. Hobbs in for a talk.

"I'll be frank with you," Mrs. Spaulding said. "You haven't given me any grounds for filing against you in court, but you have failed to do several things the Commission likes to have done. You have no governing board; you have no staff and no budget. When the time comes, I doubt if you'll be able to present a satisfactory audit. And the site of the home for the boys is detrimental to the purpose for which it was selected."

Mrs. Hobbs said nothing.

"So far," Mrs. Spaulding went on, "you have collected one thousand dollars. If you give it back and stop soliciting, we'll consider the matter closed. If you don't, I'll keep after you, no matter how clever you are."

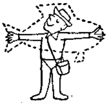
Mrs. Hobbs looked into the unsmiling green eyes across the desk and decided to return the money and retire.

Mrs. Spaulding is not called upon to deal entirely with out-and-out racketeers. There is the intermediate class of would-be fund raisers who might be called unconscious racketeers—like the man who told her he wanted to collect junk and turn the proceeds over to charity.

When she asked him to name his board of directors, he gave her a folder describing the whole project. On the cover was the word "President" with his own name after it. The next line was: "Vice-president . . . God."

"He wasn't dishonest," Mrs. Spaulding says, "just a little confused on personnel."

Paper Work

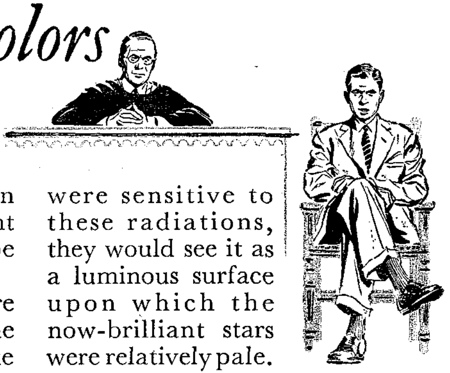


FROM THE WAXAHACHIE, Texas, *Light:* "John Herndon caught a four-pound bass while fishing at Ellis Lake. It was one of the largest *four-pound* bass reported caught by a Waxahachie fisherman for some time and was said to weigh about *four* pounds." —W. A. BROOKS, *Fishin' Fun* (Derby Press)

TO PROVE THAT most people don't read what they sign, a Nebraska newspaper circulated a petition requesting the city council "to hang me by the neck until dead." In no time, they secured 35 signatures.—PAUL STEINER

Millions of Colors

by Morrison Colladay



If you testified in court that an object you had seen in dim light was bright colored, you could be charged with perjury.

In the retina of the eye there are two kinds of nerve endings: one kind shaped like rods, the other like cones. The cones operate only in bright light and register colors. In dim light, the rods take over the work of registering, but they are color blind—all the pictures they give are gray or black.

There is no substance on earth that is perfectly white. All colors we call white are either slightly darker than white or contain other colors. The two most nearly perfect white things in nature are a thick layer of newly fallen snow and pure chalk.

The sky isn't blue. It only looks blue because minute dust particles in the air reflect and diffuse light—without that diffusion it would be black.

Nobody knows certainly what makes the sea look blue. Some scientists think the blueness is caused by dissolved copper salts; others think that it is just the reflection of the blue sky.

The whole night sky is blazing with colored light, but because we have the kind of eyes we have, we are blind to it. However, a certain type of camera has shown that the night sky is so constantly luminous in infra-red light that if human eyes were sensitive to these radiations, they would see it as a luminous surface upon which the now-brilliant stars were relatively pale.

All green fields and forests are bathed in a strange, ghastly red light. The reason we don't see it is because the green color of vegetation is so vivid it blots out the red.

The eye probably can see several million colors, but a spectrophotometer is mathematically capable of detecting almost as many colors as there are grains of sand in the universe. If written, the number would be the figure 10 with 152 zeroes following it.

There is a color that helps keep milk, butter, salad oil, lard and whole-wheat flour from spoiling in sunlight. Dr. M. R. Coe discovered that containers for these foods made of glass of a particular greenish color give them very good protection. Yellow green or blue green won't do the job.

The only mammals that can see colors are apes, monkeys and man, according to one scientist. A bull can't see red, so all the theories about the effect of a red rag on bulls are mere superstitions. Bees, however, can recognize orange, yellow, green, violet or purple, but are blind to red.

The people who live next door often turn out to be strange birds

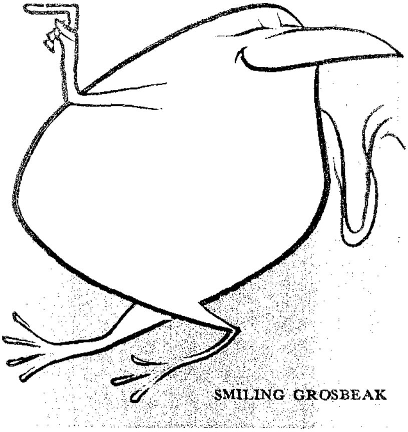
NEIGHBORS IN FEATHERS

by Dick Emmons

Statistics gathered by reputable agencies—which apparently have nothing better to do—indicate that Americans change their places of residence more frequently than any other national group.

One of the outstanding motives behind this tendency to pull up stakes is the sneaking suspicion that the neighbors will be a more wholesome lot elsewhere. Actually, this is about as far from the truth as you can throw it. Neighbors are neighbors and, unless you can afford a moat and drawbridge, you're going to find them slopping around your premises—regardless of where you live.

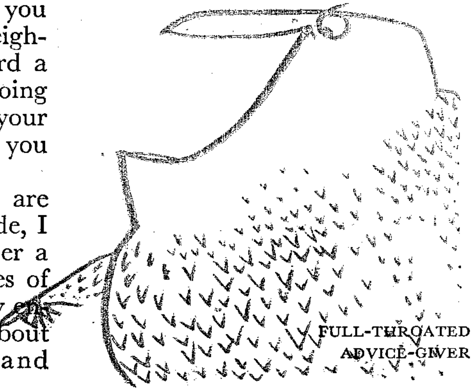
For the benefit of you who are about to move into a new abode, I have compiled in random order a list of the more common types of neighborhood birdlife you may encounter, together with notes about natural habitat, coloring and nesting habits.



SMILING GROSBEAK

Smiling grosbeak. This is the variety that bustles into your yard just as you're finishing the job of hanging a new clothesline, helpfully puts his index finger on the final knot (a golden chance, by the way, to tie him there for keeps) and says, "Now that we've got that job finished, I wonder if you'd have a moment to help me with a little undertaking?"

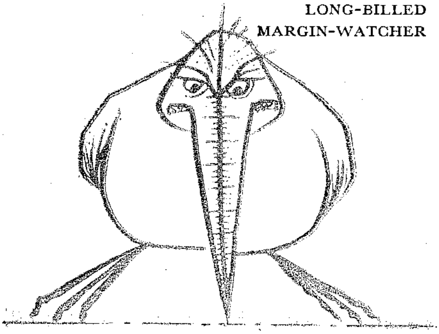
It turns out he is re-shingling his garage roof and needs somebody who will do the work while he steadies the ladder.



FULL-THROATED ADVICE-GIVER

FULL-THROATED ADVICE-GIVER. Anyone starting on a new project around the house or yard has heard the treble note of this type at his elbow.

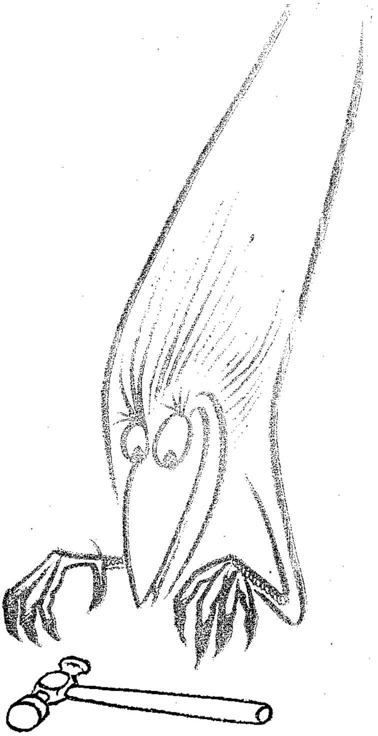
He comes with every hundred-pound sack of lawn fertilizer and, just as you're starting down the first lane with the spreader, will flap his wings and cry: "You're not going to fertilize at this time of year, are you? It's too wet!" (Variations of this call include: "It's too dry! It's too early! It's too late!")



LONG-BILLED MARGIN-WATCHER

LONG-BILLED MARGIN-WATCHER. A silent, moody bird with a one-track interest in boundary lines, this one has a surveyor's eye when it comes to mowing his lawn or shoveling snow off his sidewalk. In the winter he will shovel right up to but not a sixteenth of an inch over the property line, for fear of doing your work.

When two Margin-Watchers live side by side, summertime brings the striking effect of a thin row of single grasses from one end of their joint property-line to the other. During this season, even wayward croquet balls belted over that parallel are often returned on the fly.



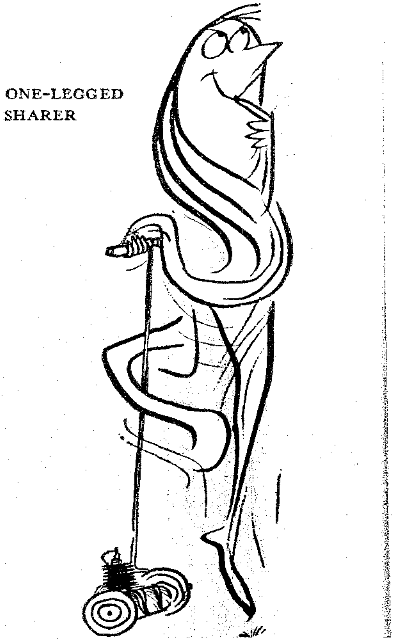
TUFTED HAMMER-SNATCHER

TUFTED HAMMER-SNATCHER. Known to every state in the Union, this bright-eyed species is most frequently found hovering in garages, casually fluttering around implement storage closets or hanging precariously to the edge of a tool-cluttered work bench.

He usually starts by asking for the use of a tap washer and, warming to his task, also borrows your Stillson wrench, your ball-peen hammer, your miter box, your post-hole digger and half a keg of nails, promising faithfully to return everything "tomorrow."

Over the years you can get them back, if you're willing to go to the trouble of securing an occasional search warrant.

(Continued on next page)



ONE-LEGGED SHARER. In a pitch of embarrassment that he should have to resort to such a plan, this feathered friend, jigging up and down on one leg, painfully suggests that you and he pool your funds to buy an automatic lawn mower. Frankly unable to finance the mower by yourself, you cheerfully agree to the idea and wonder why you never thought of it before.

Once bought, you find that the equipment will be kept in his garage and that he will bill you regularly for gasoline and repairs. The machine, of course, is available to you at any time, night or day, except when he (1) leaves town and forgetfully locks the garage, (2) is using it himself or (3) has loaned it over the week-end to a friend who lives on the other side of town—with whom he jointly owns an outboard motor.

I think it's only fair to say that none of my neighbors fits into any of these classifications. Everybody around here has an excellent character, and all own a complete line of garden and home tools. . . . And if you don't believe me, I'll be glad to show you some of their stuff. It's right out there in my garage.

An Old English Costume

CHARLES LAUGHTON expects much of the calm, unbroken continuity of British ways, and Britain never disappoints him. Witness the story about the costume.

When Laughton was chosen to portray the redoubtable Captain Bligh in the famous movie, "Mutiny on the Bounty," the actor repaired to the old Bond Street firm of Gieves in London and said, "I would like to inquire about some uniforms you made some time ago for Captain William Bligh."

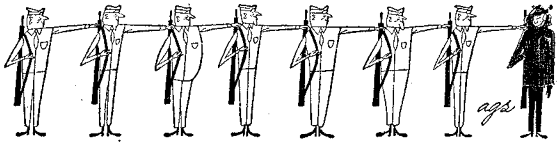
"Yes, sir," the clerk replied. "About what date were they made for the Captain?"

"Oh, about 1789," Laughton estimated.

"Will you wait a bit, sir?"

In a little while a volume was produced which not only listed Bligh's uniforms, but a most minutely detailed description of them, including the number of buttons that were on the coats, how they were spaced, and which buttons worked and which were merely for display.

Laughton ordered a duplicate wardrobe and got it—right down to the last buttonhole! —ADRIAN ANDERSON



IT'S A PRIVILEGE

A GI stationed in France received official Army permission to wear civilian clothes even while on duty, after medical officers were convinced that service uniforms gave him a skin rash.

IN ARGENTINA, expectant mothers are issued government permits entitling them to go to the head of the line in queues and to first choice of seats in public conveyances.

IN FRANKFORT, GERMANY, there is a park equipped with sand pits, a steeplechase-like fence, a large tree and signs reading: "Admittance only for visitors with dogs."

RUTH NEPTUNIA WASMUND, born aboard the Greek Lines' *Neptunia* and named for the vessel, may travel as a guest of the Greek Line aboard any of its ships during her lifetime.

A PRISON INMATE IN MEXICO may secure permission for his wife to spend a week-end with him in jail.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II of England, by virtue of her office, owns 600 of the 800 swans in the Thames River, as well as all sturgeons and whales caught in British waters. The Queen is also entitled to an annual real-estate rent of one snowball from the Munros of Foulis, and a white rose from the Duke of Atholl.

THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE, France's highest military decoration, entitles the wearer to receive from the government an annual allowance of 750 francs, about $2.00.

TO BECOME a naturalized citizen of the tiny European principality of Liechtenstein, a person must pay a fee of about $10,000, and make a security deposit of $7,500—with one exception. Female children are naturalized at half rate.

IN THE Republic of Syria, mothers enjoy free travel on state-owned railroads—if they have three or more children.

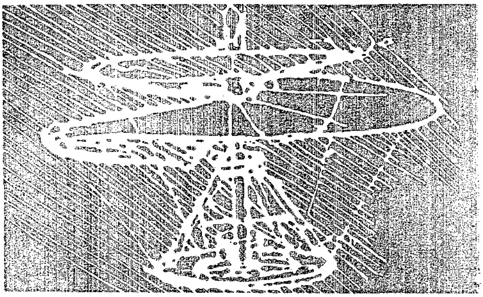
PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, if they wish, may be buried in a small cemetery in Lancaster, Ohio, under the will of one Nathaniel Wilson, Jr. No Chief Executive has, as yet, accepted the offer and the cemetery holds only the donor and his family.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, as the holder of a British knighthood, may, if he wishes, hang his banner in Westminster Abbey, Britain's shrine of national heroes.

—PAUL STEINER

Will You Fly a Helicopter?

As visualized by BERNT BALCHEN
and told to ERIK BERGAUST



In a few years, this safe and practical aircraft may be available to everyone

LEONARDO DA VINCI is reputed to have been the first to appreciate the principle of rotating lifting wings. This was in the 15th century. But not until 1907, when light gasoline engines were available, did the first helicopter fly. Built by Louis Bréguet and Professor Richet in France, this fantastic contraption was capable of lifting a man, but not of flying forward.

For another 30 years the helicopter designers worked under the disadvantage of public skepticism, until Henrich Focke in 1937 and Igor Sikorsky in 1939 proved to the world that the helicopter was here to stay.

Not 15 years have passed since Sikorsky's VS-300 made its first successful flight, yet the rotary-wing industry's sales had amounted to more than $150,000,000 by 1952. I should think that more than 90 per cent of all orders executed went to the military, because the commercial and personal helicopter era hasn't actually started. But we are just about to put foot on the first step of the ladder.

Man has been dreaming about getting a set of personal wings of some kind ever since the days of Icarus. But not till today has it been possible to realize such dreams. And their realization will be born of nothing but the whirling blades of the modern helicopter.

The "Hoppicopter" designed by Horace T. Pentecost, or McDonnell's "Little Henry," or the "Hornet" made by Stanley Hiller, Jr., are small, safe and simple aircraft with a tremendous future. The two 35-pound ramjets on the tips of the rotor blades of the Hiller Hornet two-seater will run on anything from stove oil to high-test gas, and they give the vehicle an air speed of 70 mph.

The Hoppicopter has more of a utility appearance. It has a simple gasoline engine that resembles an outboard motor and is equipped with coaxial, contra-rotating blades, eliminating the torque pull on some of the larger single-rotor jobs. Hiller's model has no need of a tail rotor, either, because the power plants—the two ramjets—are located on the rotor itself and do not react directly on the body.

Pentecost's helicopter is actually nothing but a steel frame on three small wheels, a simple canvas seat

From *The Next Fifty Years of Flight*, by Bernt Balchen and told to Erik Bergaust.
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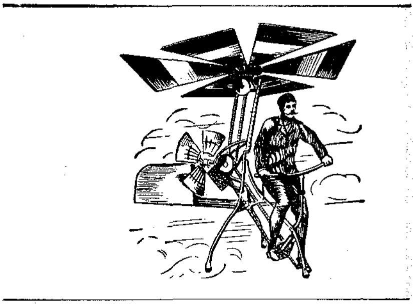

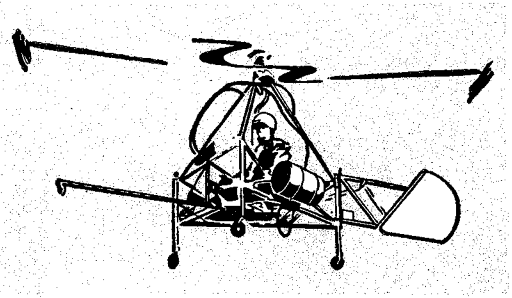

with safety straps, the engine, its shaft and blades, and the control lever. The small helicopter that everybody may own during the next ten years may well be of the Pentecost type, with an "outboard" gasoline motor, or it may be of the Hiller jet type.

Hiller says that the Hornet will be available this year at approximately $5,000; but I think that it will sell for considerably less, eventually, probably at the same price as today's automobile. I think so because the personal helicopter is bound to be so popular that the industry will face possibilities of mass production and competition. Small personal helicopters, like the Hornet, may be available only a year or two after the present defense program is stabilized, and when the plane manufacturers can devote more time to commercial products.

Keep in mind that the helicopter is no substitute for the conventional plane, as it is no substitute for the automobile. It is simply the necessary and inevitable link between the two.

Let's take an example: you live in the suburbs of a city like New York or Chicago, and it takes you one hour to get to work in the morning, by train. But the trains are crowded: you are lucky to get a seat; you're tired before you reach the office.

However, you could use your car. It might mean an additional ten or twenty minutes of traveling, but you would have a seat at least. The highways, however, are so jammed that you would still be worn out when you arrived at your office, having bucked a terrific parking problem.

The third possibility could be the personal plane. It would take you ten, maybe fifteen minutes to get to the neighborhood airfield and fifteen minutes of flying to town. It's all pleasant so far, provided the weather is fairly good. But where will you land, not to speak of parking your plane?

With your helicopter, which you roll out of your garage, you take off from your lawn and fly directly to the roof of the downtown building where you work! Flight time: twenty minutes. And with a helicopter, you can fly even in reasonably bad weather.

A helicopter of this type could not, on the other hand, offer the speed, range and comfort provided by the personal plane. You won't be doing any real flying with it, as conventional flying is understood. But it will give you practical, quick and economical transportation over short distances.

But wouldn't we get the same big traffic problems with thousands of small helicopters dashing to and from the big cities in the morning and afternoon? If a few of the hundreds of thousands of commuting New Yorkers all decided to fly their own helicopters to work, and if it commenced within a year or so—yes, it would cause tremendous chaos. However, like everything else in aviation, it will develop gradually, under strict CAA control.

In places like New York and Chicago, you will have a pattern or flight system to follow—that is, you won't be able to choose the shortest route to your destination. There will be highways in the air, including intersections with "traffic lights" and cops to direct you. You may even get a ticket for neglecting a FULL STOP sign!

NOW, WHAT IF the engine or the jets should quit on a small helicopter? Helicopters, in general, are of course much safer than any other motorized means of transportation. This is due to the fact that the helicopter is able to autorotate to the ground without power, under almost full control.

If the engine stops, the pitch of the rotor blades automatically will be set at a less "biting" angle, and they will be made to continue to rotate by the upward stream of air caused by the sinking of the helicopter. You will be able to descend gently toward the ground, and look around for a spot large enough for the span of the rotor blades.

What about the danger of collisions in the air? On the helicopter highway, the intervals of space will be measured in hundreds and thousands of feet. There will be minimum speed limits, as well as maximum. The distance between the lanes will be at least a quarter-mile, and aircraft in opposite directions will travel at different altitudes.

Also, you won't be flying rotor to rotor, as motorists on the ground drive cars bumper to bumper. There will always be plenty of space to move in.

"I believe," Igor Sikorsky once stated, "that if chance had produced the helicopter for general use before the automobile was invented, people would recoil in dismay at the hazards of a Sunday drive on a modern highway, in what would be to them a newfangled, dangerous contraption."

Finding the different airways, however, will require a certain knowledge of navigation, but when helicopter traffic has become as heavy as I have outlined it, the machines will all be equipped with electronic instruments, to keep you on the directional beam. As with today's airliners, you may fly on instruments and stay on various beams, just as you drive your car on the right side of the white line.

Commercial helicopter flying has a bright future, too. But don't interpret this to mean that commercial helicopters will replace conventional airliners. Again, the helicopter's role is to cover the link between; this time, between the city airports and the downtown ticket office or bus terminal. And for shorter feeder-line service—such as from Los

Angeles to Hollywood, between Chicago and Detroit and from New York City to different towns on Long Island—the helicopter will prove to be very practical. It ought to carry at least 30 passengers, should have a 200- to 300-mile range and fly at speeds between 150 and 250 mph.

Within ten years, practically all shuttle service between Idlewild, La Guardia and Newark airports will be carried out by helicopters, as well as all limousine service to and from midtown New York and Idlewild and Newark, maybe even La Guardia. I also think that helicopters will take over a lot of ferry traffic, such as exists between Staten Island and Manhattan in New York, and other similar operations.

A recent survey of the port of New York on the potentialities of transportation in the New Jersey-New York metropolitan area predicts helicopter inter-city "bus" lines by 1958, suburban commuting by helicopters by 1965 and fleets of helicopters that will eventually be lifting 6,000,000 passengers into and out of Manhattan annually.

Actually, almost any job may be taken care of by the helicopter 50 years from now. It will serve as a mobile crane to contractors, as a mail carrier to the Post Office Department, as a cargo ship to air-freight companies and moving vans. It will act as a flying workhorse. Since all these things are being done by helicopters today, just imagine what they will be performing by the time we celebrate the 100th anniversary of flight in 2003.

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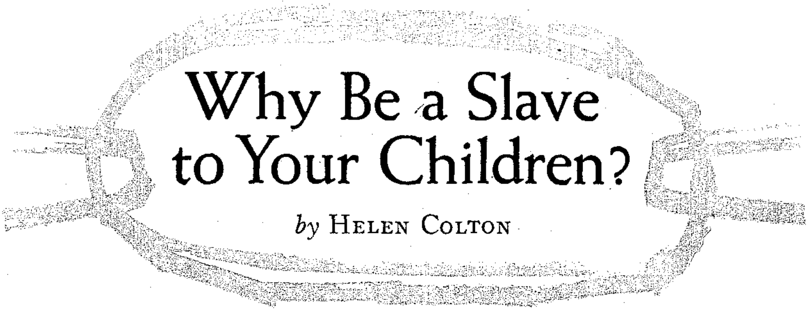
Deep in the conscience of every parent lies a searching question



Why Be a Slave to Your Children?

by HELEN COLTON

MY HUSBAND AND I recently invited friends to celebrate an anniversary. When we arrived to pick up Dave and Sue, their seven-year-old was in a mood.

For fully 15 minutes, they kept us waiting while they pleaded with Joey to be a good boy and "p-l-e-a-s-e" let them go out, promising all kinds of special treats. Finally, late for our dinner reservation, we had to leave him still sulking anyway.

What we had anticipated as a pleasant, relaxed evening turned out miserably as we gobbled dinner, rushed our waiter and got to the theater after the play had started, annoying others as we sought our seats in the dark. By their indulgence, Sue and Dave had allowed a child's mood to spoil a happy occasion for four adults and, indirectly, annoy many others.

Dave and Sue, it seems to me, are typical of many people who think that the best parents are those who give up the most for their children. "What a devoted mother Barbara is," they say admiringly of a woman so busy over stove and ironing board, on behalf of her children, that she never takes time to look into the mirror and see how uninteresting she's let herself become.

Under the convenient guise of being good parents, more and more couples seem to be letting their lives and leisure, their social and cultural pursuits, their conversations, their relationships with friends and mates, all revolve around the rulers of the roost—their children.

Not long ago, Florida State University asked some couples what they thought good parenthood required. Most mothers felt this meant "putting family welfare and needs ahead of our own." But why shouldn't Mother's and Daddy's welfare and needs be at least on a par with Junior's?

You undoubtedly know parents who won't plan an engagement in advance, who always say: "Call that same night, we have to see first what the kids want to do." And parents who, when you ask their opinion of a news event, sigh: "We're so busy with the youngsters that we never have time to know what's happening in the world." And the servant-type mother who, half-embarrassedly, half-proudly, says: "Ellen can't even boil water."

When parents become slaves to their children, it is almost always at the expense of their own personalities, appearances, brains—and frequently of their marriages. A divorce lawyer comments: "Nearly every husband who has an affair confides that it began when his wife was so absorbed in the children she ignored him, became too tired to go places or let herself get so dull that he sought livelier companionship."

Eve and Phil, a neighboring couple, think they're wonderful parents because they buy their children the best of everything while they themselves keep "making do." Phil, for whom decent clothes are a necessity in the business world, goes to work in shiny serge and frayed shirts. The world is full of Phils—fathers in frayed shirts whose sons and daughters have bulging closets.

Rather poignant among slave parents are those who, working hard to recapture their youth or experience a youth they've never known, make themselves ridiculous. They go to all school socials and athletics, know all the game scores, join actively in adolescent conversations, know who's dating whom. They chauffeur the crowd around and rouse themselves at all hours to rustle grub for the kids.

Although Father and Mother may not think so, their youngsters more likely are embarrassed and annoyed by their actions. "My friends secretly laugh at Mother and the way she butts in on our conversations," Lois says. And Ken wishes "my father didn't come *every single time* I'm in a meet. Nobody else's father comes so much."

Significantly, when parents and students in a school project were asked to list desirable qualities in each other, in order of importance, parents put "participation in children's interests and activities—being a pal, a confidante, a friend" third. Students put this eighth—*and last.*

We know one couple that we refuse to see any more. "If we're good enough to be invited, so are our children" is their motto.

When we settle down for good talk, we don't want it interrupted by children—ours or anyone else's. Youthful conversations are an exciting insight into how the human mind develops; they have a wonderful place in every parent's life. But there comes a time when we want our talk on an adult level.

This is not so of many parents, however, whose talk at home is mainly *with* their children and, away from home, *about* their children. At a recent gathering, my husband and I were caught in a pincer movement by a typical couple who, all evening long, bombarded us with details of their children's accomplishments.

Most of us would certainly hesitate about boasting, "I'm a terrific fellow!" But many parents have no such sensitivity. In effect, what else are they saying, when they boast about their children's exploits, than: "What a terrific guy I am! Listen to what remarkable children I produced."

Why do slave parents behave like that? By and large, as many sociological studies reveal, they are most-

Parents' own needs often underlie their desire to "Give the children all the things we missed" . . . .

ly motivated by reasons like these:

By a desire to keep up with—or outshine—neighbors, relatives and business associates in what they do for their children.

By a need to achieve their own thwarted ambitions and relieve their own frustrations and disappointments, as, for instance, when they pressure youngsters into studies the parents had hoped to excel in, or prod them into entering certain businesses or professions.

By a desire to give the child all the advantages and material things they themselves didn't have, even though these "advantages" may not interest the child and may, in fact, take away the child's initiative, resourcefulness and sense of adventure. A couple who wanted their children to have the good things they had missed bought expensive memberships in a swimming club, then were irked when the youngsters preferred swimming at the beach with their cronies.

By a martyr complex—they made physical and financial sacrifices, gave up career and travel opportunities, to bring the child into the world; the child owes them a debt, entitling the parents to possess its entire existence.

By an identification with their children so strong that they willingly retire from the arena of life and live vicariously through their children's activities, social affairs, accomplishments. "I've lived my life, now the kids have to live theirs" is their reasoning.

Coming right down to it, parental overwork, over-devotion, consuming absorption with children, is often motivated *not by what children really need to prepare them for happy mature living, but by what parents' psychological needs are.*

Such parents use their children to express and maintain their financial, social and intellectual standing in the community by pressing them into activities, clothes, studies, careers, model behavior, which are for the parents' gratification rather than for the child's.

PRACTICALLY NO CHILD enjoys parents who everlastingly work and sacrifice for him. Such a "picture of their folks can haunt children to a point where they really cannot enjoy themselves," says Dr. Alexander Reid Martin, consulting psychiatrist to the Children's Aid Society. "They need to know that their father and mother have free, happy times on their own hook."

Studying the home lives of 3,000 members of the society's Youth Clubs, he found that happiest children came from homes where, among other things, parents gave children time, thought and effort "rather than material things"; they accepted the child's early ideas and ambitions "without trying to foist their own upon him"; they gave the child physical jobs to do "that made him feel strong and important."

One psychologist found that what mothers consider devotion, children often consider nagging. Many children of "devoted" parents have confided that their main ambition was to grow up and get away from these nagging attentions.

It is especially when children are grown and married that these "professional parents" become a serious problem, as they continue trying to extract gratification for themselves from their children's lives. A young father finds his own mother a nuisance because "she never had any other interests besides us kids. If she had, she'd be much happier today, and so would we. And she'd be more fun. Frankly, she's a bore."

That, unhappily, is the fate that's probably in store for most one-track parents. One such woman says: "I am completely lost, with no diversions, no interests, no hobbies. This aloneness is a terrifying thing."

Actually, most parents sincerely believe that, by giving all, they will make their children healthy, happy, successful, adjusted adults. The results are often just the opposite.

After all, what kind of adult can we *expect* from a home in which a child frequently hears: "Nothing's too good for you. . . . Don't try it, you might get hurt. . . . We'll do that chore, you run off and have a good time. . . . You'd better be good at it; you want to make us proud of you, don't you? . . . Sit still, don't dirty your clothes. . . . What will people think if you don't behave?"

Because they protect their children from everyday problems, responsibilities and decisions, inhibit and stifle their natural curiosity and impulse to explore the world around them, create in them a fear of failure and of people's opinions of them, such parents, far from rearing well-adjusted children, are more likely to turn out indecisive, uncertain, fearful, unresourceful men and women easily bowled over by day-to-day occurrences in which the rest of the world, unlike Mom and Dad, are not their slaves.

How do you start emancipating yourself—*and* your children? You can start by adding up, roughly, the number of waking hours you are (a) with your children, (b) doing chores and errands for them, (c) discussing them. You may get a shock at how "child-centered" your life is, and at how "parent-centered" you're making their lives.

Accept kind offers to take over the children for lunch, after school, on a Saturday. Even if yours is a toddler who protests when you leave, you'll be surprised at how quickly he'll become absorbed in another adult and get the idea that life requires parents to be off by themselves sometimes.

"Don't let a sense of duty compel you to spend all your time with your child," urges psychiatrist Alfred Blazer. "Two happy hours with him are more rewarding to both of you than twelve harrowing hours."

Next time you plan an expenditure for a child, analyze its need first. Does Benjy *have* to have boxing gloves, or would the money bring more pleasure if you surprised Dad with that fishing rod?

When you are about to admonish, warn or threaten your child, ask yourself first: "Am I depriving him of an experience that is his right? Am I exaggerating the hazards, creating unnecessary fear, just passing on my own fears? Am I enforcing certain behavior because this is *really* what's best for him, or is it for my own gratification? Am I protecting him from the very problems he must learn how to handle?"

Do you insist that your children be included in every invitation? Start accepting invitations that don't count them in.

If you have a pre-parental hobby or activity you've been planning to return to—gym class, ceramics, languages—phone your local school now to find out when they have adult classes in your subject. "Children's lives are enriched," says Mrs. Anna Wolf, child-guidance authority, "if their parents' interests extend beyond their four walls."

Even if your children are grown, do you still say from force of habit, "Oh, we can't get away. Who'll look after the children?" In these words, a wife recently rejected her husband's suggestion that she accompany him on a short business trip.

"Hank's 17, Joan's 15," her husband replied. "At what ages do you think they'll be *ready* to be left?" The wife got the point and took off with him. Your teen-aged children will find it a valuable, enjoyable experience to be homemakers on their own, occasionally.

On your next social evening, pretend your children are married and you don't see them every day, perhaps even every week. You don't have their daily habits, activities and problems to recount. In all too few years, these circumstances will literally be true. Do you have anything else at all to talk about?

There *is* one aspect of parenthood that you and your friends can profitably discuss—the day-to-day ways in which you can make your children increasingly independent and self-sufficient and make yourselves, as Mrs. Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, former head of the Child Study Association, advises, "progressively *un*-needed."

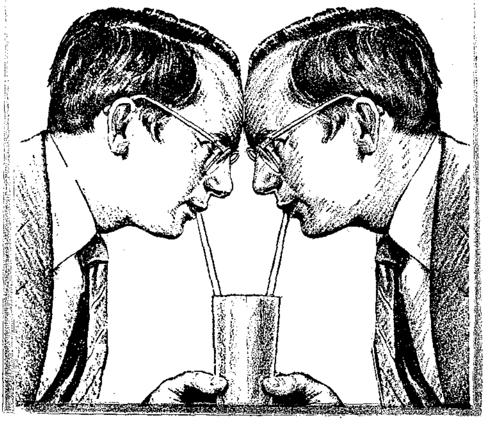
"Parents continue to be men and women, husbands and wives," she reminds us, "long after they cease to be full-time practicing parents."

Arm of the Law

A WASHINGTON policeman left a prowl car in the police department garage with this note: "The syreen on car number 15 ain't working. It will *sigh* but it won't *reen*." —*Sales Management*

THOUGH MANY ingenious burglar-alarm systems are used by banks to scare away criminals, the most effective is still a woman's scream. The records show, according to the American Bankers Association, that the majority of instances when a would-be-burglar has fled in fright from the scene of his crime has been due to the piercing shrieks of a frightened and sometimes indignant woman. —JAMES KELLER, The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

AN ENTERPRISING policeman, recently confronted with a lost, bewildered and unidentifiable child, promptly turned the kid upside down, read the label on his shoes and marched him off to a Dr. Posner Shoe dealer, where a check of the records gave the boy's name and address. —*Tide*



WALLY COX AND MR. PEEPERS

by TIM TAYLOR

The TV actor and his gentle schoolteacher are the delight of millions

A FEW MONTHS back, a Connecticut housewife, Mrs. Flora Ruth DuPaul, received the surprise of her life. It happened just after she had made the mistake of driving her automobile onto the Hutchinson River Parkway without paying heed to a prominently displayed stop sign.

Horns blasted and brakes squealed, but luckily a collision was avoided. As Mrs. DuPaul let out a breath of relief, an irate motorist pulled up alongside, rolled down his window and let loose with some impressively picturesque language.

"I was amazed!" Mrs. DuPaul later told friends. "Simply amazed! It was that little teacher we watch on television, that little man who looks like he's scared of his shadow—Mr. Peepers!"

Wally Cox, a former nightclub monologist who has emerged as one of TV's most popular young actors as a result of the "Mr. Peepers" programs, has grown accustomed to being recognized wherever he goes.

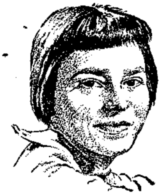
"There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that Robinson J. Peepers and I look alike," he grins. "But it seems a little unfair that he must assume responsibility for my actions."

Cox is so completely believable when he is impersonating the science teacher that many of his 10,000,000 fans accept him as the living embodiment of Peepers. Recently, a stranger fell into step beside him as he was walking down Fifth Avenue.

"Hi, Peepers," the man said. "How come you're not in school today?"

Thinking the man was joking, Cox quickly replied, "I'm playing hookey."

The stranger nodded understandingly. "My wife and I were talking about you the other day," he said. "She asked me why you're not on TV every night. Now, can



NANCY PEEPERS

you imagine that?"

He gave Cox a friendly nudge with his elbow.

"I explained that you're much too busy teaching school, correcting exam papers and things like that. I guess women don't understand anything if you don't draw a picture for them, do they?"

The mild-mannered Peepers teaches biology, botany and general science at Jefferson Junior High School, a mythical hall of learning in a Midwest community that exists only on television stations of the National Broadcasting Company. His world is that of the birds and bees, bulrushes and begonias.

One TV critic, describing the character that Cox portrays, said recently: "You feel that here is one of God's gentler creatures and you hope that no one has been pushing him around lately."

An easy-going, far from ambitious young man, Peepers meanders through life, unaware or completely unconcerned that some people do manage to avoid the complications that are constantly popping up to harass him.

Some members of the vast audience which follows the misadventures of Mr. Peepers think he is a junior version of Casper Milquetoast, but they are wrong. Unlike Milquetoast, he has the courage and the intelligence to face any problem, large or small, but his attempts at solution are so circuitous that they usually end in mishap. Most of the time everything turns out fairly well. But, unlike most TV characters, Peepers never escapes by heroic means.

His locker at Jefferson Junior High has become nearly as well-known as Fibber McGee's closet, but not for the same reason. Peepers' locker has a sticky door.

In the classroom, his lectures are sprinkled with such off-beat remarks as: "Now, class, who can give me some examples of how ornithology is helpful in the real-estate business?"

Wallace Maynard Cox, who bears a striking resemblance to one of those skinny young men who pose for "before" photos in physical-culture advertisements, doesn't tell jokes. Despite the fact that he has earned his living as a humorist since 1948, he has never told a joke on stage. It's the same off-stage.

"I heard all the jokes when I was in high school," he explains, "and I didn't think they were very funny even then."

When Mr. Peepers was first televised on NBC, as a summer replacement program in 1952, Cox was very unhappy about the type of comedy he was asked to play. In those days, the emphasis was on "sight gags" and slapstick humor, and Mr. Peepers was always being tossed around in the school's ventilating chutes or conveniently getting his head enmeshed in a basketball hoop.

Cox took exception to the scripts, arguing that Mr. Peepers should be kept true-to-life. In the end, he convinced his producer, Fred Coe, and his associates that slight exaggerations of real-life problems could result in top-drawer entertainment. The overwhelming success of the revamped Mr. Peepers series eventually bore out this point of view.

"Now," says Cox, "we get our humor from natural situations. For example, I'll unwrap a new shirt and take dozens and dozens of pins from it. The truth is that there are never *that* many pins in a shirt, but basically it's an annoyance that every man understands."

Today, Cox has nothing to do with the Peepers' scripts, which are written by Jim Fritzell and Everett Greenbaum. Once in a while he changes the wording of a sentence, but only because it adds to the naturalness.

Cox is the first to admit that there are certain similarities between the character he plays and himself. "I'm a harmless, preoccupied guy," he smiles, "and if there weren't something of Peepers in me, I couldn't play him. But, if I weren't more practical, I wouldn't be where I am."

As a youngster, Cox definitely was Peepersesque, but only in the sense that he was of similar disposition.

"Wally once told me that the story of his childhood is summed up in the phrase, 'Go away, you can't play with us,' " a close friend of the young humorist reports. "Wally was as lonely a boy as ever lived, and when the other kids shooed him away, it hurt. I'll never forget the time he told me that he was never hugged as a child. I had to look away because I felt like crying."

Cox was born in Detroit in 1924. His father, George Cox, worked for an advertising agency; his mother was a newspaperwoman who wrote mystery stories under the pen-name, Eleanor Blake. His parents were divorced in 1928, and he and his older sister, Eleanor, remained with their mother.

"The three of us moved around a good deal," he recalls. "We lived in nine towns in 12 years, and I had a miserable time in every one of them except Northport, Michigan. There were only two bullies there."

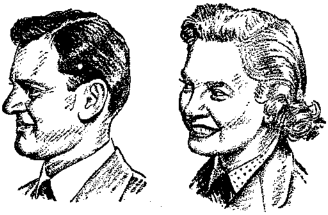
In school he got straight As, but not without effort. "I got good marks in my subjects because I was afraid not to," he explains. "What's more, I soon learned that the only way I could avoid abrasions and contusions from rubber-propelled paper clips when I got up to recite was to act the clown. If my fellow students could laugh at me while I answered the teachers' questions, they no longer seemed to object that I answered them correctly."

MRS. GURNEY

Cox finished his schooling in New York City and entered City College to study botany. Drafted a few weeks later, he spent only four months in uniform, inasmuch as he was subject to fainting spells. He received a medical discharge in 1942.

Undecided as to what type of job he should seek, he took a vocational aptitude test, which revealed he had musical ability (to this day he can't play any instrument other than the recorder) and that he might be successful as a fashioner of miniature furniture. "This sage advice cost only $20," he recalls, "and four years of my life."

He enrolled at NYU's Industrial Arts Department and studied handicrafts, supporting himself with such part-time jobs as weaving



HARVEY AND MARGE WESKIT

cloth, working for a puppeteer, turning out costume jewelry for a Greenwich Village silversmith and teaching the Lindy Hop at a dancing school "for a dollar-fifty and some rum cake." In good weeks, he cleared as much as $35. (His salary today is $2,500 a program.)

One afternoon in 1946, while on his way to deliver some jewelry, he saw Marlon Brando, a former classmate, standing in front of a grocery store. They had attended grade school together in Evanston, Illinois, one of the communities the Coxes lived in for a brief time. Brando, one hand on a delivery cart, was arguing with his sister, Frances, when Cox walked up.

"Hello, Bud," he said.

"Hi, Wally," Brando replied, making no reference to the fact that they had not seen each other in ten years. "Wally, I want Frances to take a ride in this vegetable wagon and——"

"I won't do it!" Brando's sister exclaimed.

"Why not?" Cox asked. When there was no reply, he looked at Brando and added: "I will."

As Frances Brando Loving explains, "Wally climbed into the grocer's cart, Marlon pushed him down the street, and they've been in complete *rapport* ever since."

Brando, just embarking on his own career, introduced Cox to a strange but exciting new world, where he met actors and playwrights and ballet dancers. One night, at a party where everyone was called upon to perform, he gave his impression of a soldier who had been in charge of a hospital barracks, in which he, himself, had spent some time during his brief Army career.

"The thought of getting up in front of a roomful of people gave me the shakes," he admits. "Then I remembered my experiences as a classroom cutup. I did the imitation, everybody laughed, and I discovered that the sound of applause can be extremely pleasant."

At subsequent parties, Cox was asked to repeat the monologue about the officious GI, and he worked up impressions of other offbeat characters he had met: a grammar school teacher (not unlike Peepers), a scoutmaster, a soda fountain clerk, and "Dufo, whatta crazy guy," a Greenwich Village juvenile delinquent.

Cox made a habit of carrying samples of his homemade cuff links and earrings to the parties he and Brando attended, and when he wasn't doing his monologues he was hawking his jewelry. It was at such a party that he met an NBC policy editor named Judy Freed. She was impressed with his comic routines and suggested an audition with Max Gordon, owner of the Village Vanguard, a small nightclub where such stars as Judy Holliday and Josh White got their start.

When the young silversmith stepped onto the tiny stage at the Vanguard that December evening in 1948, he was wearing a tattered brown tweed suit that had been *by* Robinson J. Peepers

Since people sometimes think of me as rather shy, CORONET has asked me to write briefly on how to tell a story despite being shy. My only previous published writing was a rather controversial article called "Are You Starving Your Dirt?" which you may have seen in *Petal and Stem* (I got in hot water on *that* one), but I'll do my best to give you the benefit of my experience.

The first rule for a shy person in telling a story, based on my own experience at PTA meetings and other large functions, is to prepare yourself psychologically. A good way to do this is to think of your listeners as something other than people, which helps dissipate any self-consciousness. I usually do this by thinking of my audience as polyps. Since polyps are very friendly little sea creatures, this generates a feeling of friendliness and lessens the shyness.

Another good rule is to pick out one person among your listeners and imagine you are talking only to him. Often you'll find someone in the group who actually looks like a polyp, which is an extra advantage, of course.

Dialects are a great help in telling a story, but the shy person should be extremely sure of his ground. For instance, although I have a favorite story in which I imitate the call of the whippoorwill, I would never dream of telling a story which required the mating call of the arctic Tern.

It is important for the shy person to know his subject thoroughly and to be prepared for the unexpected. As I tell my science class members, they'd feel pretty foolish if the President of the United States walked in and asked the specific gravity of kerosene—and they didn't know.

That's about all the advice I have on telling stories. If you find people still don't listen, don't be discouraged. After all, telling stories isn't everything. Remember, the giraffe can't utter a sound, and giraffes are extremely important.

---

patched in the seat with rubber cement. "He looked like an intellectual panhandler," said one of the customers. "Then he opened his mouth and out came those hilarious stories in that prissy voice of his, and we all roared."

During the next two years, Cox experienced the normal ups-and-downs of show business. The highlights included lengthy stays at the Vanguard and the Blue Angel, an East Side supper club, as well as ten weeks on Broadway in "Dance Me A Song." The drama critics did not think too much of the revue, but they did single Cox out as a very amusing and original humorist.

He appeared on TV variety shows with Milton Berle, Ed Sullivan, Garry Moore and others; and, not content to do his nightclub act in front of the cameras, he played straight dramatic roles on a half-dozen programs.

In October, 1951, he landed the part of Patrolman Timothy Trundle in David Swift's "The Copper," an hour-long Philco Television Playhouse comedy. His delightful portrayal of the bewildered rookie patrolman sparked a flood of fan mail.

Fred Coe, producer of Television Playhouse, realized that Cox was that most desirable of commodities, a unique comic actor, and set to work looking for a program for him. After rejecting a number of suggestions, Coe came up with the idea of having Cox play a junior high-school teacher, and Swift thought of the name Mr. Peepers. The series, sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company, made its TV debut on July 3, 1952.

Despite the pleasant fact that Wally Cox will earn close to a million dollars in the next six years (his contract for the NBC comedy series calls for a $500-a-week raise each season), his standard of living has not undergone any major changes since his first year in show business. He lives in a tastefully furnished three-room apartment in midtown Manhattan, dresses conservatively, drives a standard model automobile and recently bought a 300-acre farm in the "thumb country" of Michigan.

Cox is kept busy with daily rehearsals for his weekly show and occasional appearances on other TV dramatic and variety programs. His spare time is mostly spent with a coterie of young actors and artists he has known since Greenwich Village days.

Cox has a number of hobbies. He has a genuine interest in nature, likes to roam in the woods and has a well-equipped workshop. Like Peepers, his avocation is writing.

His long-term contract to play television's most popular teacher has led some observers, especially those who know how seriously Cox hopes to make his mark as a writer, to conclude that he will eventually tire of impersonating Peepers.

Cox disagrees. "I like being Peepers," he says, "and I'll be happy to play him for as long as people want to see him. Of course, there is always the possibility that the public will grow tired of both of us, and if that happens, then I'll have to find something else to do."

Last year, Cox married Broadway dancer, Marilyn Gennaro (just two weeks after Peepers' TV marriage), to the great surprise of many observers who felt he was a confirmed bachelor.

"Marriage is the cure for being a bachelor," he stated, recently, with Peepersesque directness. "I sure do approve of it. Now, when I come home at night somebody loves me. That's nice."

Eternity at Eighty

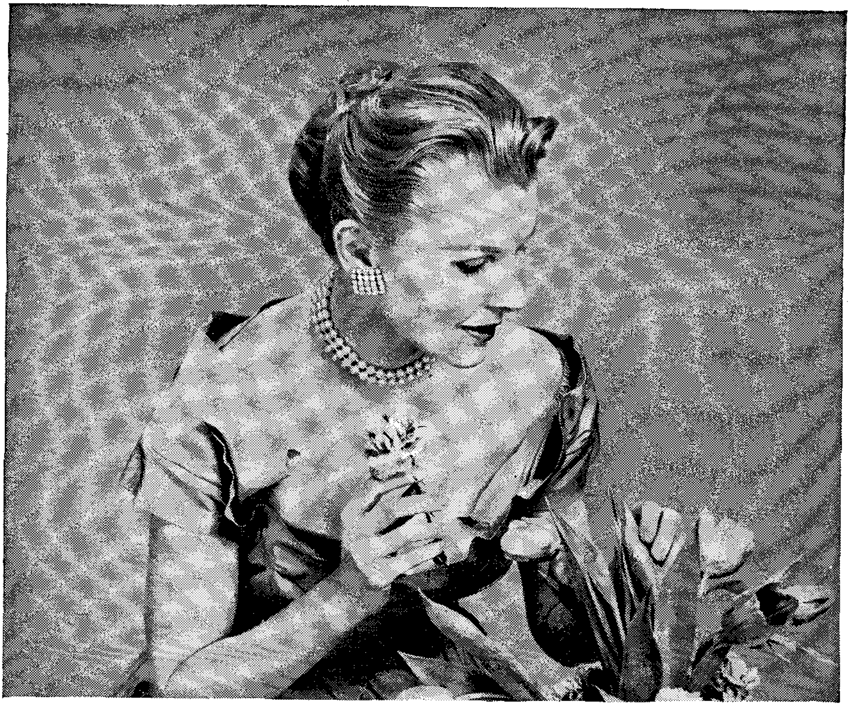
Each time Frank Murphy drove his car over 80 miles an hour, the motor set up a terrific knocking. He finally took it to a garage for a checkup.

The mechanic looked the car over carefully, but couldn't find a thing wrong with it. "At what speed did you say the car knocks?" he asked.

"Eighty."

"Nothing wrong with the car," the mechanic stated flatly. "It must be the good Lord warning you."

—*Catholic Digest*



You're on your own now!

You've reached the stage when you're making the decisions about what you wear, eat, buy and do. Yet perhaps there's one thing hanging over from the old days that's definitely making a certain part of the month more of a problem for you. It's the question of which sanitary protection to use.

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Get a package of Tampax at any drug or notion counter and examine it. Note the disposable applicator, the pure surgical cotton Tampax. Weigh Tampax against the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness. Wouldn't it be far *nicer* to use Tampax? Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A GENTLEMAN passing the St. James's Club the other day noticed a sleek limousine at the curb, a uniformed chauffeur standing expectantly beside it. A seedy-looking old chap sauntered up, nodded to the chauffeur and said in a patronizing tone, "I won't be using the car this afternoon, Fergus. I think I'll walk."

The chauffeur touched his cap respectfully and answered, "Very good, sir."

Curious, the gentleman asked the chauffeur who the man was.

"Haven't the faintest idea, sir," was the reply. "He's been coming along like that once or twice a week for months. Always says the same thing. Guess it kind of makes him feel important." —*Montrealer*

THE BOY was sitting on the steps as the brush salesman approached.

"Hi, sonny! Mother home?"

"Yep."

The salesman knocked but nobody came to the door.

"Look, sonny, I thought you said your mother was at home."

The boy looked at the salesman a moment, then looked away as he said: "I don't live here." —*Twaddle*

AN OUT-OF-TOWNER parked his car in Toronto under a sign stating that only 30-minute parking was allowed. Somewhat naively, but quite sincerely, he stuck a note for the traffic cop under his windshield wiper explaining: "May have to leave this car here more than 30 minutes, as I am late for a very important business deal which means a great deal of money to me."

When he came back an hour and a half later he found a traffic summons; and to his note the policeman had added: "In that case you won't mind this little fine." —*Montrealer*

LAST SUMMER, while taking a short cut through the mountains on the way to Chattanooga, we became hopelessly lost. At a small run-down general store at a crossroads we stopped to ask directions.

The storekeeper, a wizened old codger, looked us over suspiciously, then went to the door and studied the license plates on our car.

"Wonder if you could tell us how to get to Chattanooga?" I asked.

"Yankees, huh?" he answered.

"Yes, I guess you'd call us that."

"Well," he said vindictively, "you found it back in 1863. Let's see you find it again." —THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, the famous pianist, was once persuaded to play a duet with Albert Einstein on the fiddle. The ensuing sounds so irritated Godowsky that he pounded on the piano and screamed: "What's the matter, Einstein, can't you count? One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four?" —HY GARDNER

(Continued on page 100)

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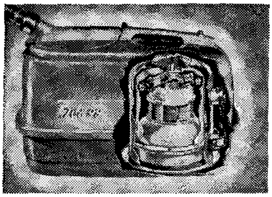

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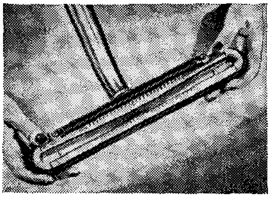

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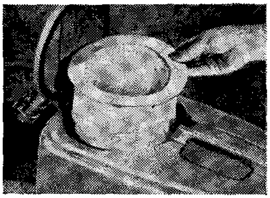

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REGINALD GARDINER and David Niven were on the deck of the *Queen Elizabeth*, and as the shores of England came into view they told an American camerawoman nearby: "There are the Cliffs. There's England."

The lady, busy changing the film in her camera, anxiously asked: "Will it be there long?"

"Madam," volunteered the beribboned deck steward, "it will be there forever." —Leonard Lyons

* * *

A MOTHER was surprised to see her small son shyly refuse the grocer's suggestion that he take a handful of jelly beans from the box on the counter.

"Oh come, now," the storekeeper insisted. "I never heard of a little boy who didn't like jelly beans."

While he was talking he picked up a paper bag, plunged his hand into the box, transferred a handful of jelly beans to the bag and handed them to the youngster.

On the way home the mother asked, "Johnny, why didn't you take some of them in the first place?"

"Because," explained the boy simply, "his hand is bigger than mine." —Marcia Milchman

A STRANGE HABIT of an elderly bookkeeper in a Wall Street brokerage house had puzzled fellow employees for years. Several times a day he would surreptitiously unlock the center drawer of his desk, look hurriedly inside, then lock it again and go on posting his ledger.

Upon his death, the office manager produced a duplicate key and the other employees gathered around, curious to learn what the drawer contained. Tacked to the bottom they found a sheet of paper which read: "Debit side toward the windows!" —Jeanne M. Hawkins

WHEN ROBERT EMMET was being executed, peasants for miles around gathered in the gray dawn to kneel in prayer for the great Irish patriot. One old woman happened to kneel in the path of an English guard and he bumped her out of the way with his knee.

A British captain helped her to her feet and bawled out the soldier for his lack of respect for the poor woman's devotion. She looked up at the officer and said, "Thank you, sir. If there's a cool spot in Hell, I hope you get it."

—Walter C. Kelly, *Of Me I Sing*

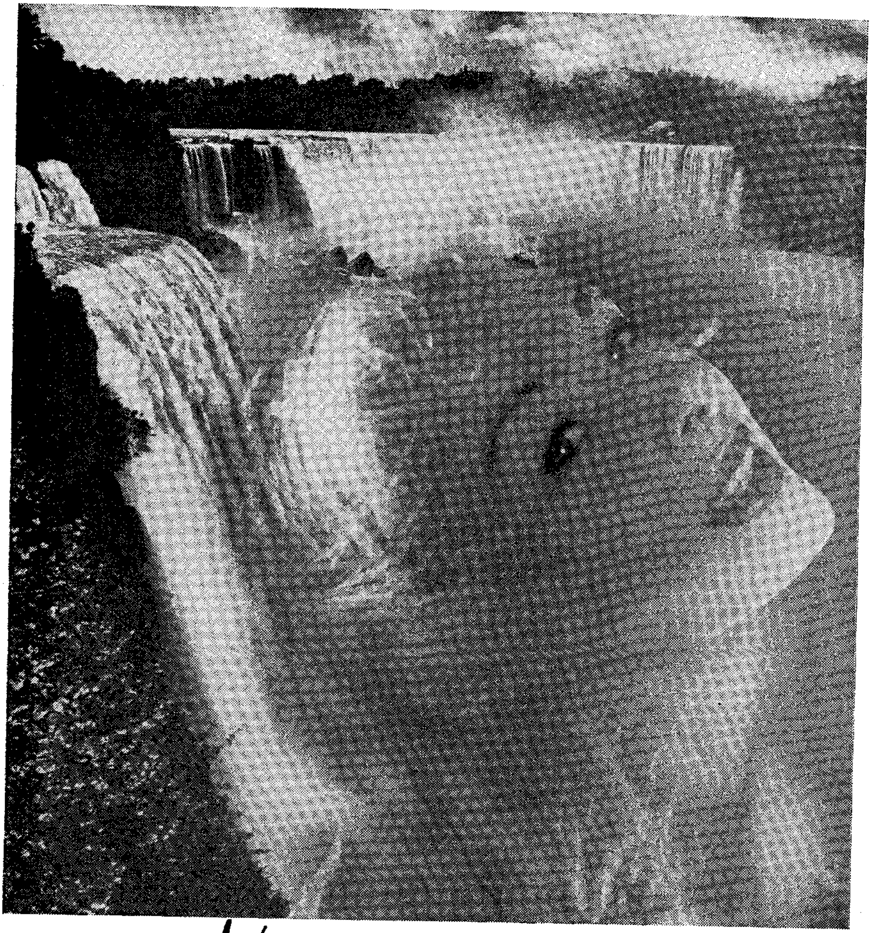
* * *

ALAN YOUNG, the radio, television and movie comedian, who recently visited Paris, is a little worried about the status of French television. "The television habits of the French and Americans are very different," he says. "For instance, in America if you walk into a dark room and hear giggling, you pull up a chair and watch. But in France if you walk into a dark room and hear giggling and pull up a chair, you're liable to get thrown out on your ear." —Art Buchwald, *Europe's Lighter Side,*
—New York Herald Tribune

A MOTORIST STOPPED to talk with a farmer erecting a small building near the road.

"What're you building?" he asked.

"Wal, I tell ya," said the farmer, "if'n I can rent it after it's up, it's a rustic cottage; but if'n I can't, it's a cow shed." —*Capper's Weekly*



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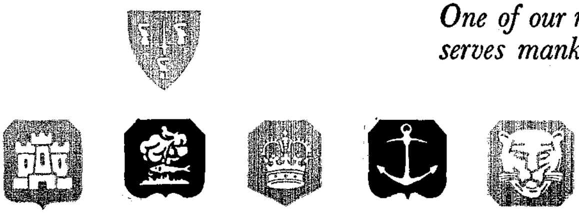

SILVER MAGIC

by Reed Millard

The nation's silversmiths have reported an astounding fact: sales of sterling silver tableware are up *640 per cent* above pre-World War II levels. In fact, in a single decade, the industry has sold more sterling pieces than Americans bought in all the previous span of U. S. history.

This success story is only part of an amazing modern boom in silver products so great that mines cannot keep up with the demand. For this miracle mineral which has raised and shattered empires, motivated wars and played a special part in building America, is now being cast by science in a series of new roles.

Put to work in such varied products as automobiles, planes, atomic reactors and 3-D films, silver makes possible many of the marvels of today's world. It is a prime weapon in man's battle to control the weather. It may be the key to victory in an even greater fight, the war against germs, for magic powers locked in this precious metal may stop infectious diseases by turning the furniture, the curtains, the dishes and hundreds of other household items into germ killers more potent than the most powerful wonder drugs.

All this is the latest chapter in a story which spans almost the whole of human history. Silver ingots have been found at the site of the ancient city of Troy in a layer dating back to 2,000 B.C.; and it was the metal used in the sacred vessels of the tabernacles 3,000 years ago.

Silver's special place in history can be accounted for not only by its beauty, but by its amazing willingness to do anything man wants it to. It can be hammered into a leaf as thin as 1/1000th of an inch. A single ounce can be drawn into a delicate wire more than a mile long. It can be cast, chased, pierced, engraved, fastened to wood, woven into cloth, plated to the surfaces of other metals. It does not rust, and keeps its beauty through the ravages of fire, water and age.

Yet for all its virtues when worked by man, in its natural form silver is one of the most exasperating of metals. Nature has cunningly contrived to conceal it in grubby-looking ores whose drab appearance make silver the most frequently missed of earth's treasures. Witness

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Stay Sweet As You Are!

There are good times, good friends, and gaiety ahead if you do. And laughter and love . . . and marriage almost before you know it. But if you don't . . . you're headed for boredom and loneliness.

And it's so easy to stay sweet . . . stay adorable . . . if you let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath more effectively, instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, caused by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. But Listerine kills germs by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against?

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

the story of the world's greatest silver strike, the incredible Comstock Lode of Nevada.

Gold-seekers on their way to California in 1850 stopped to prospect in Gold Canyon. They found gold, all right, but it was mixed up with some sticky blue stuff that stuck like glue to their rockers and made placer mining a torment. Most of the treasure seekers went on over the Sierra to the promised land where no one was ever troubled with that devilish blue clay.

Nine years later, a California mining expert named Judge James Walsh handed a sackful of the accursed "blue stuff" to Mel Atwood, assayer in Grass Valley, California. When Atwood made the assay he thought he had taken leave of his senses. That dull-looking material assayed $3,196 a ton in silver and $4,791 in silver and gold together.

Overnight, thousands of frantic silver-seekers were streaming back over the twisting Sierra trail from California and soon a flood of silver was pouring from the great mines that made the Comstock Lode the dazzling symbol of fortune.

Today, Uncle Sam buys only domestically mined silver. The price is set at 90.5 cents per ounce, five cents more than a domestic silver producer could get if he wanted to sell his silver on a free market. The result is that domestic silver is kept out of the free market and imported silver sells at a higher level than it would otherwise reach. Last year, 102 out of 105 million ounces of silver consumed in the United States were imported while some 35 million ounces of domestic silver, mostly from Nevada, was purchased and stored by the government.

Locked away in vaults at West Point, the government has a hoard of more than $2,000,000,000 worth of silver. Under present law, calling for a one-to-three ratio with gold, it can go ahead and buy up to about $7,000,000,000 worth of silver since gold stocks presently total about $22,000,000,000.

YOU MAY SELDOM see a silver dollar, unless you are a Westerner or have toured Western states and left with your pockets sagging. However, the dollar bills you handle theoretically entitle you to a share of this treasure trove, for they are "silver certificates," indicating that Uncle Sam holds a suitable quantity of silver.

Wherever you look today, there is a boom in its use. Take the bonanza in sterling silver flatware. Up to a few years ago, possession of solid silver table settings was something generally reserved for the well-to-do. Then a revolution took place.

Old firms like Oneida and International, which sell a big percentage of silver plate, were astonished to discover that sterling sales had risen so fast that they now rivaled those of mass-production plate. Apparently today no one need be born with a silver spoon in his mouth to have one on his table.

Makers of the silverware attribute this jump in popularity to the rising national standard of living and the wistful dream of millions that some day they could own solid silver flatware. However, there was a lot more to it than that. As an official of one venerable 100-year-old company admitted ruefully, "We just weren't going about sell-

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ing silver the way we should have."

There was, for instance, the practice, only recently abandoned, of quoting silver pieces by the dozen. The picture of buying a dozen spoons, at, say, $75 a dozen, scared the customers away. Switching to place-setting quotations made buying look easier.

Another factor that held down flatware sales was the hauteur of jewelry store salesmen toward those not in the habit of buying sterling. A group of major companies, Alvin, Gorham, International, Lunt, Reed & Barton, Towle and Wallace, Samuel Kirk and Son, put a stop to that by teaching jewelry store employees to become more helpful to customers.

The efforts of old-line companies have been spurred by the enormous success of new concerns like Easterling of Chicago, which sold $1,700,000 worth the first year—house to house.

Sales have also been boosted by the curious fact that while prices on nearly everything else in the family budget have jumped, the cost of sterling silver has increased little, if at all. Silversmithing companies, dazzled by the vision of a mass market for the onetime class product, have helped by economies unheard of in the old days.

The Gorham Company, which used to offer 33 designs, with 50 to 75 different pieces in each, cut the number to 18 designs with 50 pieces in each. Customers who happen to want to fill out some of the hundreds of patterns which are no longer in regular production are happy to hear that most companies devote a small portion of their yearly effort to turning out old designs on order.

In a dozen industries, engineers have been surprised to discover that silver dons overalls to do jobs that baffle other metals—and, amazingly, does them more cheaply.

Harassed aircraft engineers in a Los Angeles factory found that out during World War II, when they could not get the tin they needed for electrical connections. In the emergency, a metallurgist suggested, "Try silver."

SINCE WE HAD to have planes, and expense was not a factor, the engineers rushed to do so. To their astonishment they found that 2½ pounds of silver, which cost $13.50, did the work of 40 pounds of tin costing more than $20.

Next they were faced with the puzzling problem of bearings for fast moving engine parts. At the souped up speeds of wartime planes, ordinary bronze and tin bearings burned out. Silver ones stood up.

Then there was the great stainless steel headache. Joining pieces of stainless steel together proved to be a problem that almost had the engineers in a dozen fields licked—until they tried silver. Magically, when they melted a little blob of silver alloy at the spot where the steel pieces met, they found that the strength at the joints was more than adequate for the job.

As these and scores of other uses made it apparent that silver was a real wartime asset, Congress hurried to pass the Green Bill, permitting industry to borrow or buy what it needed of the government's hoard of silver. Vast amounts of it went to work in shells, torpedoes, guns and other implements of war.

Without silver, the atomic bomb

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might have been held up for months, because the Manhattan Project alone used nearly 400,000,000 ounces for winding electromagnets—one half of the total loaned to industry! One Dow Chemical Magnesium plant was loaned $18,000,000 worth of silver bars.

But silver's service did not end with an honorable discharge at the close of the war. Since then, though other metals are now plentiful, industry has found all sorts of uses for it. It goes into electronic apparatus, mechanical brains, jet planes, high flying rockets and radiator connections in your car.

SILVER'S MOST widespread use is one you have probably never thought of, for silver is the secret of photography, the magic that captures the picture on film, in your own camera or in the latest 3-D movie or image that comes over TV.

They are all based on a silver miracle that still fascinates scientists, for what you really see when you look at a negative is an intricate network of microscopic silver crystals which faithfully mirror the image that has flashed before them for a brief instant when light was let in as the shutter of the camera opened and closed.

There are still untapped powers hidden in those microscopic crystals. One of their potentialities is bringing reality to man's dream of controlling the weather.

Eight years ago, when Vincent Schaefer of General Electric started his historic experiments in rainmaking, he used dry ice to provide the nuclei around which water droplets in super-cooled clouds could gather, condense and form raindrops heavy enough to fall.

In G. E.'s labs, Bernard Vonnegut, a fellow scientist, pondered the problem of those drops. Perhaps, he thought, there was a crystal that would be better than dry ice, one more like natural ice crystals. Consulting a reference book on crystals, he was astonished to find one that was indeed like a water crystal. The atoms of silver iodide were within one per cent of having exactly the same spacing.

Silver for rainmaking? It seemed crazy, but Vonnegut tried it. The results went beyond his dreams. Inside the test cold-box, he found a single gram of silver iodide would produce no less than 10,000,000,000,000,000 snowflake-like crystals. Moreover, the crystals would not disappear at once, but survived for as long as two weeks if no moisture happened to attach to them. Even more startling, $2 worth of it would seed 30,000 cubic miles of atmosphere.

Under actual weather-making conditions, the new crystals have produced stunning results. Witness a test conducted by Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel prizewinner. In a valley in New Mexico, using a single ground generator, a device that releases crystals from silver-iodide impregnated charcoal, he released invisible clouds of silver-charged smoke three days each week over a period of time.

Scientists were startled when they checked the results. There were marked changes in the weather from the midwest into the eastern states, following a definite pattern based on the time that solitary generator was working.

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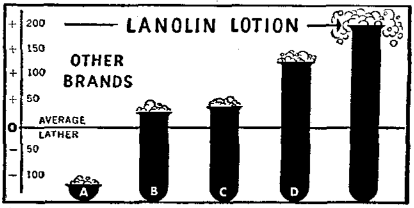
Oostburg, Wis.

*PROOF IT OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam test.

Helene Curtis

Helene Curtis
lanolin
lotion
shampoo
DOUBLE RICH IN LANOLIN

lanolin lotion shampoo

29¢, 59¢ or $1

weather-bureau records showed nothing like this curious weather pattern before, Langmuir and his associates concluded that the silver crystals were producing "a large effect on the weather over about a third of the U. S."

Using similar generators, Dr. Irving Krick, Denver weather wizard, is seeding clouds over a vast weather empire in the Western States, producing enough rainfall to make farmers cheerfully pay him for the service.

YET THE MOST exciting of silver's remarkable powers is one that scientists feel may give it its most important role in our daily lives. Years ago, scientists noticed an astonishing phenomenon. A glass container which had held a minute amount of a silver compound acquired a magic property: even months afterwards, germs put into that container would die.

This discovery became more than a laboratory curiosity during a bizarre incident of World War II, in which a couple of pocket-sized chunks of silver and some flashlight batteries played a dramatic part in building the Burma Road.

As 30,000 laborers were rushed into remote Assam to start building this back door to China, the engineers faced a desperate situation. The drinking water was found to be heavily contaminated with the germs of bacillary dysentery, cholera and typhoid. Yet there was no time to send in elaborate water-purification systems.

At this point an English scientist named S. F. Benton calmly stepped into the picture. Commandeering all the flashlight batteries he could find, he attached them, four at a time, to two tiny silver plates, each four inches square. When he thrust these plates into the water, the miracle took place. All the germs in it died.

Thus Benton purified 100,000 gallons of water a day, the effect of the electric current being to release minute quantities of silver into the water. It worked because only one part silver to one hundred million parts of water can destroy all bacteria.

Unfortunately, these silver traces did not always kill bacteria, but once Dr. Charles E. Renn and William E. Chesney, of Johns Hopkins University, painstakingly established just what types of bacteria silver reacted to, the way was opened for large-scale industrial use of the metal as a disinfectant.

Silver, indeed, has major advantages over existing disinfectants like chlorine. For one thing, it is virtually a permanent germ-killer, and remains potent as long as it stays in water. Being odorless and tasteless, it may ultimately replace chlorine as a purifier, even though it is more expensive.

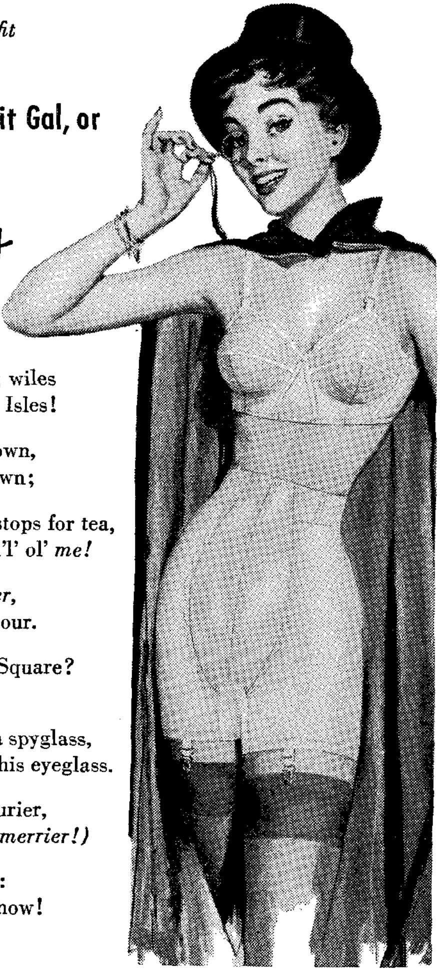
In air-conditioning units, silver traces can continually run through the system to prevent pipe-clogging slime. Standing water supplies, such as those in tanks, can be kept pure for long periods with just a dash of silver.

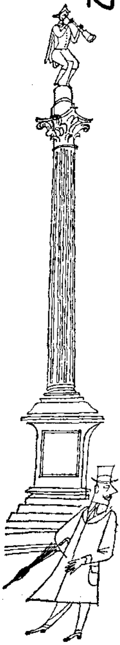
What will they do next with silver? Scientists cannot predict the answer. But even without a single new discovery, this most useful of precious metals has already proved an amazingly versatile servant of Man—the stuff that puts a silver lining in modern living. ♛ ♛ ♛

Around the World with Formfit

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or

How to Pick a Dilly in London





Who'd think my unassuming wiles
Would roll 'em in the British Isles!

But there I was in London town,
Just turning traffic upside-down;

Where everything, normally, stops for tea,
It stopped, all right . . . for li'l' ol' *me!*

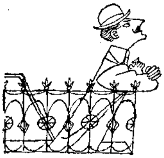
On seeing me, a foreign *power,*
Big Ben forgot to strike the hour.

The blokes around Trafalgar Square?
Oi 'ad 'em in a fog, for fair!

A Baron viewed me through a spyglass,
And one old Dukey dropped his eyeglass.

(They said, by diplomatic courier,
That *I* made Merrie England *merrier!)*

The reason? Rumor has it so:
My Formfit outfit,* don't y'know!

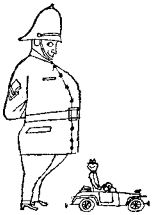


* SKIPPIES PANTIES • LIFE BRA

Skippies

BY FORMFIT

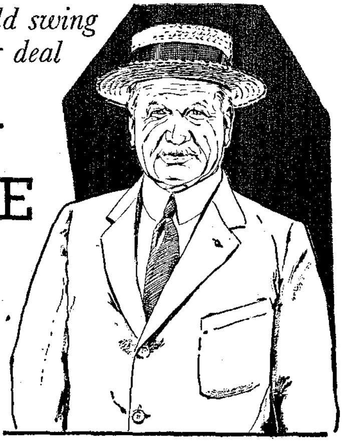
Fran wears a slimming-and-smoothing Skippies Pantie Girdle #843 . . . of nylon elastic net, with satin elastic front and back panels. Small, Medium, Large. $7.50. Her bra is the new Life Romance #566. 32A to 38C. $2.00. Slightly higher in Canada.



THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, TORONTO

A shrewd and eccentric financier, he could swing a polo mallet as well as a million-dollar deal

The One and Only FREDDIE PRINCE



by **GEORGE WISWELL**

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1953, in a palatial villa in the South of France, death quietly claimed 93-year-old Frederick Henry Prince, one of America's richest and most rugged individualists, and one of her most lavish eccentrics. He left an estate estimated to be worth $250,000,000 and right to the end he continued to dazzle social circles in Newport, Boston and abroad with his grand-scale private parties and unusual capers.

One of the latter was a speech quirk that developed from his constant use of the long-distance telephone. It pervaded all his conversation. Cleveland Amory, the society historian, tells of Freddy remarking not long before he died: "Work is pleasure, hello? and pleasure is work, hello? Life is a battle, hello? and those in the front ranks, hello? are always getting shot at, hello?"

As head of Frederick H. Prince & Co., a brokerage firm, hello-ing Freddy had financial tentacles in many enterprises, particularly railroads. It is difficult to assess accurately the range and complexity of his business career; but through his friendships with leading financial and political figures, he was able to pyramid the small brokerage firm he established in 1885 into a multi-billion-dollar financial empire.

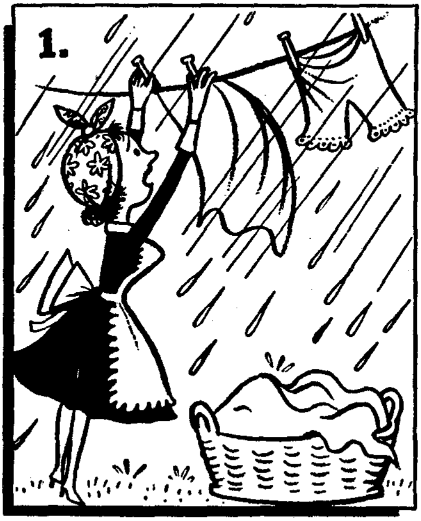
In spite of his personal eccentricities, Freddy Prince had a phenomenal mind for figures and statistics. Awed directors of large companies often marveled at his ability to glance at a financial statement and pronounce exactly what was wrong with the organization and where.

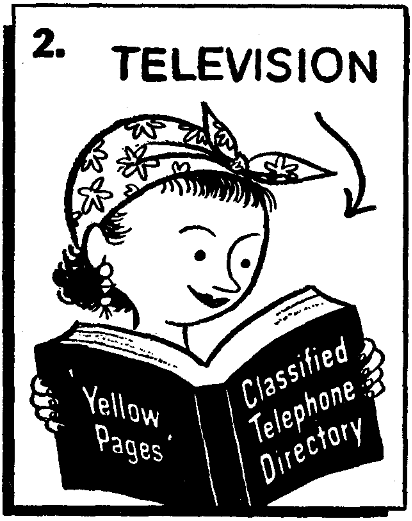
During the mid-Thirties, in the throes of the Depression, a close associate one day asked him how much he was worth. Freddy paused, then said: "I'll figure it out and let you know in a few days."

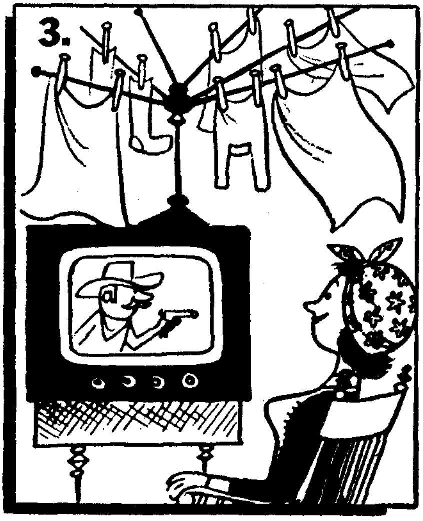
The following Thursday morning he met the man again and told him, "As close as I can figure it, it's just a little less than $330,000,000," and invited him to Marble House, his Newport "cottage," for the weekend.

On Sunday, after hosting a champagne luncheon for 50 guests, Freddy took the man aside and led him out on the wide marble veranda that overlooks eight acres of put-

LOOKing for Something?




2.
TELEVISION
'Yellow Pages'
Classified Telephone Directory



FROM LAUNDRIES TO TELEVISION

WHATEVER YOU NEED

Find It Fast
In The
'Yellow Pages'

ting-green lawn and beyond to the sparkling blue Atlantic.

"What'd I tell you the other day?"

The man reminded him and Freddy corrected: "Better make that 332 million. I just sold a railroad."

During the last few decades of his life, he spent most of his time at Marble House, called a cottage but actually one of the largest and most elaborate mansions on Newport's smart Bellevue Avenue. Built and furnished by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at a cost of some $10,000,000, Freddy (then living near Boston) bought it for $100,000; an amount he saved the first year by moving away from Massachusetts and its state income taxes.

But maintaining it in a fashion commensurate with its grandeur represented expenses that few men—other than kings and Oriental potentates—could afford. One of them was Freddy Prince. He kept a large staff of house servants, a dozen or more gardeners; and when he gave dinner parties, which was often, considering his years, he would have 30 uniformed footmen, one for every two guests, waiting on tables in a regal style that died at the turn of the century in almost every large home except Marble House.

The huge downstairs rooms with their marble walls, parqueted floors and frescoed ceilings garnished with ornate carvings led one guest to suggest that the place lacked hominess. Freddy turned this comment over in his mind and presently had constructed on the third floor of Marble House a house within a house—a trim little brick cottage with its own walls, roof, plumbing and furnishings.

For a time it amused him to putter about in this bungalow, but he soon tired of it, and for 15 years it was shut off from the rest of the house, unseen and unused.

A lively and active fellow, Freddy often sallied forth for a drive in a custom-built Rolls-Royce. It never left the driveway without a chauffeur and a footman, both in livery, and fresh-cut, long-stemmed roses in the vases in the passenger compartment.

Occasionally, the master of Marble House would take a notion to do the marketing. Dressed in white riding breeches, white boots and a dark jacket, his snowy hair tucked under a gray cap, he would scurry into the grocer's, nibble samples of the fruits and vegetables, squeeze bread and read the labels on cans like a finicky housewife.

When he came to the butcher, he would examine and sniff the meat, often complaining, "You fellows aren't ordering this right. What

She's her Daddy's Girl...

—*but her daddy isn't coming back!*

"Evelyne is a darling little thing, with light brown hair, and dimples in her cheeks. She often asks about her daddy and when he will return from his 'trip'. She has not yet been told that he will never come back. He was killed in the war in Indo-China."
—From a report by the SCF Field Representative, France.

In a way, Evelyne lost her mother, too, for she must stay in a nursery while her mother works in a factory to support them both.

You can make life brighter for Evelyne or another little child—a child who might have been your own. Through the *Child Sponsorship Plan* of Save the Children Federation, you can send food, warm clothing, school supplies, blankets and other necessities—delivered in your name to a needy child overseas. SCF will do all the shopping and mailing for you. You will get a complete case history, a photograph, a progress report. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

An SCF Sponsorship is only $10 a month, $120 a year. The cost is so small —the good you do is so great.

SCF Sponsors *include:* Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark W. Clark, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Norman Rockwell, Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, D.D., Gladys Swarthout, Thomas J. Watson, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie.

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- I would like to sponsor a needy child in________________(France, Austria, Finland, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Korea). I will pay $120 for one year (or $10 per month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story and picture.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I would like to help by enclosing my gift of $__________.

Name______________________________

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Contributions to the **Save the Children Federation** are deductible from income tax.

The Save the Children Federation is a non-profit, non-sectarian membership corporation organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed or color.

kind of meat do you call this?"

If alert, the man behind the counter would point out the mark of the Armour packers or one of its subsidiaries and win his customer's instant approval, for among his many other interests, Freddy was top man on the executive committee of Armour & Company.

Around the house, day or night, he usually wore black, highly polished French shoes on his small feet, striped gray trousers, a formal evening jacket, and a silk shirt caught at the throat by a Windsor tie of the full, flowing type sometimes worn by Southern colonels. In clothing as in other aspects of his life, Freddy was unorthodox but elegant.

LIKE MOST men of wealth, he had his idiosyncrasies about spending money. In the drawing room of Marble House was an enormous oil painting of Freddy, his wife and a young son on horseback in a wood in the south of France. After hanging there for years, the colors began to dim. Freddy called in an art technician who, noting the abundance of paintings elsewhere in the house and figuring Prince a potentially big customer, offered to clean it for a very small fee.

"Ridiculous," exclaimed Freddy. "You're much too high. If it costs that to have it cleaned, I'll let it go dirty." Which he did. Freddy was practical only in business.

But where business was concerned, from the time he was a fuzzy-cheeked undergraduate at Harvard, Frederick H. Prince knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted to be a businessman and a rich one.

He quit college at 19 and immediately went to work in a brokerage office. It was the last quarter of the 19th century and in America, with its rapidly expanding economy and spreading frontiers, times were rugged but highly profitable (and non-taxable) for those who could survive the sometimes ruthless and always relentless machinations of competitors.

Those were days when it was fairly common for a tough and alert young financier to make a million dollars by the time he was 40. Freddy was a millionaire at 25.

From the start, young Freddy associated himself with the big names of the financial world. In the course of fulfilling a contract to supply the Vermont Central Railroad with six steamboats, he met Mark Hanna, and through him John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil people. He began to acquire large interests in Chicago's Union Stock Yards, and in railroads.

Around the turn of the century, when Col. Samuel B. Dick had completed the Conneaut Road to within three miles of Homestead, Pennsylvania, and was in financial difficulties, enterprising Freddy put up the money to save the line from bankruptcy—and thus acquired a controlling interest. In association with Andrew Carnegie, he completed the road; and it was through Carnegie that he came into contact with Henry Clay Frick and the Mellons.

Many times Freddy's business acumen saved him from financial disaster. He anticipated the panic of 1887 and the crash of 1929, emerging from both considerably richer than many of his more famous contemporaries. Railroads became

something new for your child!

The few moments you spend reading this will give you an exciting new insight into modern teaching methods!

As your child learns to read, a demand for broadening experience soon follows. By the time he is in third grade, stories have taken the young reader to far-off lands and acquainted him with unfamiliar people and places.

During this process, a critical stage in *reading for meaning* arises. The problem of the teacher is to supply the child with vivid, accurate *experience* through which *meaning* can become clear.

Teachers today are aware of the values of carefully produced instructional films to aid in this development. Such special motion pictures are systematically planned to excite interest, develop vocabulary, provide a common background of experience for the entire class and give meaning to all language activities.

A typical film produced by Coronet for these specific purposes is *A Boy of Mexico: Juan and His Donkey.* Combining the child's natural interest in animals with a simple presentation of an event in the life of a Mexican boy, the film provides a rich experience.

Coronet Films has produced many other motion pictures designed for the reading-readiness program in the primary grades—films to fit the *needs* of children. For further information on these important films, write to:

Coronet Films **Dept. C-455**
Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

his specialty, and at one time or other he owned 46 of them.

One large source of income was the Chicago Junction Railway, a swath of tracks he owned in that city. Most trains between Chicago and points East had to enter or leave the city by using—for a few hundred feet at least—Freddy's property. The charge for each train was nominal; but, considering Chicago's activity as a rail center, it earned millions of dollars a year for Mr. Prince.

1955
HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN
EASTER SEALS
©

Around Chicago he had at one time or another either developed or owned some 300 industries. Along his Belt Lines he erected more than $100,000,000 worth of buildings, improving his holdings.

In the early 1900s he saw the profit potentials of a typical small, well-managed Midwest bank. His agents scoured the country between the Alleghenies and the Rockies and quietly bought up scores of these institutions. The names remained the same and the boss on the scene was always a local man of good standing, but the surpluses wound up in the coffers of Frederick H. Prince & Co.

Prince had offices in New York, Boston, Providence, Chicago and several other cities, though he rarely if ever visited them. He was the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange, but never was in the building in his life.

His office in Boston, comfortably outfitted with desks, chairs, typewriters and file cabinets, was unentered for 30 years, though right up to his death Freddy paid rent for the dust to collect on the unused furnishings. In Providence, scarcely an hour's drive from Newport, the Prince Company offices included a specially designed executive's suite for Freddy. He not only never used it, he never saw it.

"I don't like offices," he once explained to an acquaintance. "I get a better perspective on things by staying out of them.

Until past 80, Prince traveled constantly for business and/or pleasure. At one time he owned and used, in addition to Marble House: Princemere, a 994-acre estate near Prides Crossing outside of Boston; a hunting lodge in Pau in the south of France; a chateau in nearby Biarritz; town houses in Paris and Boston; and a baronial farmhouse and sports acreage in Aiken, South Carolina.

Next to the showplace in Newport, Princemere was the most palatial of these dwellings. On the premises was an indoor riding school completely equipped with gates, jumps and stables for 40 horses, usually filled. The house itself featured a swimming pool in the foyer, with the library, dining, drawing and music rooms opening off of it.

An idea of the size and resources of the estate may be gained from the fact that in the late 1940s, he offered it as a gift for the permanent headquarters of the United Nations. When this was declined he sold it to a religious organization. Some months later, when a guest asked what had become of Princemere, he could remember disposing of it but not to whom. A tactful employee reminded him.

"That's right," Freddy exclaimed.

While traveling, Freddy liked to feel at home. Crossing the Atlantic by boat (as he did more than 300 times) he always demanded eight first-class staterooms for himself, Mrs. Prince and a cadre of servants, plus cabin-class accommodations for lesser domestics.

Mrs. Prince, a germophobe of epic extremes, always carried a truckful of fresh linen sheets which she ordered tacked up on walls and ceilings, and spread over the tables and chairs in any stateroom, hotel room or other public quarters she expected to occupy.

As advancing years curtailed his inclination to roam, Freddy began conducting his business and private affairs on the telephone which was, unlike the plane, orange-juice squeezer and electric shaver, one of the few modern gadgets he was able to tolerate.

Though he seldom visited it, one of his principal offices was in Chicago, and for purposes of record and organization, he elected to make all his phone calls through this switchboard. Consequently, when he wished to invite some of his neighbors on Bellevue Avenue for dinner, the call went from Newport to Chicago and back to Newport. If the intended guests were out at the time, word was left for them to call the Chicago operator on their return.

All of his business correspondence was dictated on the phone, Newport to Chicago. Including business calls and transatlantic conversations with caretakers, stable masters and friends, Freddy's phone bill usually ran better than $30,000 a year, though when he really got busy, it came closer to $70,000.

PRINCE's 70s and 80s, a time when most men may be excused for slowing up, were some of his busiest years. When not maneuvering a business coup, he devoted himself to horsemanship.

Not far from Marble House were his personal stables and riding field. At 90, he was still hustling his horses over hedge jumps and across water ditches. (He was a regular swimmer at Bailey's Beach at 92, the last summer of his life.)

One season at Pau, where he was Master of Foxhounds, Freddy became grumpy about the skill of the other riders, many of them European noblemen. "Know what we need here?" he told his groom. "A riding school like the one we have at Princemere."

Two months later the entire riding school in Massachusetts had been dismantled, trucked to Boston, shipped to LeHavre, trained to Biarritz and horse-carted up into the hills to Pau where it was re-erected, board by board, gate by gate.

Freddy took his riding, like his fiscal reports, seriously. Once he was playing polo, second only to fox hunting as his favorite equestrian sport, at a Hunt Club in Massachusetts. In a close play a man on the opposing team sped his pony to the ball a half second before Freddy and stroked it away. Without the slightest hesitation, Freddy lifted his mallet and stroked his opponent's skull with it.

His testiness cost him $20,000—

to pay off the lawsuit—and virtual ostracism from Boston's social circles. Though he never admitted it publicly, Freddy probably considered his deed well worth it.

He once enthusiastically settled his differences with a tailor over the fitting of a suit by thrashing the man to the extent of $10,000, making it the most expensive suit that Freddy, or probably any other man, ever wore.

A spry and dangerous foe on playing fields and in directors' meetings, with women he was a rank sentimentalist. When he was 25 and had his first million, he married his childhood sweetheart, Abigail Norman, and adored her until she died in 1949, at the age of 90. If he had vices, women and liquor were not among them.

Perhaps his most detectable weakness was a fear of being poor or even of being mistaken for poor. One day in Providence, Freddy took a cab to a bank. On arriving he discovered that he had no cash in his pockets.

"What's the matter? You broke?" asked the driver.

Freddy was furious. "Wait a minute," he ordered, and bounced into the bank. A few minutes later he came out flourishing several thousand dollars in cash which he had temporarily borrowed inside.

"See this?" he cried. "And you want to know something else? I can borrow a hundred million more if I want to."

After paying the driver the exact fare, he whirled and walked back into the bank. It was the sort of place in which he always felt at home.

Although he had three sons (Norman, killed in action with the Lafayette Escadrille in World War I; Frederick, Jr., now living in Virginia; and William Henry Wood Prince, an adopted child now President of the Union Stock Yards in Chicago and a member of the Board of Directors of Armour & Co.), Freddy bequeathed nearly all of his $500,000,000 to a charitable trust. When the estate is finally settled, this will be jointly administered by a lawyer in Providence, Rhode Island.

The precise purposes of the trust have not yet been defined, though it may be safely assumed that, according to Mr. Prince's wishes, it will be distributed without fanfare. While alive, Frederick Henry Prince was fanfare enough in himself.

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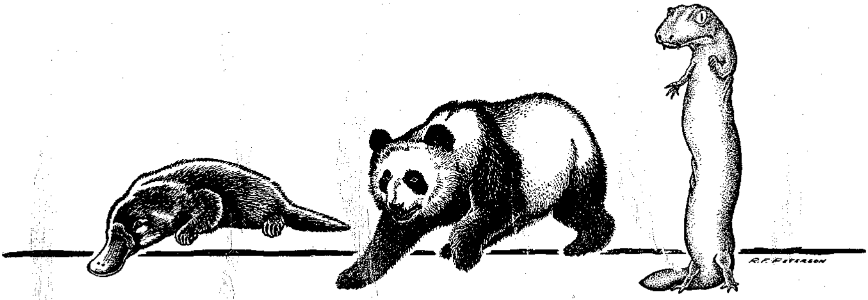


Nature's Secret Zoo

Hidden in wilderness jungles may be strange animals still unknown to man

by Madelyn Wood

SCIENTISTS WHO once thought they had the world's zoology all neatly catalogued would have laughed at the idea that there is a lost world of weird animals men have never seen, that Nature has her own secret zoo. They are not laughing now. They are, in fact, giving serious consideration to "incredible" stories from far places of the earth.

They are no longer deriding the tale about the "Abominable Snowman" of the high, desolate Himalayas, or the bizarre kangaroo cat in Australia. Nor are they jeering at the rumors of the most incredible creature of all, one which should have perished a million years ago but which may still be lurking somewhere in an African swamp.

For, strange as it may seem, while we speculate about monstrosities that may live on other planets, scientists believe we are a long way from having discovered all the unlikely creatures that exist here on our own.

You think the world has been so thoroughly explored that no strange kind of animal could have escaped attention? Think again, for there are still vast areas—hundreds of thousands of square miles—on which a human being has never set foot. Look at the Himalayas, an incredible mass of mountains 2,000 miles long and 500 to 600 miles across, so unknown that some 30 years ago an explorer found in them a tribe of cave dwellers who had been isolated from the human race since time beyond memory.

The first hint that a zoological shocker might live in the Himalayas came one day in 1921 when Lt. Col. Charles Howard Bury, an English mountain climber, stopped on the slopes of Mt. Everest to stare with horrified fascination at something he saw ahead of him on the ground.

Quickly he motioned to his bearers, a group of sturdy mountain men. When they came forward, the Englishman pointed. "What is

it?" Mingled fright and awe showed on their faces as the leader answered simply, "The Abominable Snowman."

What had so startled the explorer there in that high lost world of wind, rock and snow was a strange set of tracks like those of a gigantic barefooted man. They were made, the natives assured him, by a man-like creature with an evil face, fang teeth, long reddish hair and a marvelous ability to run at high speeds and make tremendous leaps through the air.

Scientists put all this down to native myths and insisted the tracks had been made by a known animal—a wolf, black bear, monkey or great ape.

Sixteen years went by with no other evidence of the Abominable Snowman's existence, except vague native rumors that one had been seen. Then, one day in 1937, Frank S. Smythe, another English climber, stopped short to stare, as had Howard Bury before him.

"I saw," he said, "the imprint of a huge naked foot, apparently of a biped, and in stride closely resembling my own tracks." His amazement grew as he followed the tracks, which took a course that could have been picked out only by a skilled mountaineer.

His report met with skepticism. The tracks were made by a bear, scientists said.

Again there was a long break in the story of the Abominable Snowman, with Smythe stubbornly maintaining that the idea that the creature was a bear was false.

Then in November, 1951, on a glacier at 19,000 feet, Eric Earle Shipton, of the Everest expedition that came so heartbreakingly close to the top, stopped, as had other explorers, to marvel at some strange tracks in the snow.

Shipton called one of his guides, Sen Tensing, a Sherpa, the same man who was later destined to reach the top of Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary. "Abominable Snowman," Sen nodded.

They followed the tracks for a mile down the slope and saw clearly where the wonderfully agile creature had leaped across a crevasse with astonishing skill, somehow secured a grip on the treacherous surface, and gone on. Finally they lost the tracks on a rocky stretch—but not before Shipton had carefully taken elaborate photographs.

When he returned to civilization with them, experts at London's famed Natural History Museum decided the creature was a langur monkey. What, Shipton protested violently, would a langur monkey, a vegetarian, eat on those desolate heights? And what would a tree-loving monkey be doing in those regions of permanent snow?

In 1952, Dr. Edouard Wyss-Durant, Swiss climber of Mt. Everest, added another link in the chain of evidence when he told of finding the creature's tracks on a frozen lake at 15,000 feet.

Bear? Monkey? Ape? Or man?

No one knows. The Abominable Snowman must be listed as a mysterious denizen of Nature's secret zoo. But scientists feel sure they will some day have the answer.

The fact that animals are briefly seen, and often only by natives, is not, zoologists say, a sign that they are the product of imagination. Scientists of the International Union for the Protection of Nature point, for example, to the case of the gorilla. The ancient Romans and Greeks reported seeing them in Africa, but these tales were regarded as legends because, for almost 2,000 years, no one else saw any. Then, in 1847, gorillas were rediscovered.

SOUTH AMERICA is a continent with king-sized zoological question marks. Huge areas of the Amazon Valley are still unexplored, and it is anyone's guess as to what may lurk in the lost reaches of its endless forests.

South America's most baffling mystery is still the case of the ape. In 1929, a French geologist, M. de Loys, ventured up the headwaters of the Catatumbo River and received a rude shock. Running toward him from the forest came two hairy, man-like creatures at least five feet tall.

As they approached with signs of bad temper, de Loys' rifle went to his shoulder and he fired. One of the great creatures fell, the other ran back into the dark forest.

The geologist stared in amazement at the creature he had killed. Clearly it was an ape. The only catch to that, he well knew, was the point on which every zoologist in the world agreed: there are no apes in South America! Monkeys, yes—but no apes.

Unable to preserve the ape's body, de Loys did the next best thing. He took a number of photographs and removed the skull.

On the torturous river journey back to civilization, the explorer's boat was overturned. Floundering frantically in the water, he snatched at the precious photographs but managed to save only one.

Weeks later, de Loys told his strange story. Since then, though there are persistent rumors, no explorer has sighted a great ape in the South American jungles. Nevertheless, there still remains that single disturbing photograph.

Perhaps the strangest mystery animal may be found right in Europe. Controversy over its existence has gone on for a century. Hundreds of witnesses have sworn they have seen a curious lizard lurking among the snowy rocks in the high lonely reaches of the Austrian and Swiss Alps. The first time anyone claimed to have seen it was in the 1840s, when it was given the name *tatzelwurm*, or "snake with paws."

In 1934, a Swiss photographer named Paul Balkin was clambering among the rocks near Meiringen taking scenic shots. When he spotted an odd tree-trunk, he decided it would make an interesting photo. To his astonishment, he had no sooner clicked the camera than the trunk came to life and he saw that it was a large lizard.

Balkin took to his heels because the creature looked menacing. Later, when he developed the picture, the animal was there, all right. The photo was widely published in Europe, and those who swore there was a *tatzelwurm* cited it as one of their major pieces of evidence.

Africa, with its vast regions of virtually unexplored jungle, has some of the strangest candidates of all for Nature's secret zoo. Somewhere in the equatorial belt may live the strangest creature of all, the largest animal on earth. Just how it managed to keep concealed from the eyes of explorers can be explained by the description of this African wilderness by scientists of the American Museum of Natural History:

"The immensity of the wilderness is appalling. For over 1,800 miles, without a break, it stretches more than halfway across the continent from the coast of Guinea to the Ruwenzori. In spite of tropical luxuriance, it is one of the most dismal spots on the face of the globe, for the sun burns above miles of leafy expanse, and the unflagging heat of 100 degrees day and night renders the moist atmosphere unbearable."

Thirty years ago, Carl Hagenbeck, the great animal collector, sent crews of hunters to unexplored country in search of animals for circuses. Some, like Hans Schomburgk, brought back curious reports.

Schomburgk had gone to hunt for pigmy hippos around Lake Bangweolo in Liberia, a spot that should have abounded in these animals. Yet to his surprise he found none. Natives explained the reason. By the lake, they told him, there dwelt a monster that killed the hippos. It was as big as an elephant, with a single horn in the middle of its forehead.

Later, a man named M. Lepage was working his way along a swamp in the Congo, when he heard a snorting in the brush. After firing wildly and retreating, the hunter turned to catch a glimpse of a giant creature he estimated to be 20 feet long, with a pointed snout, a sort of scaly hump on the shoulders and a single short horn above its nostrils.

Is the creature a monster rhino? Some reptile believed extinct? A totally unknown species? No one knows.

As a dozen scientific organizations continue to probe the last unexplored parts of our planet, we may someday have answers to these fantastic animal mysteries. And who knows what other out-of-this-world creatures they may discover in Nature's secret zoo?

About the Home

"I WANT YOU TO ride out and see the beautiful new home I have bought," a friend recently told me.

Knowing him well, I cautioned: "Friend, you don't buy a home. You buy a house and then you build the home."

NO HOME EVER rises above the level of the woman who lives in it.

AS THE YEARS roll by, I am more and more convinced that home is not an institution; it is an ideal. —PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

TRAIN OF TERROR

by ART LINKLETTER

ALL UNSUSPECTING, the small Mexican mining town of Nacozari stirred sleepily to life that November morning in 1907. As the sun rose, doors opened and men moved off to work, many to the yards of the Nacozari Railroad on the outskirts of town.

There, Engineer Jesus García found several gondolas of merchandise and two freight cars, whose sides bore the ominous red warning EXPLOSIVOS, awaiting delivery to mines in the hills.

Following the signals of his brakemen, García assembled the train and throttled slowly out of the yards to begin the familiar run. They were rolling into Nacozari when he heard the shout of "*Fuego!*" from a man standing beside the track.

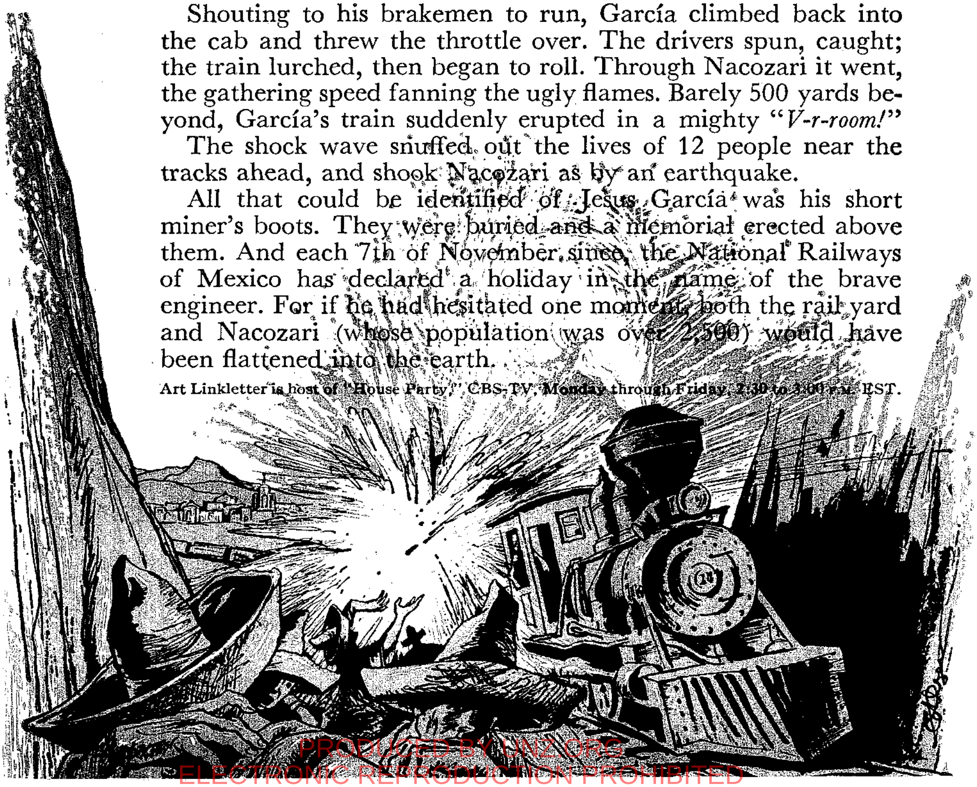
As quickly as he dared—carrying dynamite—García applied the brakes. Jumping to the ground, he all but froze in horror. Near the rear of the first car of dynamite, his brakemen were beating at flames. Nobody had to tell Jesus García what would happen if sufficient heat reached even a single percussion cap in either of those cars.

Shouting to his brakemen to run, García climbed back into the cab and threw the throttle over. The drivers spun, caught; the train lurched, then began to roll. Through Nacozari it went, the gathering speed fanning the ugly flames. Barely 500 yards beyond, García's train suddenly erupted in a mighty "*V-r-room!*"

The shock wave snuffed out the lives of 12 people near the tracks ahead, and shook Nacozari as by an earthquake.

All that could be identified of Jesus García was his short miner's boots. They were buried and a memorial erected above them. And each 7th of November since, the National Railways of Mexico has declared a holiday in the name of the brave engineer. For if he had hesitated one moment, both the rail yard and Nacozari (whose population was over 2,500) would have been flattened into the earth.

Art Linkletter is host of "House Party," CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 2:30 to 3:00 P.M. EST.



GANGSTERS ARE GENTLEMEN

by Norton Mockridge

With polish and manners, today's racketeers have discovered new ways to reap big profits

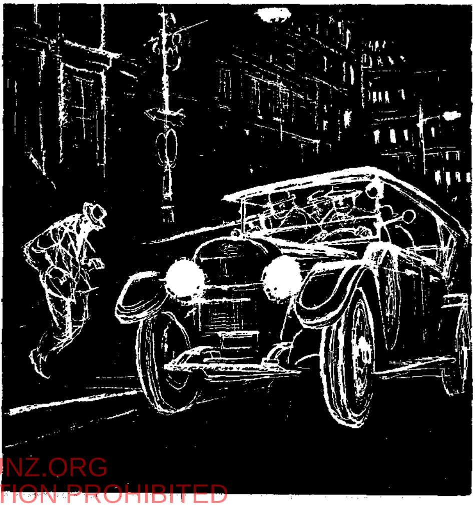
IT WAS THE NIGHT of St. Patrick's Day, 1949, and some 2,000 Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and their guests had gathered in New York's Hotel Astor for their annual dinner. Of those in attendance, the most interesting group was at Table 208, where ten men sat faultlessly attired in evening clothes.

A convivial group and an important one, they included James M. McInerney, then an assistant attorney general of the United States; and Thomas F. Murphy, later to become police commissioner of the City of New York and still later a Federal judge. The rest were prominent government and judicial figures, all except one.

The only man at Table 208 who didn't fall into any of these categories was a soft-spoken, charming, middle-aged fellow with excellent manners. He was regarded by the other diners as nothing more than a prosperous Italian-American businessman who, happily, was quick with a buck when it came to political donations.

Actually, however, this was no simple Italian-American businessman. This was *Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese*, a character later identified publicly by crime prosecutor Rudolph Halley as the successor to Frank Costello, boss of syndicated crime in the East. McInerney, Murphy and many of the other men who had eaten with Luchese that night, and those who dined with him on other occasions, were shocked when they found out who he really was.

The case of Luchese is a good illustration of how our criminal overlords have changed in the past twenty years. Back in 1933, when



Prohibition, which bred the gangsters, came to an end, a racketeer bore an unmistakable stamp. Usually he carried a gun, which bulged in his hip pocket or puffed the jacket near his left armpit, and was accompanied by one or more ugly bodyguards. He dressed in the flashiest suits, shirts and ties; had a bleached-blonde "moll" or two in tow; and delighted in rapping a victim across the mouth with a lead-weighted gas pipe.

But you can't tell today's big-time gangster from the average businessman, both in dress and in social conduct. He finds it pays to be as conservative and unobtrusive as possible. He patronizes only the best places, purchases only the best clothing. There are no muscle men, no trigger men and no hip-swinging blondes in his entourage. He is surrounded instead by political leaders, lawyers, judges and municipal, State and Federal officeholders.

The modern racketeer is philanthropically minded, but his philanthropy is vastly different from that practiced in the old days when it was stylish to hand out food baskets to the poor at Thanksgiving and Christmas and to go down to the poverty-ridden sections of the city and toss out $5 bills. One of the best examples of the modern trend is what Abner (Longy) Zwillman, a former bootlegger who has turned to more lucrative rackets, is doing.

This New Jersey hood, high in the councils of national syndicated crime, only recently announced that he and a group of associates will put up $250,000 for a *slum-clearance project* in his home town of Newark. Zwillman personally is contributing $100,000; and he promises to give more if the city supports the plan.

"After all," says Longy, "us businessmen gotta see that our city don't fall apart."

Frank Costello is another who just gives and gives and gives. At least he did until he went to jail. For years, he contributed to Manhattan charities, and even went so far as to become vice-chairman of a fund-raising group for the Salvation Army. In the latter connection he gave a benefit dinner at the Copacabana nightclub in New York, inviting an array of judges, lawyers, politicians and crooks at $100 a plate.

When newspapermen revealed what was going on, Salvation Army officials were staggered to learn that the kindly gentleman who had been doing so much for them was *the* Frank Costello. It was agreed he should resign his vice-chairmanship.

In the old days, it was the gangster's gun that did most of his talking for him. It talked frequently, and loud. The gangster operated on the theory that the more noise he made around town, the more respected—and feared—he would be.

Today, however, the gangster has

an entirely different approach. He talks not at all, or as little as possible. Guns are used only as a last resort. Instead, he engages the best legal talent. These lawyers—whose activity is frowned upon by bar associations—advise him how to pull a phony deal within the letter of the law or close enough so that there will be doubt in the minds of the jurors if he is ever brought to trial on criminal charges.

THE MODERN GANGSTER strives to avoid doing anything that might get his name or picture in the newspapers. He has learned that when people don't know who he is, he has all the advantage. But when a gangster is publicized—usually through unwelcome encounters with the law—he goes to great lengths to see that the public gets "the right picture."

For this purpose he engages press agents. These gentlemen, highly paid, work assiduously to convince reporters and commentators that their client is the victim of a "bum rap" from the police. They contend he's completely misunderstood; that he's actually a sterling citizen, a devout churchgoer and a loving father and husband.

A few months ago, a press agent invited a reporter to a small party at a hotel. When the newsman arrived he found the press agent *and* "Tough Tony" Anastasia, one of the mobsters in control of Brooklyn docks. Also one of Tony's bodyguards. Tony was overly polite. He claimed that "nobody understands me" and said his fragrant reputation was the work of enemies.

He then took the reporter to a nearby restaurant where, by obvious pre-arrangement, they were joined by a huge, smiling, affable man. Tony introduced him as: "Big Al—my brother."

"Big Al," of course, was only Albert Anastasia, once the lord high executioner of Brooklyn's infamous Murder, Inc. It was Big Al who signed the death warrants of at least thirty Brooklynites, but who covered up so well he even wiggled out of a death sentence. Big Al explained to the reporter that somebody was "lying about me."

"Me kill anybody?" he bellowed. "That's a laugh. Why should I kill anybody? I love everybody." Then they all sat down to lasagna and wine.

One of the most expensive public-relations jobs being done right now is the whitewash of Charles (Lucky) Luciano. This exceptionally vile gangster (who gained his freedom when Governor Thomas E. Dewey commuted his thirty-to-fifty-year sentence after ten years and ordered him deported to his native Italy) is hurt because people look upon him as the vice lord and dope peddler he is.

Named by U. S. narcotics officials as the man responsible for most of the dope flooding this country, Luciano is paying perhaps as much as $100,000 to press agents in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

As a staff writer for the New York *World Telegram and Sun,* Norton Mockridge has covered major crimes, trials and investigations in the city. He is co-author, with fellow-newspaperman Robert Prall, of the recent book, "The Big Fix," which tells the inside story of the multi-million-dollar tie-up between bookmakers and police in Brooklyn.

All he asks is that they present him to the public as an unfortunate "Dead End Kid," who was framed in the first place by Governor Dewey (then special rackets prosecutor of New York City), and who has been hounded by police, prevented from making a decent living and driven half crazy by unfounded accusations. Lucky would like these press agents to pave the way for him to come home again.

They have been doing such a good job that sympathetic items often creep into newspaper columns. Stories have been published in praise of him, and there is even talk of making a complimentary movie of his life!

The gangster of 25 years ago would have scorned a press agent. He would have hooted in derision had anyone told him he could make more money by running legal businesses illegally than by indulging in strong-arm methods. It was the proud boast of Frankie Yale, Brooklyn's No. 1 racketeer for many years, that he never had done a day's work in his life.

"Work is for dopes," he sneered. "It's for smart guys like me to put the arm on the dopes."

With that philosophy he sent out his muscle men to shake down owners of taxi fleets, wet-wash laundries, dry-cleaning establishments and fish markets. In addition, he worked the plan of hiring out his thugs to employers who were having trouble with a union and, at the same time, to the union itself.

True, Yale did turn to business, in a way, when he put out the cheap, smelly Frankie Yale cigar, 20 cents each or three for 50 cents. It was a cigar that many people bought, but nobody smoked. Store proprietors who complained that they just couldn't sell the cigar suddenly found their places destroyed by a nocturnal fire. For quite a few years, the Frankie Yale cigar enjoyed a brisk trade.

In the end, they gave Frankie a nice funeral. His body, stitched together after the passage of many bullets, lay on white silk in a $15,000 silvered coffin—provided by the members of his gang. There were 38 cars filled with floral tributes as well as 200 gleaming limousines in the procession. Many expressed sorrow that Frankie had died so young. Soon after that, Frankie Yale cigars went off the market.

Violence, toughness and bravado were the keynotes of that hectic era. A man not quick with the knife or gun didn't stay on top very long. Those were the days of men like Frank Marlow, who acquired interest in boxers and made them throw fights, and who owned pieces of Manhattan nightclubs like the Silver Slipper and Rendezvous, which Marlow couldn't pronounce. He made money out of both clubs by padding checks and clipping the patrons in every way possible. If one objected, he was "worked over" and thrown in the alley.

Slim, blond, dimpled-chin Vincent (Baby Face) Coll was one of the most ruthless mobsters of them all. In 1931, he and three of his men cornered a rival on an Upper East Side street in New York and blazed away. Three children playing nearby were hit and one of them was killed. Coll was later machine-gunned to death in a phone booth.

Operating in this manner, mob-

THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

sters made the years between 1920 and 1933 probably the bloodiest in the history of American crime. More than 5,000 gangsters were "rubbed out" and it is estimated that mobsters killed or maimed some 60,000 men and women who failed to "cooperate."

Today, there is very little of this. When a shooting does occur, it generally involves only the small fry. The victim is no longer shaken down by threat of gun or bomb or blackjack. He is subjected to a more subtle coercion. The gangster today has the political power or the business connections to chase him into bankruptcy if he objects to playing the game the underworld way.

Why, for instance, should an upper-echelon racketeer like Costello have resorted to violence when, by using the right connections, he was able at the height of his career to make more than $1,000 a day?

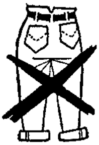
Almost every topflight gangster today is in legitimate business. He also may be in other activities such as gambling, dope smuggling, extortion and vice: but he uses his business connections as a front of respectability, in addition to reaping a nice profit from them.

When a racketeer operates a legitimate business he has one big advantage over his competitors. People who are asked to buy the racketeer's product or service usually do so quite promptly. Who wants to irritate a gangster?

Costello, Adonis, Zwillman, Meyer Lansky, Vito Genovese and others who have vast trucking, clothing, construction, sand and gravel and labor union interests, have become so quiet, conservative and "civic-minded" over the years that they have convinced themselves they are assets to the community.

A few years ago one of the notorious Dalessio (or Dee) brothers who controlled the gambling rackets on Staten Island in New York, plaintively complained to Peter M. Brown, Assistant Counsel for the New York State Crime Commission: "I can see where maybe we should get a little fine, or something, because we took a few bets. But why are you guys trying to put us in jail? We never gave anybody the old boom-boom!"

Junior Intelligence



As we packed for a vacation trip through Canada, I recalled what a friend who had visited there recently had told me.

"We'll have to take different clothes than usual," I remarked. "They say *nobody* there wears jeans."

My junior high daughter, looking incredulous, asked: "Not even the girls?"

—MRS. B. DE BOER in *Pen*

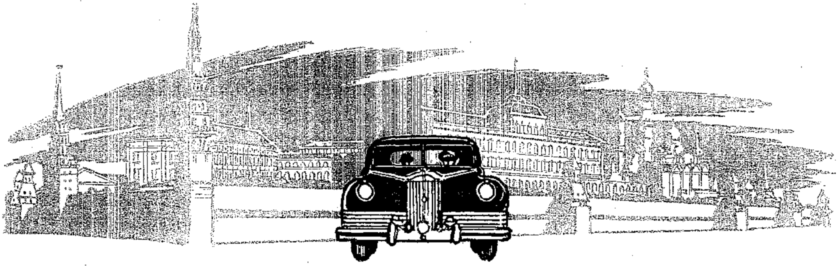
A woman and her young daughter were looking over the livestock exhibits at a Midwestern state fair. Pausing before a stall, the mother remarked that the cow inside had won the championship in her class.

"Who," asked the child, "did she have to fight to win?"

—GILBERT ASHER in *Round the Clock* (Tulsa Daily World)

Quietly and discreetly, a new privileged class is again rising in "classless" Russia

Moscow's Millionaires



by GEORGE W. HERALD

AS SOON AS Lenin and his Red associates wrested power from the Russian nobility, they systematically set about destroying the whole upper class. "Privilege must go!" was their slogan, and Communists everywhere hailed the new classless society arising on the ashes of the Czarist tyranny. To make certain that this would happen, the leaders of the revolution killed tens of thousands of men, women and children of the upper and middle classes.

But today in Soviet Russia, the wheel has come full circle. Equality for all is an empty slogan, while class distinction, based on wealth, rank, family and connections, is as widespread today as it was under the czars. What's more, the ruling comrades are proud of their new moneyed ruling class. A recent report bragged: "Before the war we had only two millionaires, but thanks to our social improvements, their number has now rapidly grown and will continue to multiply itself."

According to the same survey, another 6,000 comrades were worth 500,000 rubles, 40,000 others in excess of 200,000 rubles, and all of them were itching to get into the millionaire bracket. True, one million rubles represents only $250,000 at the official rate and closer to $100,000 in real buying power. Yet the fact remains that there now exists a sizable class of people in the USSR whose economic philosophy is capitalistic in practice, if not in theory. Professional politicians, factory managers, military figures, scientists, writers or artists—they all have come to like luxury more than Lenin.

The man who is widely considered the wealthiest of the Red plutocrats is Gregori Mikoyan. Gregori runs a string of plane factories and earns an annual salary of $60,000, plus handsome royalties as inventor of the MIG jet fighter—named after him. His total fortune

The rich are favored by a tax law—which most free countries would call reactionary . . . .

has been estimated at $1,300,000.

Close behind Mikoyan trail several Soviet marshals whose incomes can be computed from the medals on their chests. Each decoration entitles them to a bonus of up to $100 a month, in addition to their annual pay of $25,000. That means that some of them attain revenues of $50,000 and over, a year, tax-free.

Some of the military top brass have been smart enough to invest their savings in stud farms and racing stables, which yield them additional profits of between $100,000 and $200,000 a year.

Slightly less legitimate are the fortunes made by some top-ranking Soviet civil servants. Not long ago, Supply Commissioner V. B. Kobenev was arrested because he had sold the contents of state warehouses —nails, faucets, tubes, doorknobs and other fixtures—on the black market. D. F. Kogan, another trade official, made a profit of 1,000,000 rubles from the private sale of watch movements before he was found out. And Soviet papers complain that for each offender caught, there are dozens who get away with traffic in scarce commodities.

"All you have to do is to know the right telephone number," reported the *Vetchernaia Moskva*, "and you can get yourself a car, a TV set or a washing machine within 24 hours."

There even exists a great demand for private doctors, as many of the new rich no longer care to be treated in public hospitals. As a result, some of the more prominent practitioners are earning fabulous incomes. Professor A. L. Ussievich, a $30,000-a-year director of medical research at Moscow University, has a private practice that nets him an additional $100,000 to $150,000. His colleague, V. M. Bukhalov, a heart specialist, runs a clinic for top dignitaries. In 1953—the year of Beria's fall—he had so many patients that he is said to have earned close to $300,000.

Moscow's Unsocial Register also contains the names of such certified multimillionaires as playwrights Konstantine Simonov and Valentin Katayev; ballerinas Lepechinskaya, Raise Strutchkova and Galina Ulanova; movie stars Alla Illarinova, Tamara Nosova and Serge Stoliarov, Russia's answer to Gregory Peck.

FEW OF THESE ARTISTS earn more than their counterparts in the West, but they are able to keep more of it. They are favored by a tax law which most free countries would reject as reactionary. The rich only have to pay a 13 per cent income tax. But if they have received prizes or high decorations—as most of them have—they pay no tax at all.

Take the case of Stalin Prize winner Ilya Ehrenburg and his artist wife, Luba Juzinsova. Ilya's royalties from plays and books come close to $400,000 a year and, since his wife has abandoned the French school of painting, she has become a breadwinner, too. She now turns out "socialist-realist" masterpieces—comparable to American billboard art—which sell at $3,000 to $4,000 a picture.

In many ways the Soviet Union has turned into a paradise for snobs. Party patricians and millionaire citizens would never dream of sharing their table or train compartment with a poorly dressed manual worker, for they no longer have anything in common. Even if a wealthy man goes to the theater, there are six different categories of tickets for sale (from 2 to 7 rubles) which save him the embarrassment of having to rub elbows with the lowly.

At the same time, it has become almost impossible for "climbers" to move from one step of the social ladder to the next higher one. People make friends only with families of the same rank and income group, and "unequal" marriages have become exceedingly rare.

How do the Communist millionaires live behind this rigid curtain of exclusivity? When French actress Béatrice Bretty was in Moscow with the "Comédie Francaise" last summer, she was invited to the home of a famous Russian colleague. Her four room flat on brightly-lit Gorki Street had everything: a tiled bathroom, a luxurious boudoir, an electric refrigerator and even a "Leningrad II," a Soviet TV set with a 9 x 11 inch screen.

"The set costs $450, and ordinary people have to wait twelve to eighteen months before they can get one," the Soviet star explained. "I got mine right away because I was able to pay $700."

Everything in the lady's life was arranged along the same lines. Instead of patronizing the state-run beauty parlors where "the cold creams were often rancid," she had a private esthetician come to her house twice a week and massage her with creams prepared by hand from black-market fats.

Even husbands are now being given special facilities to dress more elegantly, Madame Bretty learned. The Man About Moscow can order suits of the finest materials. Instead of the usual crew of six hands, a single master tailor fashions each suit, and the customer is entitled to several fittings, if necessary in his home.

One of the main reasons for these services is that the Red plutocrats don't like to be seen in public. They are trying to keep their wealth as inconspicuous as possible. They virtually never walk. If they have to go out, they circulate in chauffeur-driven cars with lowered shades, as if they were afraid of being identified. The Moscovite-in-the-street simply calls them the "Zis" or the "Zims," depending on the brand of car they drive.

Since the Zis cars are not for sale, the "Zis" are by definition top officials whom no one dares criticize, Popular resentment rather turns against the "Zims" (a Zim can be bought for about $6,000) whose fortunes tend to have more obscure origins.

The lucky citizens go to the Opera or reserve a table in one of the city's swanky restaurants which specializes in Caucasian dishes. In all these places, stylish waiters present menus in leatherbound portfolios in which the *hors d'oeuvres* alone fill a page.

Gypsy bands—long forbidden

under Stalin—are back with their fiddles, and the couples dancing under the crystal chandeliers don't look very different from those in any Western nightclub. Prices are purposely kept so high that only members of Moscow's smart set can afford them.

But what really sets the millionaire apart from 99.9 per cent of the Soviet population is his *dacha*—his weekend house in the country. The law forbidding ownership of more than one residence has been broadly interpreted to suit the new upper class.

"Simultaneous personal ownership of a dwelling in town and a *dacha* in a rural, summer vacation or health resort locality is not contrary to the law," a recent court ruling said. "The *dacha* serves by its very nature the purpose of rest or of medical cure, and provides that type of the creative concentration of mental forces which is ensured by the atmosphere of a forest, park or rural place far removed from the noise and traffic of the city."

As a result, most members of the Party elite have their country villas; many of the Soviet millionaires even possess a third abode on the Black Sea Riviera, where they spend their vacations between August and November, and to which only persons with a Kremlin *propusk*—a special pass—are admitted.

Of late, it has become the height of fashion among Soviet socialites to take a cure in Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia. The vogue was started by Molotov, who went there first in 1947 and has since returned every year. He was soon followed by the Vishinskys, Gromykos, Maliks and Zorins and, in 1952, Marshal Koniev also came to queue up for a *sprudel* under the trees of the Alte Wiese.

Karlsbad is believed to hold high attraction for Moscow's millionaires because it gives them the illusion of a thoroughly bourgeois atmosphere. On orders from above, the Old World charm of the famous watering place has been deliberately preserved. With its street cafés, flower beds and open-air concerts, it is an oasis in the communist desert.

"The shops on Republic Street are filled with crystal sets and porcelain figures which fascinate the wealthy Ninotchkas," a local eyewitness recently wrote in a private letter, "and they are literally gasping at the sight of old Pavel, the hotel porter, whose uniform buttons are gleaming just as brightly as when he stood there and welcomed Emperor Franz-Joseph."

As the new elite tries hard to hold on to its privileges, Soviet society, which once exalted the toiling masses, now treats them with more or less open contempt. Out of 1,192 delegates to the Party Congress in October, 1952, only 176 were proletarians. All the others belonged to the intelligentsia or the managerial class, in keeping with the Kremlin dictum that "only cultured people who are experts on the problems with which we have to cope, must be placed at the helm of industry, agriculture, party and state."

Under the circumstances, millionaire parents naturally want to make sure that their offspring won't fall back into the status of peasants or industrial workers. From the age of seven upward, their youngsters are put into special schools where they are given a full education in humanities as well as an early technical training that prepares them for the highest careers.

Ordinary children lack these opportunities, since, after the age of 14, they are charged tuition fees which many Soviet parents cannot afford. Their only chance is to obtain one of the few thousand scholarships that the government offers in the name of "social justice."

The vested interests of the Communist gentry are further strengthened by Soviet inheritance laws. Lenin wrote that "Soviet children will be the first ones in history who won't inherit the fortunes of their parents, but ideological values—the only real values." He was a poor prophet.

The constitution of 1936 provides that parents can pass along their personal property, savings, art collections, etc., to the next generation; the probate fee is only 10 per cent of the value of the estate.

But, in contrast to Western heirs who succeed their elders in business, Soviet children learn from childhood onward that, by virtue of their economic system, they will never inherit the duties and responsibilities going with the patrimony. As a result, they tend more and more to turn into playboys, pleasure-seekers and juvenile delinquents.

Some months ago, all Moscow was shocked by the case of 19-year-old university student Andrei Peredjeri and his colleagues, Alexei Lechtman, Albert Ponjev and Anatol Dejev. To finance their sprees through the capital's nightclubs, Anatol stole a microscope and Andrei sold his father's library. A little later, they planned a bank robbery and, when an acquaintance threatened to denounce them, they murdered him and hid his corpse.

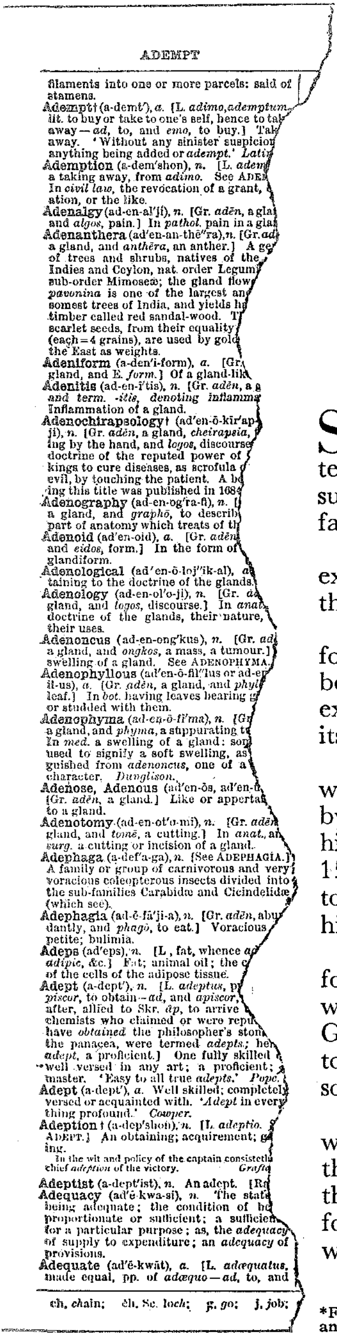
"All four young men belonged to highly esteemed families," the Communist Youth organ *Komsomolskaya Pravda* commented. "The fathers of Andrei and Anatol were well-known scientists. Alexei's mother was a professor and Albert's father a retired Red Army colonel. But they had been wrongly brought up. Andrei was given a thousand rubles ($250) pocket money a month."

According to *Iztvestia*, the case of these young upper-class criminals was no isolated affair. The paper was alarmed by "symptoms of widespread degeneration in our schools and universities," and *Pravda* opened a campaign against what it called "the growing phenomenon of hooliganism among our favored student body."

Thus the rise of the Soviet's new rich already has unforeseen consequences and shows that Communist society, like all others, is undergoing changes beyond its control.

"The Soviets have come almost full circle since 1917," a Russian exile said recently. "Maybe what they need is another revolution."

RELAX. Don't worry about the job you don't like. Someone else will soon have it. —*Herald-Advocate*



ADEMPT

filaments into one or more parcels: said of
stamens.
Adempt† (a-demt′), *a.* [L. *adimo, ademptum,*
lit. to buy or take to one's self, hence to ta
away—*ad,* to, and *emo,* to buy.] Tak
away. 'Without any sinister suspicio
anything being added or *adempt.*' *Lati*
Ademption (a-dem′shon), *n.* [L. *adem*
a taking away, from *adimo.* See ADE
In *civil law,* the revocation of a grant,
ation, or the like.
Adenalgy (ad-en-al′ji), *n.* [Gr. *adēn,* a gla
and *algos,* pain.] In *pathol.* pain in a gla
Adenanthera (ad′en-an-thē″ra), *n.* [Gr. *ad*
a gland, and *anthēra,* an anther.] A ge
of trees and shrubs, natives of the
Indies and Ceylon, nat. order Legum
sub-order Mimoseæ; the gland flow
pavonina is one of the largest an
somest trees of India, and yields h
timber called red sandal-wood. T
scarlet seeds, from their equality
(each = 4 grains), are used by gold
the East as weights.
Adeniform (a-den′i-form), *a.* [Gr.
gland, and E. *form.*] Of a gland-lik
Adenitis (ad-en-ī′tis), *n.* [Gr. *adēn,* a g
and term. -itis, denoting inflamma
Inflammation of a gland.
Adenochirapsology† (ad′en-ō-kīr′ap-
ji), *n.* [Gr. *adēn,* a gland, *cheirapsia,*
ing by the hand, and *logos,* discourse
doctrine of the reputed power of
kings to cure diseases, as scrofula
evil, by touching the patient. A b
ing this title was published in 168
Adenography (ad-en-og′ra-fi), *n.*
a gland, and *graphō,* to describ
part of anatomy which treats of th
Adenoid (ad′en-oid), *a.* [Gr. *adēn*
and *eidos,* form.] In the form of
glandiform.
Adenological (ad′en-ō-loj″ik-al), *a*
taining to the doctrine of the glands.
Adenology (ad-en-ol′o-ji), *n.* [Gr. *a*
gland, and *logos,* discourse.] In *anat*
doctrine of the glands, their nature,
their uses.
Adenoncus (ad-en-ong′kus), *n.* [Gr. *ad*
a gland, and *ongkos,* a mass, a tumour.]
swelling of a gland. See ADENOPHYMA.
Adenophyllous (ad′en-ō-fil″lus or ad-e
il-us), *a.* [Gr. *adēn,* a gland, and *phyl*
leaf.] In *bot.* having leaves bearing g
or studded with them.
Adenophyma (ad-en-ō-fī′ma), *n.* [Gr
a gland, and *phyma,* a suppurating t
In *med.* a swelling of a gland: so
used to signify a soft swelling, as
guished from *adenoncus,* one of a
character. *Dunglison.*
Adenose, Adenous (ad′en-ōs, ad′en-
[Gr. *adēn,* a gland.] Like or apperta
to a gland.
Adenotomy (ad-en-ot′o-mi), *n.* [Gr. *adēn*
gland, and *tomē,* a cutting.] In *anat.,* a
surg. a cutting or incision of a gland.
Adephaga (a-def′a-ga), *n.* [See ADEPHAGIA.]
A family or group of carnivorous and very
voracious coleopterous insects divided into
the sub-families Carabidæ and Cicindelidæ
(which see).
Adephagia (ad-ē-fā′ji-a), *n.* [Gr. *adēn,* abu
dantly, and *phagō,* to eat.] Voracious
petite; bulimia.
Adeps (ad′eps), *n.* [L., fat, whence *a*
adipic, &c.] Fat; animal oil; the c
of the cells of the adipose tissue.
Adept (a-dept′), *n.* [L. *adeptus,* p
piscor, to obtain—*ad,* and *apiscor,*
after, allied to Skr. *āp,* to arrive
chemists who claimed or were repu
have *obtained* the philosopher's ston
the panacea, were termed *adepts.;* he
adept, a proficient.] One fully skilled
well versed in any art; a proficient;
master. 'Easy to all true *adepts.*' *Pope.*
Adept (a-dept′), *a.* Well skilled; completel
versed or acquainted with. '*Adept* in every
thing profound.' *Cowper.*
Adeption† (a-dep′shon), *n.* [L. *adeptio.*
ADEPT.] An obtaining; acquirement; g
ing.
In the wit and policy of the captain consisteth
chief *adeption* of the victory. *Grafto*
Adeptist (a-dept′ist), *n.* An adept. [R
Adequacy (ad′ē-kwa-si), *n.* The stat
being adequate; the condition of be
proportionate or sufficient; a sufficie
for a particular purpose; as, the *adequacy*
of supply to expenditure; an *adequacy* of
provisions.
Adequate (ad′ē-kwāt), *a.* [L. *adæquatus,*
made equal, pp. of *adæquo*—*ad,* to, and

ch, *chain;* ch, Sc. *loch;* g, *go;* j, *job;*

How Big Is Your Vō kăb′yə lĕr′ĭ ?

The more you improve it, the greater the success you are likely to achieve

by ROBERT P. WEEKS

SURVEYS by the Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation indicate that an exact and extensive vocabulary is more likely to accompany success than any other single characteristic so far isolated and measured.

Does this mean that those who do not possess extensive vocabularies are destined to remain in the lower ranks? Definitely not.

Your IQ and your fingerprints are with you for life—but not your vocabulary. Once you become aware that it is limited, you can greatly expand it. But first, you must get some idea of its size.

The average five-year-old knows at least 3,000 words; by age ten, he knows some 5,000; and by 14 he has doubled that number. The average high school graduate has a vocabulary of at least 15,000 words, the college graduate from 20,000 to 30,000; and if he goes into law or medicine, his vocabulary will jump several thousand more.

The words in the following list are placed in four groups according to the frequency with which they appear in general reading material.* Group I contains words that appear from ten to eighteen times per million words. There are some 2,000 words in this group.

A person knowing at least seven of the ten words in Group I is very likely to know most of the 4,000 words that appear more frequently than 18 times per million. He can be said, therefore, to have a vocabulary of at least 6,000 words.

Group II contains words that appear from

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*From: *The Teachers Word Book of 30,000 Words* by Edward L. Thorndike and Irving Lorge, published by Teachers College, Columbia University.

four to nine times per million words. There are approximately 4,000 words in this group. A person knowing at least seven of these has a vocabulary of at least 10,000 words.

Group III contains words that the average high school graduate should know. They appear from two to three times per million words. A person who knows seven or more of these is likely to have a vocabulary consisting of at least 14,000 words.

The words that appear least frequently are in Group IV. Anyone knowing at least seven of them probably has a vocabulary of almost 20,000 words.

Give yourself this test and discover how large your vocabulary is. Look at the italicized word carefully, then check the word or phrase that comes closest to defining it. When you are finished, turn to the next page to see where you stand.

GROUP I

1. *scope:* patch, range, newsbeat, fancy shop.
2. *bellow:* beneath, hollow, grunt, roar.
3. *lance:* spear, shield, helmet, dagger.
4. *particle:* tiny piece, monocle, portion, gem.
5. *obstacle:* cutting tool, in the way, carriage, old-fashioned.
6. *unique:* one wing, light blue, unequalled, friendly.
7. *cherish:* charred, blemish, value highly, obey.
8. *parson:* minister, individual, clerk, teacher.
9. *wither:* accompany, lose freshness, recover, glow.
10. *meteor:* singer, bullfighter, stream, shooting star.

GROUP II

1. *prudent:* careful, insulting, brainy, gay.
2. *obstruct:* vague, to hunt, to hinder, to cover.
3. *reservoir:* cabinet, wallet, mud hut, storage place.
4. *magnify:* double, make larger, reverse, shorten.
5. *tedious:* tiresome, repetitious, watery, difficult.
6. *scrutinize:* examine closely, twist, waste, test.
7. *posterity:* depression, the future, antiquity, good times.
8. *fang:* snare, trap, long tooth, capture.
9. *juvenile:* immoral, common, youthful, occasional.
10. *czar:* Russian emperor, catarrh, prince, cart.

GROUP III

1. *deft:* silly, nimble, confused, secret.
2. *philanthropist:* fake, benevolent person, musician, wise man.
3. *torrid:* scorching, ugly, this way, frightening.
4. *tenure:* beginner, holding, singer, tyro.
5. *analogy:* study of birds, distance, correspondence, fiasco.
6. *incite:* provoke, penetrate, anger, placate.

(*Continued on next page*)

7. *dubious:* peevish, doubtful, penurious, double.
8. *harangue:* witch, Moslem church, abuse, windy speech.
9. *lank:* barrier, lean, curly, stout.
10. *plausible:* true, apparently true, practical, false.

GROUP IV

1. *criterion:* standard, Roman official, winged staff, vessel.
2. *trite:* hackneyed, scrapple, tested, distilled.
3. *recalcitrant:* level, rocklike, stubbornly opposed, repetitious.
4. *tacit:* bitter, pungent, mendacious, silent.
5. *culpable:* versatile, blameworthy, fey, responsive.
6. *noxious:* otiose, pernicious, boring, rude.
7. *flume:* vapor, artificial channel, membrane, sear.
8. *stigmatize:* invalidate, distort, corrupt, disgrace.
9. *pied:* variegated, intoxicated, mercenary, skilled.
10. *winsome:* coiled, charming, sympathetic, dainty.

Answers

GROUP I

1. scope-range
2. bellow-roar
3. lance-spear
4. particle-tiny piece
5. obstacle-in the way
6. unique-unequalled
7. cherish-value highly
8. parson-minister
9. wither-lose freshness
10. meteor-shooting star

GROUP II

1. prudent-careful
2. obstruct-to hinder
3. reservoir-storage place
4. magnify-make larger
5. tedious-tiresome
6. scrutinize-examine closely
7. posterity-the future
8. fang-long tooth
9. juvenile-youthful
10. czar-Russian emperor

GROUP III

1. deft-nimble
2. philanthropist-benevolent person
3. torrid-scorching
4. tenure-holding
5. analogy-correspondence
6. incite-provoke
7. dubious-doubtful
8. harangue-windy speech
9. lank-lean
10. plausible-apparently true

GROUP IV

1. criterion-standard
2. trite-hackneyed
3. recalcitrant-stubbornly opposed
4. tacit-silent
5. culpable-blameworthy
6. noxious-pernicious
7. flume-artificial channel
8. stigmatize-disgrace
9. pied-variegated
10. winsome-charming

"He Was The Man"

by Archibald Rutledge

A few summers ago, while fishing for rainbow trout along the Linville River in western North Carolina, on a sandy road beside the river I met an old mountain man. Without hat, shoes, stockings or coat, here he came striding gaily along, a 50-pound sack of flour balanced lightly on one shoulder. And he was whistling an old love tune. His very presence charmed me. And he was quite willing to talk.

He said that his name was Tom Wise and that he lived about five miles "over the mountain." His age, he told me, was 87. I asked him if he had not been in the Civil War. Pulling back his left shirt sleeve, he showed me a livid scar on his arm.

"I was at a place they call Gettysburg," he said, smiling grimly.

I asked him if he hunted.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but the hills are beginning to get me."

One of the "hills" is Mt. Mitchell, more than 6,000 feet high.

I asked about his family, wondering if all were as rugged as he.

"My brother over the creek is 93," he said. "My older brother, he was 96, was kilt last winter when he was a-drivin' a two-horse team down the mountain. They run off and kilt him . . . But my great-granddad Wise, he was the man," he added musingly.

"What of him?" I asked, wondering whether he was taking me for a mountain ride.

"Ever hear of a place called King's Mountain?" he asked.

I had been to this famous place, where one of the really decisive battles of the Revolution was fought.

"He was thar," said the mountain man. "And he was right up behind a persimmon tree, just popping it to the Redcoats when they shot him down. And he was 114 years old when they shot him down."

This remarkable story was something that I thought would bear investigation.

I went to the county courthouse and studied the records. I interviewed many an aged mountain man and woman. I visited the grave of this heroic old patriot; and the dates confirm the story: the first Thomas Wise was born in the year 1666 and gave his life for his country in 1780.

His record has always made me ashamed to say in self-commiseration: "I'm through; I'm all washed up." I keep remembering those words that arrested my spirit years ago, "But my great-granddad Wise, he was the man."

Is There a Right Amount of Alimony?

by Judge Morris Ploscowe

An experienced jurist presents a guide to achieving justice for both husband and wife

When a marriage has reached the divorce stage, one would think that things have gotten as bad as they could get. But all too often this stage is only a beginning for difficulties far more bitter and destructive than anything that preceded. For this is the point when alimony must be discussed on a realistic, down-to-earth basis. And, generally, neither husband nor wife is in an emotional state to think of anything realistically.

When I was a young lawyer, I triumphantly said to a woman client: "Well, I have seen your husband and I think I have laid down the basis of an agreement which is really absolutely fair to both of you."

"Fair to both of us!" she exploded. "If I had wanted a *fair* settlement, what did I need you for? I could have handled it myself."

Her attitude, though it may seem faintly humorous now, is all too usual. The desire for revenge on the part of the woman, and the attempt to evade financial responsibility on the part of the husband, have complicated a very high percentage of the cases I have dealt with. I believe that most other lawyers and judges have had the same experience. There seems to be a burning lack of desire, during such crises, to adjudicate the situation with any fairness at all.

Yet, if fairness and calmness don't rule the day, the litigants and their children will suffer. And not only psychologically, bitter though that suffering may be. For divorce lawyers' fees are a luxury that can ultimately cut deeply into the very money that has become the bone of contention. Yes, in coming to a fair distribution of alimony, the pivot on which success or failure turns is the attitude of the divorcing couple.

Two recent examples will illustrate what I mean. Mr. and Mrs. J.B. of New York, income $6,000 annually above taxes, came to me for a separation agreement. Their difficulties were irreconcilable, but they wished to adjust matters as amicably as possible. They had two children, eight and ten respectively, and a $10,000 mortgaged house in a suburb. "I want my wife and children to live as close to the scale they have been living at as possible," Mr. B. told me.

I jotted down their expenses, figured for awhile. "That would amount to $70 a week for the family," I said, "and $45 a week for Mr. B."

"Oh," exclaimed his wife, "I can live on $70 but John can't possibly live on $45. And how could we save money for the children's college?"

She was right of course. And at once the solution suggested itself to her. She would have to return to her former secretarial work at $70 a week. Her mother, who was a widow, would move in with her and take care of the children while she was working. She did return to work and it was by far the wisest thing she could have done. It gave her husband an opportunity to live decently himself, to sustain his morale, to save for the future and continue to be a good father to the children.

In this setup the children emerged relatively unscathed. But let us take the case of a more well-to-do couple. Mr. and Mrs. L.A. had two young children and Mr. A. had a take-home pay of $11,000 a year. His wife came to my office breathing fire; her husband was a beast and she wanted everything out of him that she could possibly squeeze. Though I tried in every way to placate her, she would have none of it. Her demands were so unreasonable that her husband ran off to Florida to avoid them. He still does not dare return to his job. Mrs. A's dedication to unfairness in alimony has led to the wrecking of her own life, her children's lives, her husband's life and their entire income.

But let us now assume that the litigants are not going to permit emotionalism to becloud the settlement. What indeed *is a fair amount of alimony?* Can we make any generalities about it, whatsoever?

Abstracting from hundreds of cases I have reviewed, I would say that one very basic statement can be made. It is that no couple with an overall income of less than about $5,000 after taxes can afford to get a legal separation or a divorce, since any considerable amount under it will so alter their standard of living that one of the individuals, at least, will suffer great privations. I feel in such cases that separation or divorce should be postponed or that the wife should go to work, for the privations of poverty can very easily destroy a will to work or even a will to live.

My next basic point is one that, however obvious, is too often ignored. It is that a divorcing couple must realize it's simply impossible for two people to live the *same* way on the *same* income if they split up. If husband and wife would face this simple but stark fact, a great deal of bitterness and recrimination could be withdrawn from most situations.

If $5,000 annually is the minimal level which permits divorce, let us use this figure to construct a typical basic budget. We may then be able to see when we should justly alter or modify it to fit varying circumstances and localities.

The monthly budget concerns the expenses of an imaginary childless couple living in rented quarters, with the wife contributing nothing and with only sufficient savings between them to pay legal costs of a divorce. This mythical couple have sensibly agreed on a fifty-fifty split of the man's income.

EXPENSES

	Wife	*Husband*
Rent	$ 80.	$ 80.
Food	70.	90.
Clothes	20.	7.
Tailor	5.	4.
Gas & Electricity	3.	3.
Telephone	6.	6.
Drugs	4.	2.
Doctors	10.	5.
Hospital Insurance	3.	3.
Bus Fares	2.	6.
Hair Dresser	2.50	
Barber		1.50
Miscellaneous	5.	3.

Now, I know there will be shouts of horror at this estimate. "Rents are higher than that (or lower)"—"food is more (or less)"—"doctors are less (or more)"—a woman shouldn't get half"—"why shouldn't she get more"—"why does the wife need so much for clothes, etc., etc." I've heard them all.

Now the very fact that there are so many objections should dramatize one point. And that is, there can be no exact formula that fits all people, all sections of the country and all circumstances. And yet we *can* use this mythical budget, if we take it as a working standard from which one can indicate some of the *types of problems* that arise in budgets reflecting different conditions or higher incomes.

Take Mrs. G., a client of mine. She used the above chart as a basis for arriving at a financial arrangement with her husband. He made $5,000 a year above taxes. But the couple, though they had no savings, did own a house free of mortgage. The house was small and the monthly consumption of fuel was only $15, taxes only $10. She was willing to accept close to the above budget in settlement, with addition of fuel and taxes. Since she received title to the house from her husband and so had no rent, the remainder of the money allocated in my "normal" budget to rent could (and should) go to her husband. It did.

Another divorcée, Mrs. H., whose husband's take-home pay was $100 a week, also received the house in settlement. However, she was chronically ill: her doctor bills averaged $40 a month, and a $30-a-month mortgage remained on the house. Thus, her husband was not able to benefit appreciably by the fact that she had no rent to be paid. The only saving she could offer on her part was to forego some of her clothes allowance and her hair dresser, not inconsiderable sacrifices for a woman.

A third case concerned a husband who owned a mortgage-free farm with an annual net income of $5,200 after expenses. The divorcing wife wished to live in the city. There were no children. The farmer had no rent or bus fares or tailor to pay. On the other hand, city rents precluded obtaining a decent apartment for less than $110 a month. So the farmer, who felt that under these circumstances he had more than enough for himself, arbitrarily added $30 to his wife's rent allotment and also upped her miscellaneous item by $10.

Again let us (still taking our minimal budget as a basis) see what other variations there may be. A child? Or more? In what way does this affect the alimony situation?

Under most circumstances, the child remains with the mother when there is a separation; hence, all increases must be made on her side of the ledger. The estimated average cost of a child is $1,000 per annum. Thus, it will be seen that, if again we take 5,000 tax-free dollars as the minimal annual income which allows divorce for a childless couple, the estimate must be revised upward $1,000 for every child.

THOSE COPA GIRLS
by Jimmy Durante
An absorbing picture story that reveals surprising facts about the glamorous Copacobana chorus girls and how they really live, told by a great entertainer. In May Coronet.

I know that many readers will find fault, not only with the small amounts I have had to allocate for various items, but also because I have left out certain items which they consider vital. I maintain, nevertheless, that until one's income is higher, all other considerations must go by the board. However, as income increases, such items as vacations, dentists, life insurance, theaters, cars, restaurants, home entertainment, beauty parlors, camps, toys and so forth can be added.

In making a fair alimony contract, I think a sliding scale, based on the man's financial ups and downs, and with a definite ceiling, is very helpful in certain cases. It can allay the difficulties of a bleak financial present by holding the promise of better times in the future. And many women, who would not otherwise settle for reasonable amounts, are persuaded to by this device.

And, of course, where there is a ceiling, there is a floor. Thus, the wife can be protected against the financial downs of her ex-husband and share to some extent in his ups. The husband, in his turn, can be protected from lifelong exploitation by making sure the ceiling and floor on the scale are absolutely just.

Many husbands and wives fear to bring their disputes into court because of what they feel may be unfair decisions by the judge. I would like to reassure them on that point. Alimony is a vital necessity in a country whose courts are faced with granting 400,000 divorces a year. The judges who sit on these cases are experienced, mature and humane. If you are honest with them, they will bend over backwards to see that the best possible disposition of the finances is made.

But, even at best, a judge's lot is not easy. In making an alimony decision, he must take into consideration such factors as the length of marriage, age of parties, their health, wife's potential earning capacity, amount of life insurance carried, etc. He must finally bring into balance a great array of factors which in themselves are often contradictory. If, added to his burden, he has to do with the glowering secretiveness of hostile witnesses, justice and wisdom are made difficult indeed.

Although I started my chart of the fair amount of alimony with a childless couple, I need not emphasize that, in peaceful negotiation of a settlement, uppermost in all minds should be the children. The emotionalism engendered when wives try to gouge husbands for more than they can pay or when husbands try to avoid their financial obligations is not only unpleasant for the couple—it is tragic for the children.

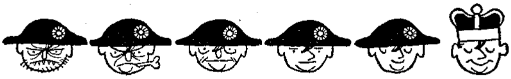
It has been my experience that women are more motivated than men to use children as pawns when matrimony has turned to acrimony. They're apt to rationalize their punitive motives and feel that excessive demands are "for the good of the children." In their excess of maternal self-righteousness, they are often blinded to the fact that the good of the children cannot be purchased by the economic destruction of the breadwinning ex-husbands.

I know Mrs. J.C. who, several years ago, sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery. The couple had three children and Mrs. C., conspiring both with her husband's love of his children and his excessive contriteness, managed to wheedle a separation agreement giving her $7,500 a year, him $1,200. She had told him that if he would not agree to this, she would not allow him to visit the children at all.

When Mr. C. several months later woke to the gross injustice of the agreement, his lawyer took the case to court and won a far wiser distribution of income and visiting privileges which Mr. C., though not aware of it, need not have abandoned in the first place.

In summary, fairness in the matter of alimony, support and maintenance makes it possible for men and women to rebuild their lives without the constant reminder of former marital disaster. An equitable alimony settlement will eliminate the necessity of continuing expensive litigation or modifying the alimony decree. And it will also make unnecessary the use of that abomination in our civilization, the alimony jail.

News-Wise



NEWS-SLANTING is as ancient as newspapers themselves. A classic illustration was a French paper's successive headlines reporting Napoleon's escape from Elba and his return to Paris:

"The Corsican Monster Has Landed in the Gulf of Juan."
"The Cannibal Is Marching Toward Grasse."
"The Usurper Has Entered Grenoble."
"Bonaparte Has Entered Lyons."
"Napoleon Is Marching Toward Fontainebleau."
"His Imperial Majesty Is Expected Tomorrow in Paris."

—WALTER WINCHELL

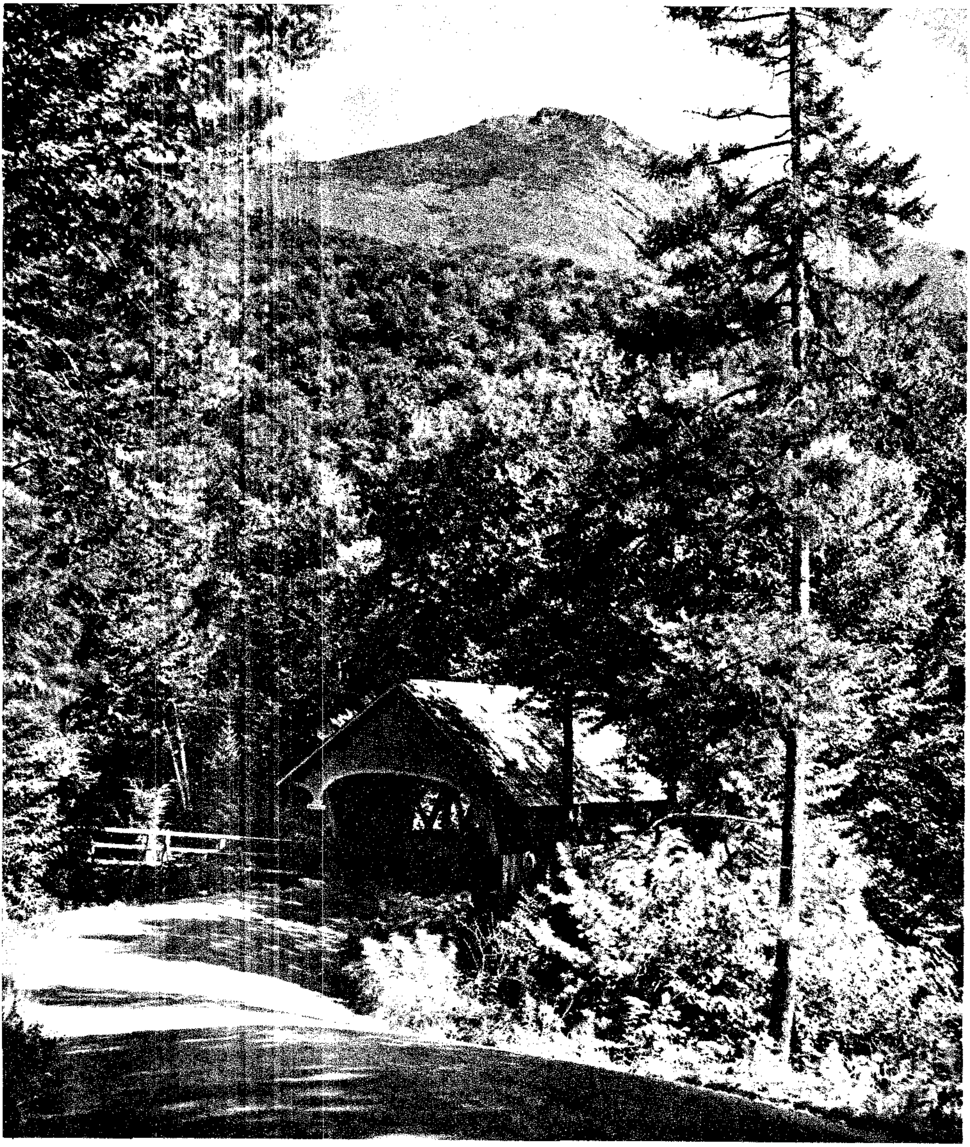
Roads to Romance

The Western World—blessed with a magnificent variety of climate, mood and terrain—offers ideal adventure and vacation pleasures. On this page is one glimpse of America—the Blue Ridge Parkway, winding through Virginia and North Carolina countrysides.

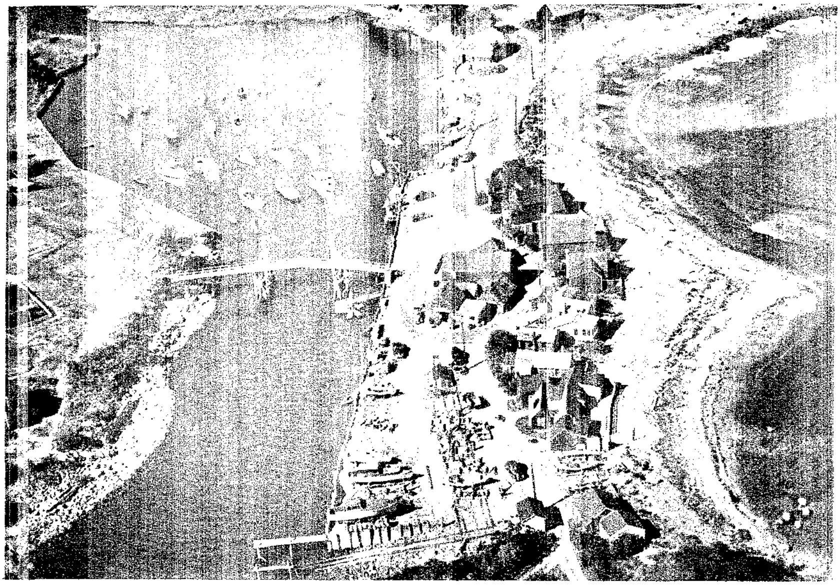
Along the rugged coast of Quebec's colorful Gaspé region, fishermen load carts.

CANADA, OUR ENTERPRISING NEIGHBOR, provides appealing backgrounds for a wide range of interests. Sportsmen hunt caribou, grizzly bear and pheasants in its vast forests; fish in its silver streams—the province of Ontario alone has 250,000 lakes; ski or climb in the Canadian Rockies or the resplendent Laurentian Mountains. The devout make pilgrimages of beautiful religious shrines, like Ste. Anne de Beaupré, while other travelers enjoy the cosmopolitan environs of cities like Toronto and Montreal, where English and French cultures merge.

Silhouettes at twilight: Ottawa's Parliament Buildings.

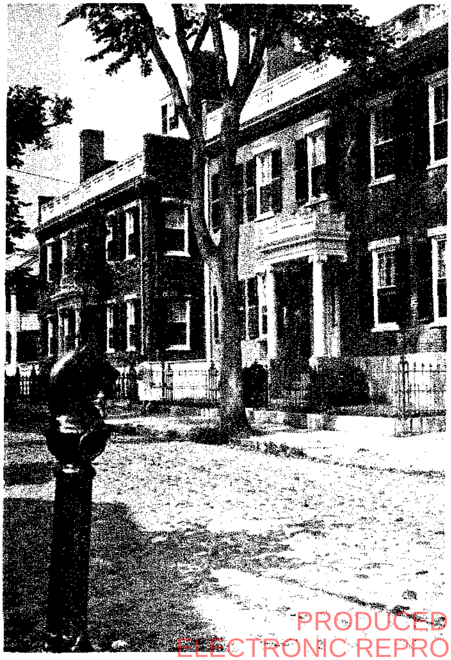


Old covered bridges, like this one in New Hampshire's beautiful Pemigewasset River Valley, are as characteristic of New England scenery as salt-box houses, craggy coastline and rolling hills—birthplace of the hardy, self-reliant Yankee.

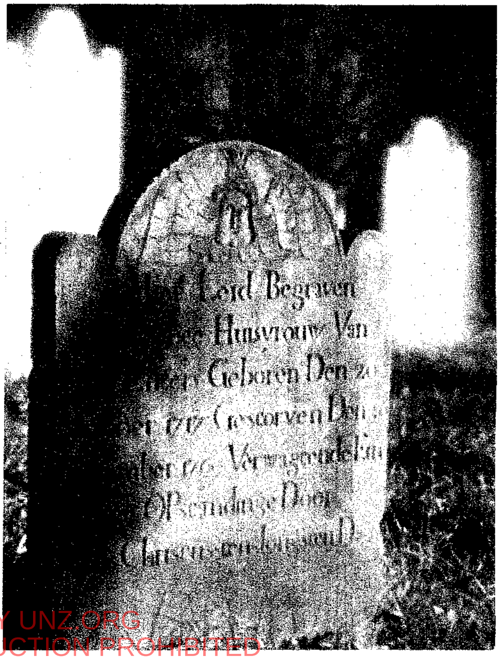


Within its boundaries, Maine contains majestic woods, inviting lakes, and picturesque harbors and coast resorts, such as Ogunquit (*above*). Here, fisherman and artist, each with his own tools and craft, seek to capture Nature's bounty.

Nantucket's stately mansions of early American architecture recall the old romantic days of Massachusetts whalers.



New York State's early Dutch settlers left a rich legacy, which includes Manhattan and the legends of Sleepy Hollow.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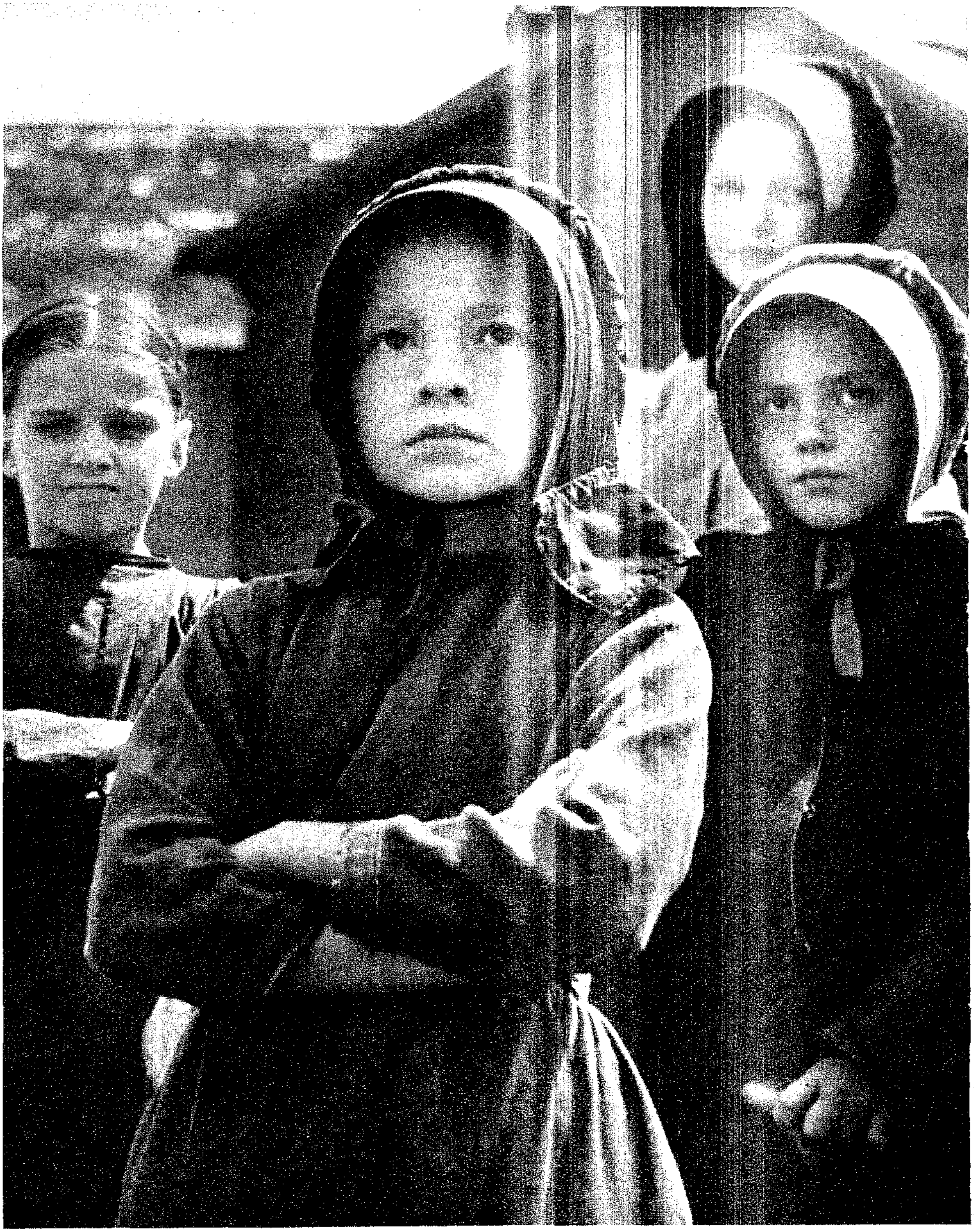
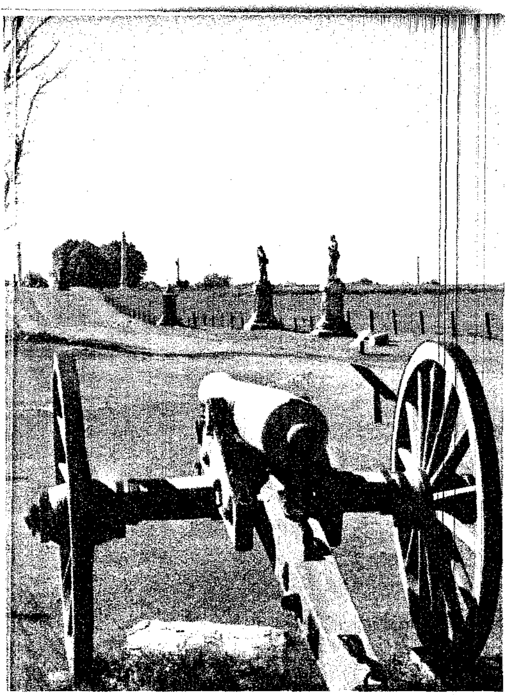
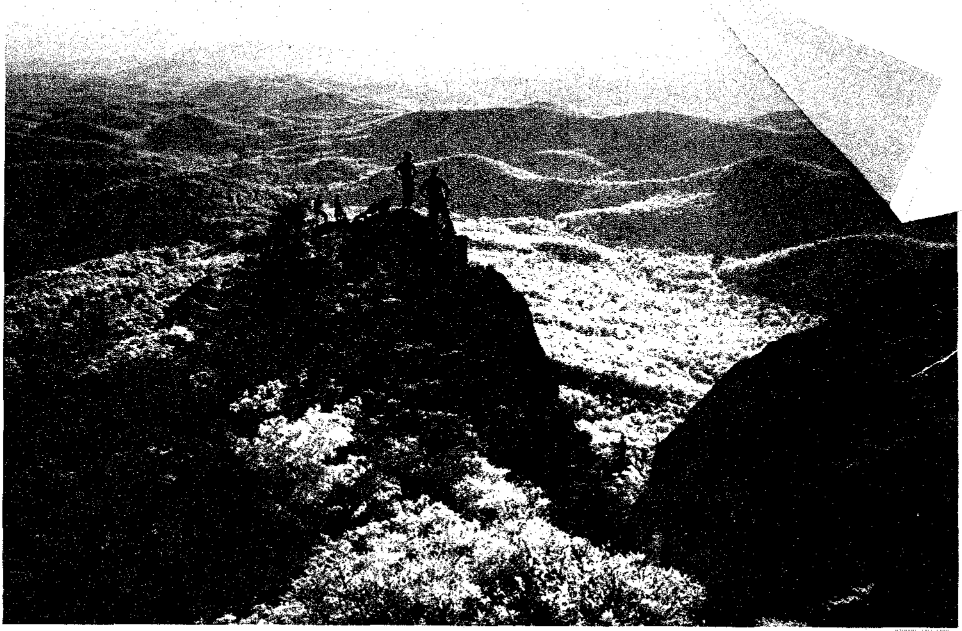


In Pennsylvania and Maryland live the industrious "Plain People," of Amish and Mennonite beliefs. They disdain worldliness and cling to a simple life in rural areas. Despite severity of design, their clothes are often dazzlingly gay in color.



American battlefields—like Pennsylvania's Valley Forge and Gettysburg, and Maryland's Antietam (*right*)—are part of a rich historical heritage, to which millions of Americans pay homage each year, while cannons stand mute guard.

Sprawling over nearly 700 miles of watery wilderness, Georgia's famed Okefenokee Swamp serves as a wildlife refuge today. Festoons of Spanish moss and sluggish alligators combine to heighten its mysterious, time-forgotten atmosphere.



Ruggedly beautiful is the mountain country of North Carolina, overlooking lakes and pine forests. Here in the leisurely South, a sense of timelessness prevails. Hunting, fishing and resting are popular pastimes with both natives and visitors.

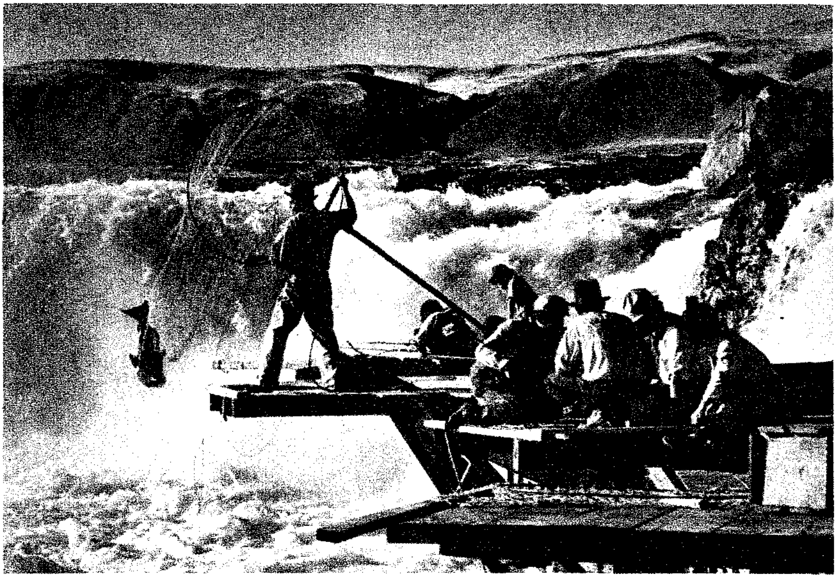
The South displays its beautifully landscaped and lovingly-cared-for gardens to guests, with justifiable pride. Outstanding among them is "Morven," near Charlottesville, Virginia, open to the public during Garden Week, April 23-30.

With fabulous multi-million-dollar hotels crowding its coastline, Miami Beach—celebrating its 40th anniversary this year—continues to gain in popularity as an all-year-round resort for sun-lovers.

The Sunshine Skyway, 15 miles of causeway and bridge across the bay at St. Petersburg, has proven a great timesaver for auto travelers down the West Coast of Florida. At Sarasota, home of the circus, is the famed Ringling Museum of Art.

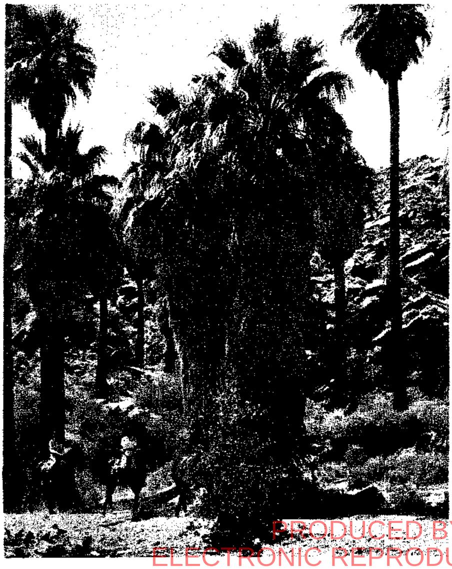
Chicago—metropolis of the Midwest—offers big-city entertainment and shopping in its downtown "Loop" section, sports events in four stadiums, swimming along its lake-front beaches, and thick steaks fresh from its famous stockyards.

The wide open spaces of the Central Northwest are typified by this sheepherding scene in Montana. In this region, sightseeing and fun-making join hands with sports in resorts like Sun Valley, Colorado Springs, Las Vegas, Yellowstone National Park.

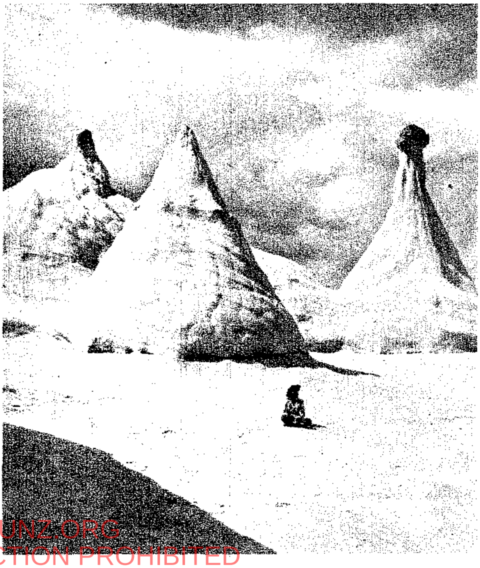


Water dominates activities on the Pacific Coast, with salmon fishing, swimming, water skiing, sailing and logrolling. Skiing continues down Mount Hood's snowy slopes in Oregon until July, and San Francisco's cosmopolitan lures beckon brightly.

Southern California offers a coastline chain of sandy beaches—and desert oases like Palm Springs, flooded with sun . . .

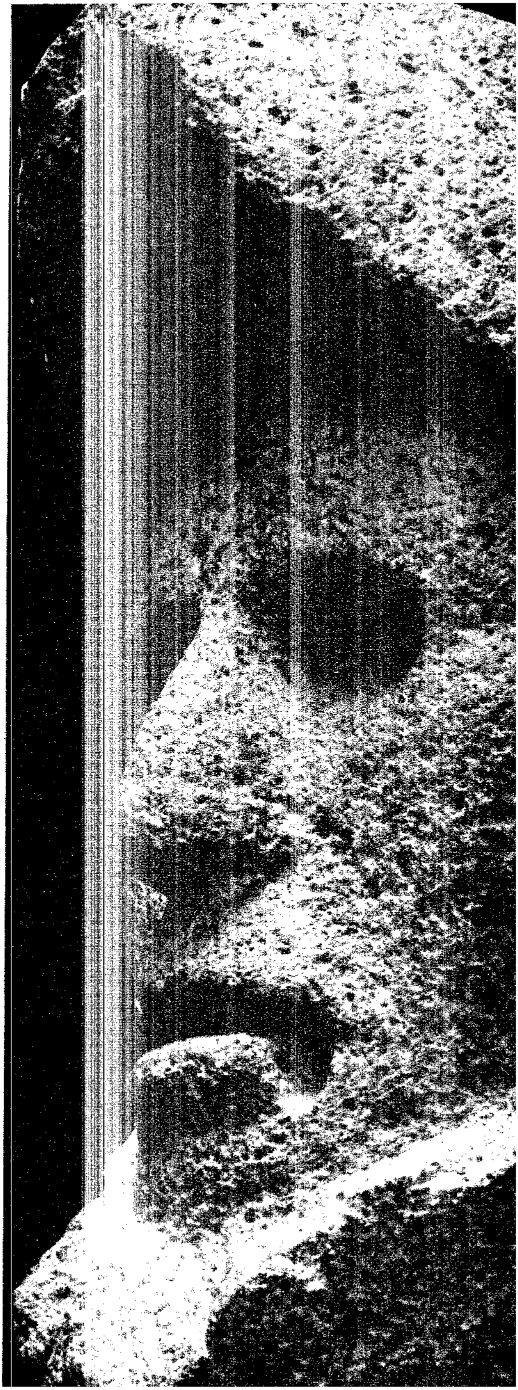


. . . while in the Southwest, Nature's scenic wonders, such as Arizona's rock formations, abound in subtle colors.



Havana's fabulous nightclubs are only part of Cuba's charms. This friendly, romantic country teems with excitement, gay hues, and rhumba beats. In the blue waters of Varadero Beach, you can enjoy big-game fishing . . .

. . . while farther east in the Caribbean, the Bahamas present a piquant combination of New and Old Worlds. The horses below are exercised in the surf to toughen leg muscles. A warm, pleasant temperature invites water fun in any season here.



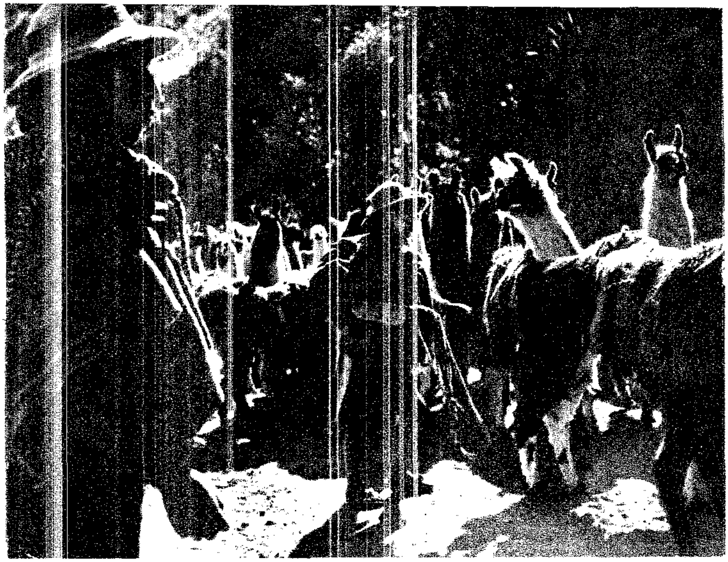
Ancient Aztec sculpture, like the stone head of a warrior shown here, contrasts vividly with the progressive atmosphere of modern day Mexico. Gleaming in the golden sun, pyramids and skyscrapers are brilliant spectacles in this climate of exotic enchantment, set to pulsating Latin rhythms.

The Dominican Republic's ultramodern buildings, palmed beaches, and semi-tropical breezes confirm Columbus' enthusiastic report of the region: "There is no fairer land."

The spectacular scenery of Guatemala includes Mayan and Spanish ruins, dormant—and active—volcanoes, blue lakes, rugged mountains and beautiful old churches like this one *(right)*.

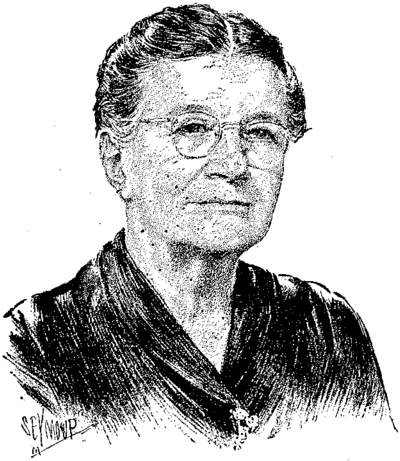
Jamaica celebrates 300 years as a British possession this year. Funmaking is planned for every month in this unique isle, which boasts a Caribbean flavor all its own.

In Panama, people and goods from the whole world cross paths. Indians of nearby San Blas Islands—where strangers must leave at sunset—wear gold nose rings and vivid colors.



Peru, land of the llama (*above*), promises a springlike season all year round. Its attractions include fascinating Inca relics and art treasures, antique silver and the chromatic Indian market at Huancayo. . . .

. . . and Chile, farther down the South American coast, contains perfect playlands—crystal lakes for trout fishing, mountains for skiing, delightful beaches—typical oases on the Western Hemisphere's roads to romance.



Her Name Is Saint Amant

by ANNE FROMER

A courageous woman brings help and love to children who can understand nothing else

MRS. BEATRICE ST. AMANT was doing an outsize washing in the cellar of her rambling, 50-year-old frame home in Transcona, a town near Winnipeg, Canada, not long ago. As she lifted a double armful of laundry into the tub, she collapsed.

In the hospital, doctors gave her the verdict: heart attack . . . and at least six weeks in bed. Three days later, Mrs. St. Amant got up and started to dress. A doctor ordered her back to bed.

"I'm going home," Mrs. St. Amant said.

"I won't be responsible for your life if you do that," warned the doctor. "You're 66 and you've had a severe heart attack."

"Well," answered Mrs. St. Amant, "I've had three attacks before and I'm still alive. Besides, I have 20 children at home—they need me." And she walked out of the hospital.

The children who waited at home for Mrs. St. Amant were not hers. They were not even children in the sense that happy parents understand that term.

There were no words of greeting for her because few of the children—ranging in age from two to ten years—can speak. Only six can walk.

They are tragic fragments of humanity described by medical science as "deficient children" . . . children whose brains stopped developing somewhere in the pre-birth process . . . children who literally will never grow up.

One of these children was Baby Susan. She appeared normal at birth, and her parents were unwilling to believe their doctor's verdict that Susan was not like other children. But the weeks and months brought small yet tragic bits of evidence that the doctor was right.

At an age when babies begin to take an obvious interest in their surroundings, to reach for toys, to smile when played with, Susan remained pathetically unaware of the things going on around her. At the age when other babies struggle to sit up, Susan seemed content to lie still.

Long past the time when most children are speaking their first words, Susan gave her parents momentary hope by learning to nod her head for "yes." But she could not seem to progress beyond that small milestone of development.

All too soon other tragic portents appeared. Susan's body and head grew—but her arms and legs remained pitifully infantile. She was quite unable to develop normal attainments like feeding herself and walking.

Because of some little-understood functional mishap in her pre-birth development, Susan was destined to live in a dim, impenetrable world of her own, and never to grow beyond the mental age of two years.

The world hears little about such children, although they are not by any means rare. They can be born to parents of every color and race, regardless of intellectual or economic standing.

The problems presented by the birth of a subnormal child are so overwhelming that, no matter how honestly and lovingly parents try to face them, almost always the only solution has seemed to be to deny the existence of the child and conceal it. Some parents, however, go to the other extreme and devote their lives to the heartbreaking task of caring for the forlorn infant.

Why, when one such child can blight and even break families, has Beatrice St. Amant undertaken to be the mother of more than a hundred such children—20 or more at a time—during the past 15 years?

The answer is a part of the reason why she was able, after an almost fatal heart attack, to return to tasks which would tax a robust young woman. "I have found what I must do with my life," she said recently, "and God will not let me die until there are others to take over the task. Do not forget that my only child, also, was not as other children."

MRS. ST. AMANT was born Beatrice Cyr on the Gaspé coast of Quebec Province. After training as a school teacher, she taught for six years in Quebec and then accepted a post in St. Jean-Baptiste. There she met and married a promising young man named St. Amant.

When her baby, Gerard, was ten months old she lost her husband. Five years after this tragedy, she discovered that her son was an epileptic.

"To support myself and my child, I had to go back to teaching school," Mrs. St. Amant recalls. "I thought I would have little difficulty in finding a place where children such as Gerard were cared for—but there just was no such place."

She began to wonder about other mothers of epileptic children—women who had to support themselves but who could find no institution, no homes or nurseries where such handicapped children could receive the special care and supervision they needed.

"Suddenly it came to me," she says, "that I could take care of other helpless children along with my own."

Mrs. St. Amant sold the modest

home her husband had left her, using the money as a down payment on a rambling farmhouse in nearby Transcona. The Grey Nuns Order helped her finance the essential renovations and the Manitoba Provincial Government gave her permission to operate what officials designated a "temporary hospital."

Soon, parents hearing of her home, brought to her children who were not epileptics—children on whom medical science has fastened nightmarish names: Mongoloids, cretins, low-grade morons, imbeciles. Family doctors usually attempt to soften these unpleasant terms to words like mentally deficient or subnormal.

WHY WASTE MONEY ON BIG WEDDINGS?

A provocative article on a subject that will interest all engaged couples, as well as their families. In May Coronet.

The first two were five and six years old, but they had scarcely developed—except in size—since birth. They had to be carried, fed and clothed like babies.

"When I took the first one into my arms and spoke to her, there was no response," Mrs. St. Amant remembers. "Her eyes did not light up, and she didn't even cry as children sometimes do when held by a stranger. It was as though I didn't exist. She didn't cry, either, when her parents left. It was the first time in my life I had felt such pity, such a need to give love."

So, very soon after she opened her "temporary" home, its rooms started to be filled with children. One of these was Betty. Her parents had had two normal sons before she was born, and they were overjoyed when the third child was a girl. But Betty was only a few weeks old when their doctor asked her mother and father to call at his office.

"I think I'd better tell you this without mincing words," the doctor said. "The baby isn't right. I'm afraid there is absolutely no doubt that she's what we call a subnormal baby—her faculties will never develop much beyond infancy."

That was how Betty came to Mrs. St. Amant. The doctor was all in favor of the parents visiting her regularly. "But," he warned, "for your own sakes, please don't expect a miracle."

"But it *was* a miracle that happened," her mother says. "Betty responded to Mrs. St. Amant's constant love far beyond the doctor's—or our—hopes. By the time she was five, she had learned to walk and even to say a few words.

"Then, one Sunday, we visited the home at dinner time. There was Betty, radiantly proud, seated at the table with Mrs. St. Amant, two of her assistants and the only other patient who could feed himself. Betty had even learned to pronounce his name. She pointed her spoon at him and said clearly, 'Jackie.' "

Jackie was another child who was making progress at Mrs. St. Amant's after having been sent there by the Grey Nuns Order.

Although doctors regard the development of Betty and Jackie as remarkable for children of this type, Mrs. St. Amant herself feels no special elation at having made it possible. On the contrary, she is saddened by the fact that all her children do not improve to the same degree—an attitude which totally disregards the medical verdict.

The truth is that all her children have improved—because she has unconsciously discovered and applied the one therapy that can help them—love. Children who cannot understand words, or the coming of night and day, or even the nature of the simple toys they cling to, nevertheless respond to the one means of communication which can penetrate their darkness—love.

NORMALLY, the day begins at seven for Mrs. St. Amant and the two or three girls who help her. The children are lifted from their beds to be washed and changed—and some of them are as heavy as any other nine- or ten-year-olds. Then, most of them have to be fed breakfast by hand.

After lunch, the children who are not permanent bed-cases are taken outside to play—under supervision, for their own protection, since their behavior is unpredictable. The children eat again at four, and have biscuits and milk before they go to sleep. The feedings are never casual, and each child receives close, individual attention.

Parents of the children pay what they can afford; sometimes parents who are farmers contribute fruits and vegetables. But for most children, whose parents are not able to pay anything at all, the provincial government contributes $2.25 a day (about one-fourth of the minimum cost of patients in other institutions).

Mrs. St. Amant's arduous life is one that few women would embrace voluntarily, fewer find the strength to continue. She herself smiles off praise.

"I have many rewards," she insists, "and the greatest of these has been my son. After having been an epileptic all his life, he is now so improved that he has not had an attack for the last seven years. Is that not reward enough for any mother?"

Show World

ANNOYED BY the empty popcorn boxes that littered his theater after the Saturday matinees, the manager of a Southern movie house decided to take steps. Numbering each box of popcorn, he announced that there would be a prize for the holder of the lucky number, drawn when the show was over. Thereafter, as the children left the theater they showed their boxes, the winner collected his prize, and the boxes ended up outside in a receptacle. —HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU (*Rotarian*)

WHEN AN ACTOR playing on a radio serial takes his vacation, it poses a problem to the writer of the script. One had a leading character held for ransom by confidence men for two weeks. On another show the heroine was captured by savages and held in a cave gagged and bound, for her vacation period. This lady was ingeniously kept in the script, however. At intervals over the two weeks it called for her to moan with pain. These moans were rendered into the microphone by another actress in free moments. —THOMAS WHITESIDE, *The Relaxed Sell* (Oxford University Press)

This Was Texas

ONE OLD TEXAS COUPLE had lived together happily for 50 years—until the wife began reading "health hints" in the newspaper and decided coffee was bad for her husband's digestion. Day after day she nagged him to give up the habit, but without success. Finally, exasperated, she told him: "Hank, if you don't quit drinking coffee, I'll leave you!"

He looked at her in bewildered silence for a full minute, then replied sadly: "Honey, I'm really gonna miss you."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF TEXAS, marriage out in the vast range lands presented something of a problem—particularly the matter of securing a license. A young cowboy and the lady of his choice showed up at the minister's late one Saturday night, without the necessary paper. The minister told them he could not marry them until they got one.

Both were disappointed. The cowboy looked at the girl, then turned back to the minister and asked hopefully: "Couldn't you just say a few words that will tide us over till then?"

FEW DIVERSIONS from the hardships of the frontier were available in the old days, which is probably why many Texans acquired the tobacco habit at an early age.

A lady newly arrived from the East was walking along the street one evening when she saw a small boy leaning rakishly against a post smoking a cigarette. Horrified, she approached him and demanded: "Young man, does your father know that you smoke?"

The youngster took a long drag, then looked up at her out of the corners of his eyes and countered slyly: "Lady, does your husband know that you speak to strange men on the street?"

AFTER A CIVIL CASE between two cattlemen had been argued in central Texas, the judge took it under advisement. Leaving the courtroom, one cattleman said to his lawyer: "I think I'll send the judge a box of cigars."

"No, no!" the lawyer warned. "He might take it as an attempt to bribe him—and decide against you! If he rules in your favor, then it will be time enough to send him the cigars."

A few weeks later the lawyer called him in and congratulated him on winning his case. "Now you can send the judge that box of cigars."

"I sent them the day after the trial," the cattleman grinned. "Only I put the other feller's name in the box."

—ROSS PHARES, *Texas Tradition*
(Henry Holt & Co., Inc.)

When JO STAFFORD Sings

Her soft and sentimental voice carries a special message for kids and grownups everywhere

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

IT WAS 11 A. M. and the stage show at New York's Paramount Theater was in full swing. Tommy Dorsey's band was playing, the Nicholas Brothers were tap-dancing furiously, and the audience of 3,000 was squealing with delight.

Suddenly the dancers stopped. One of them held up his hand and signaled for the spotlight. Amid dead silence, the spot moved to a fat girl in blue, seated high in the rear of the stage. Her head was bowed and she was snoring delicately, sound asleep.

The roars of laughter woke the girl up. She blushed to her hairline, tried a sickly smile, and fell over sideways in a dead faint.

"Sometimes maybe I get too relaxed," says Jo Stafford of that 1941 incident.

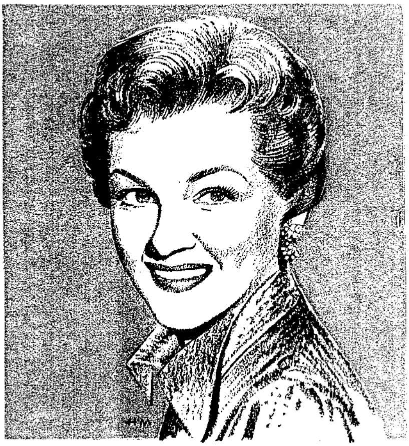
Due to this genius for casual unwinding, the carrot-topped, freckle-faced, 38-year-old woman, who looks something like a plump housewife and has a contralto voice like a drink of mountain spring water, is without doubt the leading female singer of American popular songs.

At home in her $100,000 Brentwood, California, hilltop farmhouse-mansion, Jo Stafford is a puttering wife and mother who entertains friends constantly, studies Elizabethan history avidly and personally takes care of her first child, 2-year-old Timothy John. She rarely sings there, except for her own pleasure.

In public, faultlessly gowned and poised, her precise musicianship has enabled her to sell more than 25,000,000 records from 1939 to 1954, and acquire a world-wide audience estimated at 350,000,000 people. Since 1945, her limpid voice has earned her well over $3,000,000.

Her versatility is such that she is affectionately regarded as a "musician's singer," equally at home as a ballad crooner, a bop singer, a blues moaner, a folk-song expert, a novelty-tune cutup, a semi-classic purist, a hymn singer or a hillbilly comedienne.

Her first smash hit recording was *Tim-Tay-Shun*, a burlesque about an unhappy love affair, done by a backwoods group headed by one Red Ingle. Minutes before they



were to record, their vocalist disappeared. The frantic leader pounced on Jo as she passed by and persuaded her to substitute.

The ditty became an all-time classic, which has sold nearly 2,000,000 copies. Jo cautiously preferred to be credited as "Cinderella G. Stump" on the recording.

Jo likes to sing sentimental songs without frills. She thinks it is this approach which captivates most of her listeners—as in the case of the smash hit, *Keep It a Secret.* "I sang it like the *Tennessee Waltz*, only backwards," she says thoughtfully.

She defends her tendency to relax at unexpected moments by declaring: "After all, the voice is just a muscle that has to rest."

The words "simplicity" and "honesty" occur often in discussions of Jo Stafford's singing. She herself says: "I sing songs as I see them, the way they are written—in the mood as well as the words and melody. I'm not a stylist or a personality, I'm a voice, singing."

This ability to translate emotional values into tonal expression has given Jo a unique reputation for singing church music that has been accorded no other vocalist. One of her records, *Whispering Hope*, a duet with Gordon MacRae, has sold a phenomenal 1,300,000 copies.

Having handled classics and corn with equal ease and at such widely separated points as the White House, the Hollywood Bowl and London's celebrated Palladium, she has also been the sole singer to have a U.S. Embassy reception as "ambassadress-without-portfolio."

This stemmed from the fact that from 1949 to 1953, Jo made more than 400 broadcasts for Radio Luxembourg and the Voice of America, two of the chief broadcasters beamed over Europe and through the Iron Curtain. In 1952, Luxembourg's audience, which fans out over a dozen countries and is estimated at 150,000,000, voted Stafford their favorite female singer. The Voice regards Jo's patter and singing as one of its most valuable assets.

DESPITE her tremendous success and popularity, it is sheer agony for Jo to make a personal appearance. Behind a microphone, before a camera or in a group she is easy as an old shoe. On stage alone, she is beset with the shakes. Not even the enormous success of her 15-minute TV program has made her lose the torture of revealing herself.

"What Jo never was," says a good friend, "was an entertainer. She was a singer, first and last."

Josephine Elizabeth Stafford was born of Tennessee hill-country parents whose ancestors go back to 16th-century England. "I'm Irish, English, Scotch," Jo explains, "and maybe a couple of others tossed in.”

Her mother, Anna York (second cousin to World War I hero, Sgt. Alvin York), and her father, Grover Cleveland Stafford, were married in their late teens in a village called Gibson's Hollow. Jo was the third of four girls: Christine, Pauline, Jo and Betty Jane.

Jo herself was born at Lease 35, California—a tract of land near Coalinga that has no other name—in November, 1917. Her father was an oil-field worker and Jo grew up with more than the usual difficulty. She was plump as a chicken dumpling and through her myopic eyes the world was a fuzzy, distasteful place. She had trouble learning anything at school and, though naturally eager to make girl-friends, she rarely had many.

THREE FAITHS ANSWER THE UNBELIEVER
In a challenging article, Coronet presents the response of a Protestant, a Catholic, and a Jewish churchman to questions frequently asked by the agnostic.
In May Coronet

The Stafford family was a homogenous one, however, chiefly because of its musical talents. Anna Stafford could play the five-string backwoods banjo and sing as well. She insisted that her daughter take piano and singing.

“Dad could sing some real mean harmony,” Jo recalls, “and Mother, who used to call square dances around Gainesboro, taught us *Cindy*, *Chicken in the Dough Pan* and a lot of others that never had names.”

Out of this heritage and her own yearnings, Jo became famous for her folk-song interpretations. After singing a pioneering album that sold a respectable 45,000 copies, she established the Jo Stafford Prize for American Folklore—$300 given yearly to college students in that field.

At the age of two, Jo's sisters Chris and Pauline taught her to sing the durable lyrics of *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?* followed by *Margie* and *Peggy O'Neill* at four. She developed a range of about 13 notes in the next ten years.

In high school, Jo was fitted with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. “You wouldn't believe the way the world cleared up,” she says. “I had been going around all these years thinking that everything looked like a cheap tweed suit in a lint factory.”

Jo, five feet three then, weighed nearly 185 pounds. She did not particularly mind, though her lack of boy friends was inevitable.

She sang at banquets with her sisters for $5 per night. She was in the high school glee club and cornered all the solo parts. She took four years of operatic training at her mother's urging and says, “I owe most of what I have right now to those years.” At 16, she sang *Caro Nome* from “Rigoletto” creditably.

In 1936, the sisters joined a Hollywood program of hillbillies called The Crockett Family of Kentucky; but when Pauline and Chris married, Jo went on her own.

About this time a cheerful chap named Paul Weston, an arranger for Tommy Dorsey's band, came West to do some shows. One of the King Sisters told him he should hear a group called The Pied Pipers. Weston and some friends had the vocalists over for a sing-fest in their apartment, seven men and a girl—who was Jo.

"The singing fractured us," says Weston. "It was the first time we had ever heard voices arranged the way orchestras do music. It was so good it was way ahead of its time."

High above all the voices, of course, was that of dumpling Jo. This did not impress Weston at the time; what did amaze him was how hungry the group seemed to be. The Pied Pipers were indeed hungry to the point of desperation. "We lived on peanut butter sandwiches and stale telephone calls," Jo says.

This was despite her credit in the special world of pro musicians. "Anybody who heard Jo knew how well she could sing," says Weston. "Her voice is the best group lead I've ever heard. It takes over and molds the quality of the rest."

On Weston's recommendation, Dorsey ordered the Pipers to report to New York for his new radio show. They made it across the continent in a dilapidated sedan and got a heavenly ten weeks of work.

Afterward, the Pipers went back to peanut butter and telephones. Their number dropped from eight to three, and Jo. But they grimly hung on, rehearsing daily, until Dorsey had a new show out of Chicago and the quartet joined him once more.

When the band hit the one-night-stand trail across the country, Jo tagged along, always faithful, occasionally getting the chance to fill in. In 1941, she sang her first record that got attention, *Little Man with the Candy Cigar*.

When she left the rugged band routine, she did odd singing jobs for radio and records. Weston had organized his own band, and, by 1943, Jo was singing solo standouts with it. Weston's unusual backings, filled with strings and voices, gave her the impetus she needed.

In 1944, Jo appeared as a single on Johnny Mercer's Music Shop program for 26 weeks and was signed by Capitol Records to record (she stayed with Capitol for seven years and then, in 1950, signed a five-year contract with Columbia).

Hearing Jo humming *The Nightingale*, a tune her mother had taught her, Weston advised her to record it. She agreed—if he would do the accompaniment. Up to that time, folk songs had been accompanied only by the traditional guitar; Weston brought up a full orchestra to the huzzas of the critics and Jo was launched on still another career. From 1945 on, Jo and her voice went forward.

WHEN Mike Nidorf became Jo's manager, one of his first feats was to book her into New York's Cafe Martinique. Jo appeared, all 185 pounds of her, in a flowing gown and sang to the astonishment and displeasure of the patrons.

"It was, to say the least, a flop," says Weston, who attended the opening. Jo did not know how to handle her lines, her hands or anything except her songs. One critic called her "an overstuffed bobby-soxer."

This kind of criticism did Jo's diminutive psyche no good, in spite of the fact that Nidorf pointed out that Kate Smith had made her mark at twice the weight. It did start her reducing, though. She was also received into the Roman Catholic Church. She had been, as she says, "half-cowboy and half-Indian" long enough; she wanted a secure haven in the midst of her growing success.

Her records were booming in sales, her voice was a trademark on radio, and that was almost enough. Jo commuted between Hollywood and New York, seeing Weston occasionally, corresponding with him constantly. Somewhere along the way they fell in love.

In 1952, they were married. Late that year, Jo had her first child. "I want two more as soon as possible," she says. For the first time in her life, working and living closely with the man who backs her up musically and psychologically, she is happy.

She sets herself rigid standards. In rehearsal, she will frankly admit where she was flat or off-beat and request a re-run.

"A person of great musical integrity, good taste and sincerity," Nidorf says, "she is one of the most unemotional persons in a completely emotional business."

A classic example of Jo's imperturbability came when she was overdue for her baby. No rushing to the hospital for her. While Weston waited frantically in the car, Jo took a shower and carefully changed to her smartest ensemble.

Since 1945, Jo has been the most consistent female pop-singer in virtually every medium. "Kids like her because she represents romance," says Weston. "The next generation likes her because she gives them a sense of escape; the next likes the way she creates memories; and the old folks like the spiritual quality in her voice."

Jo merely says that she submerges herself in her song the way a competent actress will lose her own personality in a role.

In the past 11 years, she has cut perhaps 400 records. All of them have done well and some have done very well indeed, such as her recent recording, *Make Love to Me.*

Down to 135 pounds, uninhibited about spectacles, she still retains her ideas about herself. Since her marriage, her baby and her conversion, some think her voice has become warmer and more colorful.

"Nonsense," says Jo. "I've spent years over that thing in my throat, polishing the tones like you rub up ivory. It's just a matter of tightening and relaxing the muscle at the right times."

* * *

What's His Name?

(Answers to quiz on page 37)

1. PERRY Como; 2. FULTON Sheen; 3. JEFFERSON Davis; 4. BYRON Nelson; 5. BOOTH Tarkington; 6. SHERMAN Billingsley; 7. HUGO Black; 8. MARTIN Johnson; 9. HERBERT Hoover; 10. LUDWIG van Beethoven; 11. DUNCAN Phyfe; 12. LEWIS Carroll; 13. ULYSSES Grant; 14. BENNETT Cerf; 15. MILTON Berle; 16. DEAN Acheson; 17. LOUIS Pasteur; 18. DUKE Ellington; 19. LLOYD Douglas; 20. LUTHER Burbank.

The "good sisters" are Man's newest and most efficient weapons in the war against insects

New Bug-Killers for Home and Garden

by Henry Lee

After an unpublicized investment of six years and $1,500,000 in development and field trials from Alabama to Iran, the amazing story of aldrin and dieldrin — new sister miracle-workers for the housewife and backyard farmer—can be told.

These bug-hating chemicals will make kitchens cleaner, lawns greener and vegetable or flower patches infinitely more productive. They will kill mosquitoes, ants, flies, cockroaches, silverfish, even wasps and mud daubers.

Without destroying beneficial organisms in the soil, the twin attackers also will exterminate a host of insects, above and below the surface, from the Japanese beetle grub to the chinch bug.

They can be applied in the conventional forms of dusts, sprays and liquids and also in granular form, impregnated on pulverized tobacco stems. Or they can go right into the ground with the fertilizer or seed, thus saving a whole operation.

Obviously, aldrin and dieldrin (pronounced *awl-drin* and *deel-drin*) are mighty powerful substances. But, inside the house or outside, they can be employed without danger to humans or animals, if proper precautions are taken. Their acceptance for public use came only after protracted Federal and State tests throughout the country.

Aldrin and dieldrin are, literally, "wonder drugs" in science's quiet world-wide fight against insects, which reproduce in fantastic numbers. In the U. S. alone, it is estimated that agricultural losses from pests and disease consume enough crops yearly to feed 10,000,000 people. They eat wood and clothing as well; and, in all, destructive bugs probably cost us at least $4,000,000,000 yearly in damage and control measures.

For the rest of the world, the toll in life, health and food is infinitely higher. Thanks to one genus of mosquito, one person in eight living on our globe suffers from malaria. Insect-borne plagues, malnutrition and outright starvation caused by crop-killing bugs cross national boundaries, with communism trailing close behind.

Already, aldrin and dieldrin have been employed as global troubleshooters by U. S. emissaries of good will from Pakistan to Iraq; and this spring, for the first time, they will be available nationally to the homeowner.

If you are troubled by interior pests like ants, flies and cockroaches, you simply apply an already prepared formulation as a coarse wet spray. You do *not* mist or bomb or use an atomizer. Rather, with a sprayer, you cover baseboards, cracks in floors and walls, and any dark, damp spots favored by insects. *Presto! No more pests.*

The spraying treatment can be applied in kitchens, bathrooms, cellars, closets and other parts of the home where you suspect bugs are lurking. In addition, there is a dust formulation which can be laid in parts of the house inaccessible to children and pets.

For nuisances like mosquitoes, fleas, chiggers and ticks, it is a good idea to attack before they reach the house, by spraying grass, hedges, vegetation and window frames. With ants, you can eliminate the source of the trouble by pouring either wet or dry applications of the chemicals directly into the ant hills.

Or take that ubiquitous pest, the all but indestructible cockroach. While present applications will get at him, research scientists have devised a dream preparation in a new lacquer, containing dieldrin, which can be sprayed like paint on kitchen walls, ceilings and cabinets.

The amazing thing about this lacquer is that in spite of washing and scrubbing, the insecticide will persist in "blooming" on the surface. When roaches crawl over it, the friction causes the dieldrin to rise to the surface, where it kills them. This toxic property will last more than two years! Already the built-in bug killer has been used successfully abroad, and may soon be available in the U. S.

For lawn and flower enthusiasts, aldrin and dieldrin are miraculous new chemical means of combatting outdoor pests. They come in various dry and liquid forms, and even in *pre-treated fertilizer mixtures* that go to work on subterranean bugs. Or, if you prefer, you can yourself mix dieldrin granules with fertilizer or top dressing like compost and top soil.

In general, the actual dieldrin is applied to soil or turf surface at the rate of three pounds per acre, or about an ounce per 1,000 square feet. An ounce of aldrin—about the weight of a silver dollar—will control young grasshoppers on half an acre of field crops, when properly diluted as dust or spray. For varying uses in different parts of the country, charts are available which list the proper dosages.

Under its U. S. Department of Agriculture label acceptance, dieldrin can be used against Japanese beetle grubs, mole crickets, sod webworms, army worms and other pests.

In the granular form, dieldrin is especially deadly to lawn bugs. The consistency of fine sand, it falls immediately to the soil without clinging to foliage, and thus reaches the insects that feed at ground level, like the chinch bug. When the treated area is then drenched with water, the insecticide is carried below ground to kill subsurface pests like the white grub.

In work at the University of Florida Sub-Tropical Experiment Station, dieldrin-treated plots in a Coral Gables lawn averaged less than a chinch bug per test—against more than 20 in untreated plots.

IF YOU LOOK for aldrin or dieldrin, you *won't* find them under their own names. Rather, in hardware and general stores, look for insecticides and fertilizers packaged under such trade names as Black Leaf, Ortho, Real Kill, Lawntrol and Acme. Labels of these nationally distributed brands, as well as others distributed on a regional basis, will note their dieldrin or aldrin content and give full instructions.

For best results, follow the directions carefully. According to one expert, about 70 per cent of all insecticides sold in retail stores are wasted because users ignore the instructions.

Here are a few general tips:

With either "wonder drug," cover the surface uniformly and apply before rain or sprinkling; *not* when soil, turf or lawn is wet. Children and pets should not be allowed on the treated area until the insecticide is washed off the grass into the soil by drenching or sprinkling, and the grass is completely dry. Follow the precautions for handling and spraying.

Though it may seem cheaper, "spot treatment" of insect-plagued parts of lawn or turf is actually poor economy. Drs. D. O. Wolfenbarger and E. G. Kelsheimer of the University of Florida, who made separate tests, say that the entire lawn should be treated.

The best approach is a street or neighborhood cooperative program. If this isn't feasible, a biweekly dieldrin treatment of barrier strips along the borders of your property is recommended to prevent re-infestation from bugs next door.

A flaky, whitish substance in its natural form, dieldrin is more residual than aldrin. That is, it has longer and greater staying power.

This ability can have surprising indirect results. For example, coffee plantations in East Africa have long been harassed by the mealy bug which lives in the branches of the coffee trees. Because of its thick, waxy coat, it resists insecticides; but dieldrin found its Achilles heel.

The mealy bug relies on the ant as its bodyguard. Feeding on a sugary secretion from the bug, the ant in turn protects it from its natural enemies. Application of long-lasting dieldrin destroyed the ants or kept them from the coffee trees, and the unprotected mealy bugs died off.

Aldrin, a brownish, viscous liquid and the more volatile of the bug-hating sisters, has proved itself in the West against the ravenous grasshopper. But when the locust renewed its Biblical plague over the Middle East a few years ago and Iran appealed to us for help—aldrin got its sternest test.

In answer to Iran's plea, we sent planes and sprays—and aldrin accounted for a 100 per cent locust kill within three to four days. Later it fought and conquered the age-old bane in Pakistan and Iraq, and made new friends for the U. S. in a touchy part of the world.

Similarly, dieldrin was getting a world-wide shakedown. With the help of the UN's World Health Organization, the Philippine government sprayed it in dwellings in Northern Luzon to control malarial mosquitoes. Like tests were pursued through the Middle East, in South America and in India.

At home, in one agricultural crisis after another, it has been the same success story against army worms in the Midwest and the boll weevil in the South, where it was found that a pound of aldrin would eliminate that destructive pest on as much as eight acres of young cotton plants.

Acceptance of the two insecticides has been based on slow, patient tests in one state after another on different crops under varying soil and climate conditions. Since their discovery in Denver, Colorado, their sponsor, the Shell Chemical Corporation, has invested some $1,500,000 in getting them on the market. From beginning to end, their creation has been the product of unsubsidized industrial research—and willingness to gamble.

The names dieldrin and aldrin are derived from two German winners of the Nobel prize, who devised the Diels-Alder reaction, a process used in the synthesis of the two chemicals. Actually, their chemical structure should be described like this: dieldrin = 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 10-hexachloro-6, 7, epoxy-1, 4, 4a, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8a-octahydro-1, 4-endo, exo-5, 8-dimethanonaphthalene, and aldrin = 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 10-hexachloro-1, 4, 4a, 5, 8, 8a-hexahydro-1, 4-endo, exo-5, 8-dimethanonaphthalene.

In words anybody can understand, they are economical, triple-threat bug-killers. Insects that touch, eat or even inhale them will die.

Thus, these amazingly versatile sister chemicals help the housewife, the flower grower, the farmer, the consumer, even the have-not nations depleted in health and food crops. They represent the most economical, efficient and decisive way that man has yet devised for dealing with his insect enemies.

There is still another intriguing facet to the story of aldrin and dieldrin.

"Between all the subsoil insects attacking roots and the surface pests that drain vigor, we have never really known what a *perfect* plant should be," an entomologist who has been working for years with the good sisters says almost dreamily. "How big will a tomato grow? How beautiful can a rose become? After thousands of years, we are just beginning to find out."

Theory vs Practice

PERHAPS THE SIMPLEST way to distinguish between theory and practice is to say that theory is *thinking*, while practice is *doing*. Or, as a small boy put it when asked to define agriculture: "Agriculture is something like farming, only farming is doing it."

—MAXWELL DROKE, *The Speaker's Treasury of Anecdotes,* (Grosset & Dunlap Pub.)

Muscles Are Marvelous

by John Pfeiffer

Nature has packed amazing strength into your own "power plant"

A FEW YEARS AGO, part of the grandstand collapsed during a baseball game in a small Pennsylvania town. A ticket taker rushed to the scene, saw a young boy pinned under the wreckage and lifted a large beam so that the youngster could be pulled to safety.

Onlookers did not realize, until the rescue was completed, that the ticket taker, an average-sized man in his late fifties, had lifted a total weight—including the beam and the debris on top of it—of more than 500 pounds.

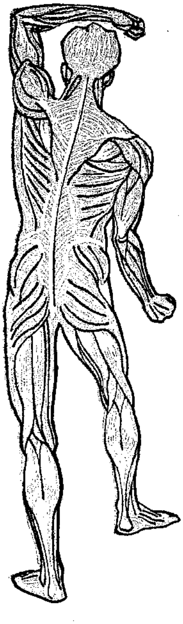
Nature has packed an enormous amount of power into human muscle. But only during emergencies, or in the heat of competition, do we really begin to put our full strength to the test. Professional strong men have trained themselves to lift over 1,000 pounds, the weight of a concert-type grand piano.

The tissues that perform such spectacular feats are composed of special cells—living fibers that pull together in teams. The biceps in your arm, for example, contain hundreds of thousands of fibers, most of them too slender to be seen with the naked eye.

Each fiber is a kind of cable made up of about 2,000 smaller strands called fibrils. Magnified under the electron microscope, the structure of a single fibril appears as a series of fine dark bands, one above the other, like the rungs of a ladder.

But that is not the end of the story. Further analysis reveals that each fibril, in turn, consists of intertwined filaments—long-chain molecules less than two millionths of an inch wide. These ultimate units of muscle are designed with amazing subtlety. Although we speak of "muscles of steel," the popular comparison fails to do justice to the real thing.

Actually, your muscles are more like jelly, being made up of protoplasm, a slushy semifluid which is



75 per cent water. When you relax, fibers and fibrils and filaments form a soft, limp mass. The instant you start doing work, however, they contract and are transformed into a thick, tough elastic substance. Moreover, they can change from jelly to gluey plastic, and back again, hundreds of times a minute.

Unraveling the chemistry of muscle contraction has been one of the great accomplishments of biological research. An important muscle food is glycogen, a starch stored in the liver and withdrawn during intense physical effort. Working muscle cells burn this fuel in an intricate cycle of about 20 steps.

Amazingly enough, this process is almost an exact duplicate of the one that yeast cells use in fermenting liquors. In other words, muscles are natural "breweries."

Our muscle engines will achieve an efficiency of 45 per cent, which is better than that attained in modern steam turbines. Incidentally, like man-made machines, they make a noise while they are working. Using a stethoscope, your doctor can hear the characteristic sliding, crackling sound of operating muscles.

Under normal circumstances, muscles work more efficiently the more they have to do. They grow larger with use—but *not* because new muscle fibers are added. A clerk and a dock worker of the same general build may have the same number of fibers in their biceps, although the clerk's most strenuous task may be tugging on a stuck file-cabinet drawer.

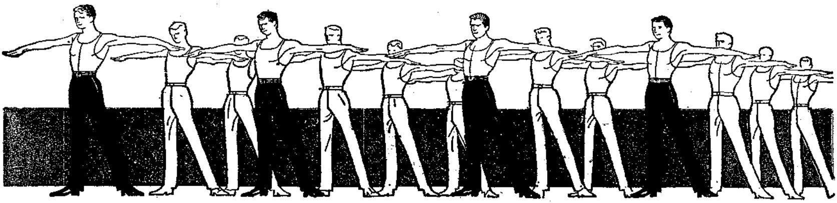
Exercise increases the size of individual fibers, particularly the unused ones which are limp and shrivelled. Exercise also thickens and toughens the elastic sheaths surrounding fibers; and it increases the amount of muscle-binding connective tissue, which is why heavily-worked animals have coarser meat than their pampered brethren.

Finally, the more you use your muscles, the more blood they need to furnish oxygen and food. A fiber-bundle no larger than a pin contains several hundred microscopic blood vessels, and exercise may open up a few hundred more. In all, a few months of training can increase muscle weight 20 to 30 per cent.

How much rest do your muscles need? This question is extremely difficult to answer.

After an hour of fairly steady work, for example, the average typist feels exhausted. So she gets up, walks about, talks with co-workers, and finally returns to her desk—"completely rested." Careful tests show, however, that her muscles usually do up to twice as much work during the so-called rest period as they did while she was typing.

Here is an experiment you can try on a friend. Ask him to hang



from a bar or ledge "as long as he can." If he hangs on for a minute or so, he is doing better than most people would, given the same instructions.

Now let him rest for a while. Then drop the casual remark that Joe Smith did much better. On his next trial, your friend will probably double his previous record.

Dr. Robert Schwab of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, a leading investigator of muscular fatigue, has conducted similar tests, and reports that people make the best records when they are offered hard cash (he usually offers five dollars). That is enough to keep people hanging on for as long as two minutes.

Fatigue is often a symptom of boredom or lack of incentive rather than overworked muscles. It so happens that your muscles have unbelievable recuperative powers, even after the most grueling sort of punishment.

During World War II, a group of marines at Camp Elliott in California volunteered to see how long they could go without sleep. Several hundred men stayed awake for nearly five days; the record was an astounding eight days and eight hours.

Although the volunteers marched, did calisthenics, played volleyball and engaged in other forms of exercise—there were no important signs of muscular fatigue. The marines eventually suffered temporary delusions and other symptoms of mental breakdowns, proving that we sleep mainly to rest our brains. Evidence indicates that muscles recover rapidly from hours of physical toil, perhaps in as little as 20 minutes.

The organ responsible for coordinating the contractions of countless muscle fibers is the cerebellum, or "little brain." This grayish nerve center which looks something like a small ball of yarn is located at the back of the head.

Your cerebellum is continually seeing to it that some 750 muscles are tense or relaxed by just the right amount. There is one powerful muscle which, if uncontrolled, would snap your forearm back at the elbow so that your hand would press tight and immovable against your shoulder. Another muscle would keep your arm straight and stiff as an iron rod.

Normal posture and balance are regulated by the cerebellum, which makes exquisitely delicate adjustments of opposing muscles throughout the body. It also synchronizes your movements so that your muscles work smoothly instead of in a series of jerks.

An action like reaching for a glass of water requires the precisely timed contractions of dozens of muscles. You cannot be bothered with such details; all you think about is your thirst. Your nervous system automatically takes care of the rest.

When the cerebellum is injured, the simplest action becomes difficult or impossible. A person with such an injury will reach for a glass—and miss it entirely as his hand jerks past, overshooting the "target" time after time.

As a matter of fact, the elastic fibers in your muscles seldom go wrong. Occasionally, groups of them contract for no apparent reason—and, instead of relaxing, remain in a tense, rigid condition. Then we suffer from cramps.

Swimming too soon after eating is

one way of inviting cramps, because large quantities of blood are channeled inward to stomach regions to aid in the digestion of the recent meal. That means circulation through muscles in other areas is sharply reduced. Fibers are getting by on a bare minimum of nourishment and they protest against too much exercise by contracting and refusing to work. Cramps are a kind of muscular "hunger strike."

General soreness is a symptom of muscle ailments. Normally fibers use up food in contracting, and wastes seep out through membranes in muscle-cell walls. Lameness and pain may result when these membranes are stopped up and wastes accumulate. In some cases, vigorous massaging may bring relief by pumping extra fresh blood into the muscles, a process that helps flush out the clogged outlets.

Many major diseases affect muscles. But it is interesting to note that in most of them defective muscle is definitely not the basic cause of the problem. Muscles go into action when they are "shocked" by electrical pulses coming through nerves. If the pulses fail to arrive, however, the fibers cannot contract and the result is paralysis. This is what may happen when nerve cells are destroyed in polio or multiple sclerosis.

Although older persons may not be able to move as swiftly as they used to, they often outlast their juniors when it comes to the long hard pull. They cannot run the 100-yard dash, yet Boston's famous Clarence de Mar was winning marathons at the age of 49, and men in their fifties and sixties may make first-rate mountain climbers.

Incidentally, industry could use a material like muscle. Imagine a machine run by thick, synthetic fibers, powerful as steel cables, which contract repeatedly from rapid-fire electrical impulses.

This is no science-fiction pipedream. Columbia University biologists have made fibers that pull a hundred times their own weight, and the Weizmann Institute in Israel reports development of an "engine" which, like the human muscle, will transfer chemical energy directly into mechanical work, without going through the intermediate step of heat or electricity.

Muscle research may soon blaze new and dramatic trails in engineering as well as in medicine.

What a Language

STANDARD ENGLISH can be learned out of a grammar with the proper work. But our speech is so vital, fertile and fantastically prolific that it breeds colloquial phrases by the thousands that have little or no relation to the ordinary rules found in textbooks.

Take, for example, a girl sitting in front of the mirror, about to go to a dance. She wants to look well, so she's *making up*. She goes out with the boy friend and anyone could see by the way she acts that she's *making up* to him. Should they have a quarrel, they may spend quite some time *making up* after it, which is a new angle to this two-word phrase. If this happens, it would really be nice to see them *making up* for all the time they had lost.

—WILFRED FUNK, in *Your Life*

Would You Hire Yourself?

by RICHARD L. EVANS

THERE IS A 17th-century proverb that reads: "Believe no tales from an enemy's tongue." But perhaps we can believe our own examination of ourselves. And so, for a moment, let's do a bit of self-searching on a long list of subjects:

If you were choosing someone you had to trust, could you trust yourself? Would you like to meet yourself when you are in trouble? Would you like to be at your own mercy? If other men didn't put locks on their homes, on their barns and on their banks, would you ever walk in where you knew you had no right to walk? If there were no accounts, no bonding companies, no courts, no jails, no disgrace—none of the usual fears except your own soul inside of you—would you ever take what you knew you had no right to take?

Would you serve a man without influence as fairly as you would a man with influence? Would you pay a person as fair a price for something he was forced to sell, as for something he didn't have to sell? Would you honor an unwritten agreement as honestly as if it were written? If you found a lost article that no one else could possibly know you had found, would you try to return it or would you put it in your own pocket? Would you stay with your principles no matter what price you were proffered for forsaking them?

Would you compromise on a question of right or wrong? Do you talk as well of your friends when they aren't around as when they are? If you made a mistake, would you admit it or would you pretend to be right even when you knew you were wrong? Do you think the world owes you a living, or do you honestly know that you should work for what you want?

Do you make an earnest effort to improve your performance, or have you been hoping for an undeserved improvement in your pay or your position? Do you try to get the job done or have you been loafing along in fear of doing too much? Would you hire yourself? Would you like to work for yourself?

Let's look again, inside out: would you like to work for yourself? Would you like to live with yourself? This is admittedly a severe score card. But sometimes it's a good thing to look at ourselves as honestly as if we were someone else.

From *Tonic for our Times*, by Richard L. Evans. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The greatest figure baseball has ever known was a man they called The Big Fellow . . .

BABE RUTH

From the current best seller, "The Tumult and the Shouting"

by GRANTLAND RICE

THE FIRST TIME I saw Babe Ruth was in April, 1919. He was taking his turn in batting practice at Tampa, spring-training camp of the champion Boston Red Sox. I'd seen a lot of swingers. But never a swinger like this!

Babe blasted one pitch clear out of the park into a field. I gauged it as about 500 feet.

"Ruth," Ed Barrow, Red Sox manager, told me, "has been signed to a three-year contract. At 24, this fellow can become the greatest thing that's happened to baseball. He's a fine southpaw pitcher—he can become a great one. But the day I can use him in the outfield and take advantage of his bat every day—well, they'll have to build the parks bigger, just for Ruth."

After bombing about ten shots, Ruth circled the bases, mincing along with short, pigeon-toed steps—a base-circling trot destined to become as celebrated as Man O' War's gallop. When he came over to mop his face in a towel, Barrow introduced us.

"You sound like you got a cold," said Ruth.

"I have, sort of," I replied.

Taking an enormous red onion out of his hip pocket, Ruth thrust it into my hand. "Here, gnaw on this," he said. "Raw onions are cold-killers."

While we talked I gnawed, with tears streaming from my eyes.

From the start, Ruth and I hit it off. Absolutely honest, the Babe from first to last said exactly what he thought.

"Babe," I told him, "I was watching your swing. You swing like no pitcher I ever saw."

"I may be a pitcher, but first off I'm a hitter," he said. "I copied my swing after Joe Jackson's. His is the perfectest. Once my swing starts, I can't change it or pull up. It's all or nothing at all."

Throughout a career that spanned 20 years, Ruth never changed the basic fundamentals of that gorgeous, gargantuan arc—a swing that captured the imagination of the crowd nearly as much as the man behind it. To watch him go down, swinging from the heels, often sprawling from the sheer violence of his cut, was almost as exciting as seeing him blast one out of the park.

The Babe liked plenty of lumber in his war clubs. Many of his bludg-

From *The Tumult and the Shouting*, by Grantland Rice. Copyright, 1954, by A. S. Barnes & Company, Inc., Publishers, New York.

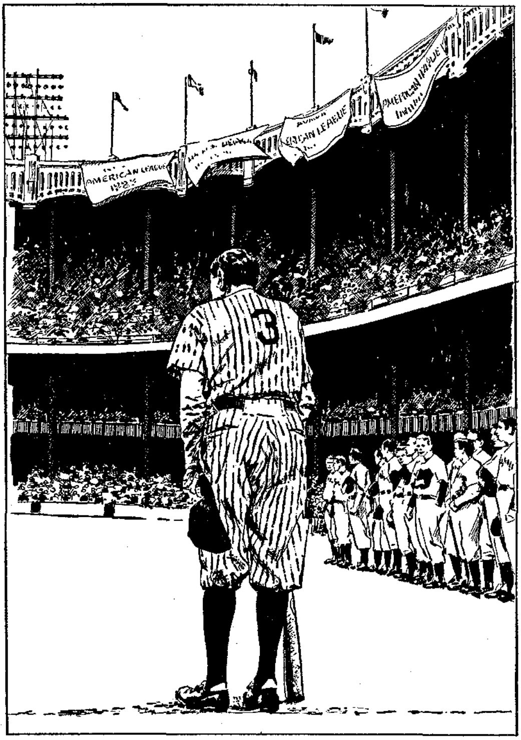
eons weighed 42 ounces—about a half-pound more than the average bat. "It was sorta rough at first," he commented years later. "I came up as a pitcher—and pitchers aren't supposed to hit—or to clutter up the batter's box trying to hit during practice. I saw no reason why I shouldn't take my licks. I'd get them, usually, but there were times I'd go to my locker next day and find my bats sawed in half."

Boston finished in sixth place that year as Chicago's brilliant team roared in, despite the fact that Ruth hit 29 homers. In January, 1920, when owner Harry Frazee of the Red Sox was heavily in debt, he sold Ruth to Jake Ruppert's third-place New York Yankees for $125,000 outright, plus a $350,000 loan. The transaction remains baseball's all-time bargain. In St. Petersburg in 1930, after Ruth had signed a contract calling for $80,000 a year for two years, Colonel Ruppert commented: "Who are we kidding, anyway? I could pay 'Root' $200,000 a year and he still wouldn't be overpaid."

In 1920, the year following the Black Sox scandal, baseball needed a Superman, a man who could capture the imagination of the public—who could restore America's faith in baseball. Babe fit the bill. The public wanted to see the ball smashed out of the park—and the game's leaders moved to help. The ball was given a shot of rabbit juice, and in 1920, Babe's big bat boomed for 54 blistering homers.

He alone realigned the game on the order of the long hit—the big inning. Lifting the Yankees aboard his shoulders, Ruth immediately became the heartwood of what was to become "Murderers' Row." In 1923, the Yanks moved from the Polo Grounds into their own million-dollar home across the Harlem River, "The House That Ruth Built."

Ruth seldom mentioned his childhood. Actually, Babe recalled little about it himself. He was in St. Mary's Industrial Home at Balti-



For the boy who never grew up, life as a baseball hero was a case of Christmas every day

more from the time he was seven or eight until he was seventeen, when Jack Dunn, the old Orioles' manager, took him from Brother Gilbert and signed him to a contract calling for $600 for the 1914 season.

Johnny Evers, keystone of Chicago's immortal Tinkers-to-Evers-to-Chance combine, once told me an anecdote that Ruth told him. When Babe was about seven, it seems he tapped the family till.

"I took one dollar," said Babe, "and bought ice cream cones for all the kids on the block. When my old man asked me what I'd done, I told him. He dragged me down to the cellar and beat me with a horsewhip. I tapped that till again—just to show him he couldn't break me. Then I landed in the Industrial Home, thank God!"

Small wonder that for a youngster who had known only the roughest kind of treatment, life as a baseball hero was a case of Christmas every day. During the winter of 1925, Babe visited Oriental Park at Havana and tried beating the ponies. In less than two weeks he blew between $30,000 and $50,000. That cured him.

In March, 1933, I headed South for spring training, stopping en route at Bob Woodruff's shooting preserve in Georgia. When it came time for me to pull out, Woodruff, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Coca-Cola Company, gave me his car, chauffeur and a load of game.

"I'll throw a Florida dinner in your honor," I said. "We'll feast on your 18-carat birds, basted with Coca-Cola."

"If you do," replied Woodruff, "I wish you'd invite Walter Lippmann and his wife. They're down near Bradenton, and they're good friends of mine."

The dinner—to which Babe was also invited—was a huge success, until the dignified Mrs. Lippmann asked Babe to describe the home run he "called" in the 1932 Series against the Cubs, a four-straight rout for the Yankees.

"It's like this," boomed Babe, bigger than a freshly laundered barn in white gabardine and puffing on a huge cigar. "The Cubs had (censored) my old teammate Mark Koenig by cutting him in for only a measly (censored) half-share of the Series money.

"Well, I'm riding the (censored) out of the Cubs, telling 'em they're the cheapest pack of (censored) crumbums in the world. I pack one into the stands in the first inning off Charlie Root, but in the fifth it's tied four to four when I'm up with a man on base. The Chicago fans are giving me hell.

"Root breezes the first two pitches by—both strikes! The mob's tearing down Wrigley Field. I shake my fist after that first strike. After the second, I point my bat at these bellerin' bleachers—right where I aim to park the ball. Root throws it, and I hit that (censored) ball on the nose—right over the (censored) fence for two (censored) runs.

" 'How do you like those apples, you (censored, censored, censored),' I yell at Root as I head toward first. By the time I reach home, I'm almost fallin' down I'm laughin' so (censored) hard—and that's how it happened."

The Babe's baccalaureate finished, a battered Mrs. Lippmann mumbled that they'd have to be leaving.

"Why did you use that language?" I asked Babe.

"What the hell, Grant?" snorted Babe. "You heard her ask me what happened. So I told her!"

AS A GOLFER, Ruth was a long but not a terrific hitter. One morning in '33, Babe and I had a date to play with Dizzy Dean at Belleair, in Clearwater. Having only recently started at golf, Diz was still pretty wild.

"I got a bushel of bets riding with Dean today," bellowed Babe. "I'm giving him strokes on ten different bets—from one to ten shots—and I expect to collect on 'em all, too!"

"Diz may be wild, but not that wild," I warned

As we reached the club, Babe spotted Pat Dean, Dizzy's handsome bride. "Pat," said Babe, "come on out with us on the course. The walk will do you good."

Puzzled, but appreciative of Babe's invitation, Pat accepted. Diz said nothing. He hit a good drive, then smothered two shots. After another sloppy shot by Diz on the second hole, Pat, who was nearby, commented, "Dear, you're ducking!"

"Ducking, hell!" exploded Dean. "Who asked you on this rabbit shoot, anyhow?"

Followed the fireworks. Ruth howled, Pat stalked off. Dean couldn't hit a shot the rest of the round. The Babe never collected an easier hatful.

Babe's love of kids was sincere. In many ways he was a big kid himself. I was in his room for dinner on the eve of a World Series game in Chicago in 1932. (He always ate in his room before games because he would have been mobbed by too-eager fans and autograph hustlers in the hotel dining room.)

"I've got to go for a short trip, Grant," he said.

"Where are you going on the night before a World Series?" I asked.

"I'll tell you, but if you print it, I'll shoot you. I'm going to take a baseball to a sick kid on the other side of town. I promised his mother and father I'd come. He's pretty sick."

The place was 20 or 30 miles away—over an hour to get there and another to get back. But there was no publicity. . . .

I once saw Babe pause to admire a garden swarming with spring flowers. He plucked one and handed it to Clare Ruth. "They're pretty daisies," he remarked.

"No, dear, they're daffodils," commented Mrs. R.

"They're still daisies to me," replied Babe. Any flower, from a dandelion to a white orchid, was simply a "daisy" to Babe.

He was known by more motorcycle cops than any athlete who ever lived. They enjoyed giving him an escort to the stadium or helping him get away from a game. They were usually there whenever Babe needed a lift home after a late party with the boys.

Once when he was roaring along by dawn's early light, the law stopped him, checked on his condition and suggested he be driven home.

"Why you (censored)!" roared Babe and punched the cop in the nose.

"Now I know you're drunk," said the genial cop. "Move over! I'm drivin' you home."

One evening Babe and I were having a few drinks in the grill room of the Chatham Hotel. Suddenly he looked at his watch. "(Censored)!" he cried. "I gotta run!"

In a flash he'd grabbed his cap and coat, ran outside and flagged a cab. Alarmed, I asked what the trouble was.

"Trouble?" yelled Ruth. "Why, *Gangbusters* is on the radio!"

Ruth was a man who loved crowds. And the crowds always swarmed to see him hit. I've seen the great ones, from Cobb through Williams, but Ruth was the only ball player I have known who could turn out capacity crowds every time. He was the greatest single magnet sport has ever known. Everywhere, mobs would wave to him or call out, and Babe would answer, "How're you, Mom!" . . . "Hello, Pop!"

Whether it was playing baseball or golf, hunting, fishing or sitting around a room drinking and punching the bag, I can recall no one who got as much joy out of sheer living as the Babe. For the 30 years I knew him I never saw him really sore at anyone.

Oh, I've seen him lose his temper—at himself—on a golf course, when he'd bury his club in a bunker after missing a shot or lash his putter after a missed putt. (Once he wrapped the clubhead around his left leg so hard he thought he'd broken his ankle and roared like a hopped-up elephant.)

But Ruth, the man-boy, was the complete overdrive of everything uninhibited. He couldn't possibly fail—that was the essence of Ruth's credo.

He established many records, most of them Homeric, and no pun intended. It will be a long time before any slugger breaks his all-time home run mark of 714. And I hope it's an eternity before some youngster, teeing off on today's jet ball, smashes Babe's mark of 60 homers in one season. This I hope for Babe, wherever he is kicking his heels around on some king-sized cloud.

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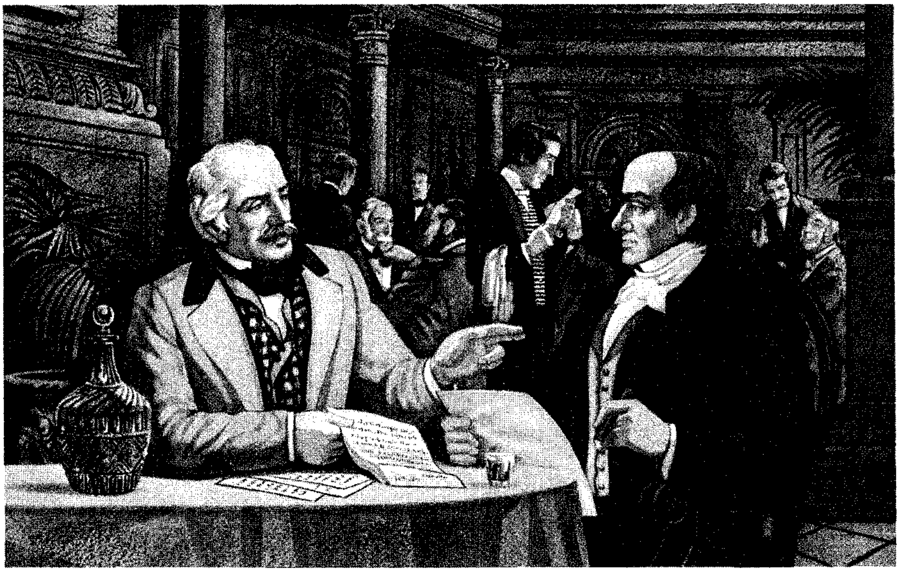

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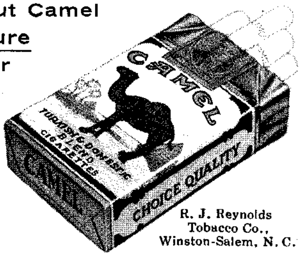
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